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SIN WITH A CAPITAL "S"

BY ELTON MAYO

THERE has been something of a campaign against youth recently —not so designed, of course, but tending inevitably to have such effect. In a plethora of magazines and newspapers youth has been accused of "moral revolt," of "flaming" more than youth has been accustomed to flame in the past. That some parents and middle-aged people are becoming anxious is shown by the fact that certain co-educational schools have quietly ceased to be co-educational because daughters have been withdrawn. I do not think that a reaction against the youthful spirit of adventure is generally typical of our time; I believe, on the contrary, that the present mature generation is making an effort to understand the youthful generation which is probably without historic parallel. But mental hygiene movements, juvenile courts, and social investigations have brought into the broad light of day many facts that were formerly hidden or conveniently ignored; and a scattered tendency to take cover is not surprising. While something of this is perhaps inevitable, it remains important that efforts to understand youth should be attended by as little relapse into opposition or coercion as is humanly possible.

It is only rarely that forty retains the spirit of adventure in thinking which is the special prerogative of twenty. At forty most people have become "careful" almost to the point of obsession; they tend to think that youth should be careful, too. Forty has achieved some kind of not necessarily satisfactory compromise, a compromise which includes a dim awareness of unrealized desires. These unrealized desires have deteriorated from their former high quality in a way that I shall subsequently discuss; they are often no more than the debris of misadventure. When such a one reads the reports of juvenile courts he tends to construct a scarecrow effigy of youth out of oddments selected from his deteriorated mental scrap-heap, and to re-order his attitude to youth accordingly. Even the churches are entangled in this situation, for though a church lasts through generations, a pastor does not. Like other men, the pastor passes from eager

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twenty to compromise at fifty: he is very apt at fifty to select a topic and order his discourse, guided not by capacity, but by incapacity to understand the rising generation. In such case he also produces a scarecrow effigy of Sin; and youth drifts out into the sunlight. For the effigy is a scarecrow indeed; the eager curiosity, the desire for companionship and high intimacy are all left out—the spirit of life itself is missing. A bachelor or vindictive celibate may deteriorate into believing that the only justification of high comradeship is that it is better to marry than to burn. But youth scorns dull compromises, youth believes it has a capacity to effect higher syntheses in living than its tutors. And youth is abundantly right, for this spirit is the very essence of civilization and morality.

We have, therefore, to essay the perhaps difficult task of envisaging the problems of youth as they actually are; we have to avoid, as far as possible, the mere opinions of middle age. There is no lack of material available for study; anthropology, psychology, and psychopathology have much to offer. Practically every primitive people recognizes the crisis of adolescence by a ceremonial initiation. The Christian churches all prescribe some form of confirmation which is designed to provide the individual with spiritual support and comfort. These, however, are only ritual recognitions of the fact; they contribute little or nothing to understanding of the intimate aspects of the adolescent struggle. Nevertheless, they constitute valuable evidence of the persistent nature of the special problems of adolescence, and for skilled investigation of these special problems one can turn to psychology and psychopathology. In the former of these two studies one finds small attention given in these days to the pioneering work of E. D. Starbuck in his *Psychology of Religion* or to the better-known work of William James in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. It is true at least of the former of these that it has at no time attracted the attention it undoubtedly deserves. Published a quarter of a century ago, the book describes an empirical investigation of the mental changes of adolescence. Starbuck's conclusions are based upon a study chiefly of religious conversion in approximately fifteen hundred cases. His findings remain, even at this distance, surprising and illuminating.

He points out, for instance, that "conversion is a distinctively adolescent phenomenon." His figures show that the greatest number of conversions occur between the ages of thirteen and twenty. Before and after this period the numbers are, by comparison, so few that they can safely be ignored. His study becomes still more interesting when he proceeds to examine the intimate or inner characters of conversion and the adolescent crisis. He finds that the central fact in the mental crisis of puberty is "the sense of sin," "the other conditions are various manifestations of this, as determined, first, by differences in temperament, and second, by whether the ideal life or the sinful life is vivid in consciousness." This sense of sin is accompanied by mental depression or "dejection and sadness." When conversion occurs it "is a process of struggling away from sin, rather than of striving towards righteousness." Another interesting fact which Starbuck elicits with respect to the feeling of sinfulness is that it has very little relation to actual sinfulness. Where there has been actual "waywardness" the sense of sin is, of course, strong; but it is frequently almost as strong in those who have not been guilty of any serious infraction of the social code. There are a few instances in which the sense of sin is not strong in the pre-conversion period; individuals of this type complain of a "feeling of incompleteness." Briefly put, the characters which mark the adolescent crisis are: a conviction of sin; dejection and sadness; a feeling of incompleteness; a disturbed relation to the environment.

A contemporary medical journal, in reviewing his book, said, "Dr. Starbuck himself does not apparently realize the

full force of his work in the domain of psychiatry." And indeed it is to be doubted whether Starbuck knew that in describing the characters of the adolescent crisis he was also naming the symptoms of the obsessional disorders that appear usually somewhat later in life. (Obsession is a form of mental depression characterized by perpetual morbid preoccupation; work and sleep are alike impossible.) Had he realized this, he would have attempted to keep in touch with his conversion cases in order to discover something as to the continuing adequacy of the adjustment effected in adolescence. He does give figures indicating a relatively high number of "backsliders," especially in instances where the change from "storm and stress" to "joy and peace" had been sudden and remarkable. But he makes no attempt to follow up selected cases.

The interest of this question lies in the fact that clinical records show the greater number of cases of obsession to be of the nature of a postponed or revived adolescent crisis. Starbuck places the adolescent struggle between the ages of thirteen and twenty; obsessives begin to drift into the clinic at the age of twenty-five or thereafter. Many of them have had a religious period in youth, have been "converted" and have experienced a satisfaction which unfortunately diminished with the years. It is indeed possible to distinguish two types of obsessive attitude to religion. In the one type the individual is still clinging desperately to religious forms, although he has long ceased to derive any comfort from such observance. Of such a type was a woman who had elaborated a list of promises to God, a list so long that it took two sheets of paper to write them down. Being unable to live up to these promises continuously, she devised a form of occasional "holiday." The holiday was always terminated by a ritual pronunciation of the words "I promise." This brought the promises automatically into operation and the patient invariably collapsed. In the other type of case the individual has reacted against religion, though his attitude is not otherwise changed. A girl of thirty-three had in adolescence been an extremely devout "High Church" Episcopalian. At the time when her obsessive disorder demanded medical attention she had given up going to church; she was accustomed to cross the street to avoid meeting a clergyman; she also asserted that her various ills were all aggravated on Sundays. She had definitely reacted away from her early conversion—it had failed to clear her mind of obsessive doubts.

The chief symptoms of obsession are agonies of indecision—one does not know what agony of indecision means until one has encountered an obsessive—and doubt. The elaborate ceremonial performances, which so distress the sufferer and his friends, are secondary to the doubt and indecision. A young man drops a pencil; as he picks it up the thought occurs to him that perhaps it is not his, so he asks his companions, one by one, if the pencil is his. A student of mathematics is unable to mark a decimal point and gets into trouble with his instructor. A business executive is unable to sign his name to a check or letter if any other person is present. Individuals such as these develop elaborate rituals in all the ordinary affairs of living—rituals of hand washing, rituals of putting letters in envelopes, rituals of trying doors a definite number of times to see whether they are locked. These rituals complicate life immensely for the sufferer and his friends, and add to rather than diminish his misery. In all such cases one finds by talking with the individual that he suffers an appalling sense of sin, that his indecisions and doubts are determined by this conviction. It is not the sins he has done that distress him; it is the indefinable sin he might do. One such unfortunate when he went for a walk was in the habit of "letting his feet decide" which road he was to take. The burden of decision is the burden of possible sin. On one occasion the same man was asked

whether he would like to be transferred to another hospital. That night he lay upon his bed, tense and sleepless, for nine hours; it seemed to him that he had been called upon to make a decision. When the question was decided for him his condition immediately improved. The improvement was, of course, no more than temporary; he had merely evaded a decision and had not lightened his burden of Sin.

II

It is to Dr. Pierre Janet of Paris that we chiefly owe what understanding we have of obsession. Janet has pointed out in a variety of books, and with much illustrative case material, that the obsessive mental situation is not to be classified with dementia and hysteria as "abnormal" in the same sense of the term. In the latter ills, hysteria and dementia, the individual's capacity for being aware of a complex world about him has deteriorated or disintegrated, whereas in obsession this is not so. One can, therefore, approach a case of obsession, as one cannot a case of dementia, with some hope of finding that the situation can be described in terms of a psychology of the normal. Janet points out that it is, indeed, owing to their relatively normal mental integration that obsessive patients are so miserably aware of their difference and inferiority to normal people. The hysteric, he observes, is not so aware, nor is the dement; there must be a relatively normal degree of integration, as in obsession, for the conflict or inferiority to be felt.

But if obsessives are to be classified rather with normal persons than with "mental cases" in respect of their awareness of the reality about them, the question as to what ails them becomes urgent. It is here that Janet makes one of his most important contributions to psychopathology. He points out that a psychology which takes account only of acts of concentration is exceedingly defective and unsatisfactory. Our minds are not always at the high "tension" of concentration; we periodically and frequently relax and think passively. At such times our thoughts drift, our attention is dispersed; we are in the mood of "revery." With this fact in mind, Janet made the observation that obsessives suffer a mental insufficiency which affects only their power to concentrate "and which leaves intact intellectual operations properly so called." Their awareness of a complex surrounding is relatively normal, but they are incapable of sustained concentration. One observes, says Janet, in their intelligence a certain activity apparently associated with a fundamental state of revery. They pay small attention to their actual surroundings; they are incapable of sustaining mental work except for short periods. Obsession is primarily "an incapacity of attention." Obsessives are perpetually distracted; there is always some vague preoccupation which interferes with and prevents the fixing of attention. Since it is by means of attention that we come to know the reality about us, it follows that where there is difficulty of concentration there is necessarily a defective relation to the surroundings. Each failure to sustain attention provokes, as Janet has said, a "crisis of revery"—a further accentuation of revery thinking. The effect is to make the individual feel remote from reality, incomplete, unlike other people. At this point conviction of sin and inferiority, together with mental depression, emerge. The crises of revery ensue, says Janet, when such cases wish to work or when they try to sleep.

Janet's observation and analysis make it evident that one must consider Starbuck's crisis of adolescence as closely related to obsession. One does not need, therefore, in the first instance to consider Starbuck's suggestion as to "the automatic working out by the nervous system" of mental problems. One need not even turn immediately to conceptions of "the unconscious" or "subliminal fructification" for aid and illumination.

The first step is to consider adolescent crisis, in the light of Janet's investigation, as a problem in the relation of revery to customary concentration—or customary thinking—at puberty. In this connection it is interesting to recall another observation of Janet's, namely, that the effective will of an individual, like his ideas, is formed in revery before it shows itself in definite acts. Youth apparently must resolve the issue between conflicting trends in revery thinking or suffer as penalty a diminished capacity for concentration and active living.

III

Studies such as these take the investigation of Sin completely out of the realm of moral disquisition in which the nineteenth century placed it. Sin, spelled with a capital letter, must be distinguished from sins. No one can avoid making mistakes or misjudging situations. Such sins or errors are incidental to learning—they aid the individual to establish necessary discriminations. A mind that is truly free faces reality fearlessly and is in no danger of repeating its mistakes. When a discrimination is established, the particular problem ceases to be a problem. But Sin, with a capital letter, is a morbid mental trait, it is symptomatic of obsession in however slight a degree. For so long as the morbid situation persists, the individual's mental development is cramped and hindered; he has difficulty in fixing his attention, his life deteriorates into compulsive repetitions which are designed to prevent the emergence into action of desires formulated in revery. Since few individuals, if any, escape adolescent crisis in some area of their thinking, two questions suggest themselves. In the first place one might ask how far the turbulence and alleged "revolt" of modern youth is an attempt to find a better solution of the adolescent problem than that recommended by their seniors. And, second, one might also ask how far the attitude of the maturer generation to the youth of the present is conditioned by the evasions and imperfect solutions of the immediate past.

I cannot in this place discuss all the facts which modern investigation has shown to be relevant. I have especially to assume a fact most notably demonstrated by Freud—the part played by infantile situations and pre-adolescent revery in the determination of adolescent crisis. I have to confine myself somewhat narrowly to the enlightenment we owe to Janet. This is the discovery that the adolescent struggle, like obsession, is capable of being described as a faulty technic in thinking, a defect in the method of developing and controlling revery. William James in his *The Varieties of Religious Experience* speaks of the adolescent crisis as due to a "divided self." This is in essential agreement with Starbuck's description of an issue between a larger, somewhat vague, self and a lesser, more clearly defined.

The simpler crises can readily be depicted. A youth finds that almost overnight his attitude to the world of girls and women has dramatically changed. Whereas before he was uninterested, perhaps a little contemptuous, he now finds that every girl is a center of mystery and romance. There is nothing in his explicit knowledge to justify the change, for his knowledge has been developed in pre-adolescent situations or by instruction. So an issue arises between his actual attitude—the "larger self" of Starbuck—and what he thinks his attitude should be. The difficulty affects, and very directly, his general relation to his surroundings and there ensues, in the manner described by Janet, a characteristic aggravation of his revery life. In this mood he recollects furtive whisperings heard at school and the solemn warnings of his seniors. This tends to exacerbate the crisis further, "forgotten" reveries are revived, and he begins to develop conviction of Sin.

It is not difficult to discover in partic-

ular instances the source of the sense of Sin. Youth apparently tends to develop opposed trends of revery in every department of its thinking. Being opposed, each tends to the extravagant and fantastic. In the area of sex there is a "high-minded" group of reveries and another group which is unfortunately usually regarded by the thinker as being "low minded." The high-minded reveries are gallant but absurdly abstract. They contemplate situations of remarkable achievement and chivalrous self-abnegation; services to one's love and lady, or to humanity at large, have an entirely characteristic heroic flavor. The low-minded reveries are fraught with curiosity and terror. They gather round surprising physiological changes and unrecognized organic tensions; they clutch eagerly at half-heard whispers and are horrified by the threatenings of mature elders. Youth tends to exaggerate the high-minded revery and to repudiate the low—which thereupon becomes cruder still.

In the obsessive one sees this procedure carried to the extreme of exaggeration and distortion. I still have by me the records of the revery development of a scholar who completed his university career and began the first stages of professional work, only to fall into obsessive disability at the age of forty. In his adolescence the problem of sex revery was fully established and to such an extent that he was unable to work for some days if he even spoke to a girl. The effect of such conversation was to "light up" his repudiated sex reveries, to enhance his sense of guilt, and to cause a condition of painful agitation such that concentration became impossible. At this time he took up, almost frenziedly, the study of philosophy —for no better reason actually than to strengthen his power of repudiation. Marriage was, of course, an impossibility; ultimately, however, partly by reason of an unfortunate mischance, he became promiscuous in his mode of living. This spelled disaster, for it shattered the whole structure of philosophic repudiation he had carefully built up, and he fell into melancholic obsession. He had always feared that he was "degraded"; the lapse into promiscuity convinced him that he was hopelessly so, and he became suicidal.

The most intimate reveries of this unfortunate gave evidence of the distinction between high-minded and low-minded attitudes carried to the most absurd degree of exaggeration. He had even arrived at a complete classification of women in terms of his utterly inadequate reveries. Thin women, to him, were virtuous; women of softer contour were necessarily vicious. Sex could not be thought of in relation with thin women, it would be an "unforgivable sin"; consequently, he tended not to think of thin women at all. Where women of softer contour were concerned, upon the other hand, he was unable to think of any attributes other than the grossly sexual. And he found it very difficult, in spite of his repudiation, to keep such women out of his thoughts. He had not married because only thin women were to him marriageable, and he was unable to think of intimacy with them except with horror and revulsion. One might continue the exposition indefinitely; for thirty years or so his intimate reveries on this most important human relation had been of this general character. And he ranked as a well-educated man.

This is not an isolated case; it is characteristic. Obsession begins as a technical defect in thinking—the repudiation of a group of reveries which, however crude, have yet a right to claim some relevance to reality and the business of living. The repudiation leads to difficulty of concentration, and perpetual vague preoccupation—but this is not all. It leads also to oversimplification, to the substitution of a false antithesis for an integral attitude in an important department of living. It is to this false dichotomy, this absurd "good-bad" antithesis, that I wish to

draw particular attention. Conviction of Sin and mental depression imply mental conflict of a pathological type. Pathological conflict is not to be compared with difficulties of decision or choice in the ordinary affairs of life. Pathological conflict always implies a false dichotomy, an impossible effort to guide action by choice between extremes of a "good-bad" type which are themselves of the nature of unreal oversimplifications. In this respect the abnormal saint and the hardened sinner are equally pathological. In the clinic one finds among obsessional cases those who have in some measure succeeded in banishing the reveries they regard as "low-minded"; they live enslaved by agitations and compulsive rituals. One finds also those who, like the case named above, have endeavored to break forcefully away from the cramped restriction of a sense of Sin, who have experimented with promiscuity. They are no less enslaved by anxiety or dread than the former type. Psychoneurotic situations are simpler than normal situations; they are, in fact, insufficiently complex. *The remedy does not lie in an identification with either extreme but in the elimination of the false dichotomy and the achievement of an adequate understanding.*

Experience and revery are the means to mental growth. It is revery before experience which makes an experience significant; it is revery after experience which improves discrimination and leads to wisdom. Revery cannot be escaped; it is the creative or constructive element in thinking. All our decisions of thought and action have been made in revery long before they issue in "behavior." So much is the lesson of the clinic. It follows that concentration of attention is the link between the inner problems of revery and the outer problems which life sets before the individual. Where there is a close nexus of relevance between the inner and outer the power to achieve and sustain concentration is high. Where there is no such relevance the power of concentration and observation fails. The former situation cannot be characterized by a morbid sense of Sin; the latter situation cannot exist without it.

The strong tendency to false dichotomy in adolescent revery is somewhat astonishing. In the sex area one can suppose a certain "all or none" quality in the maturing organic tension that finds recognition in revery and leads to a guilty isolation of the thought. This sets the "guilty" revery over against the new-born increase of introspective capacity and of romantic interest in living. The persistent nature of the problem is shown by the fact that St. Augustine speaks in his *Confessions* of his youthful struggle between the "carnal" and the "spiritual" will. His statement finds echo in the writings of Martin Luther. The period of crisis in adolescence that interests the newspapers is apparently the moment when sufficiently normal youth casts about for some method of escape from an impossible dualism of attitude. Moral disquisitions addressed to such an individual provide no remedy. If he listens to "purity talks" which emphasize the false "good-bad" antithesis, the possibility of a disastrous "break" is greatly enhanced. The new interests which perplex him are not in any sense "original sin"; they are primarily evidence of organic and mental growth. The real inadequacy is an insufficiency of reflective knowledge, an unwise repudiation of a genuine interest; the remedy is fearless study of the relevant facts. Advice that the individual should "give up introspection" or "take exercise" is beside the point; most obsessives have tried these expedients with signal failure as the result. The new capacities of adolescence are not in themselves vile. They only become so if utterly repudiated, if left to deteriorate; recognition is the first step to harmonious development.

But it is not only in respect of sex that youth tends to false dichotomy. The problem of authority tends to be similarly oversimplified; it usually exists,

indeed, as a complication of the other. The division here lies between the absurd extremes of utter obedience and complete repudiation. One hears echoes of this obedience-repudiation antithesis in the "agnostic" arguments of early maturity, also in the Capital-Labor discussions in "class-conscious" communities. An obsessive, who sought clinical assistance for his ills, was accustomed with some pride to style himself "a rebel." On one occasion I heard him open an address to his "fellow-rebels" with the assertion: "I am opposed to kings, capitalists, labor politicians, and trade-union secretaries." This is an example of the repudiation-half of the dichotomy. His antithetic reveries had begun in opposed attitudes of utter obedience to and complete repudiation of a brutal and domineering father. There was no power of discrimination or of real adjustment in his adult attitude to social authority.

This story shows the important part played by home life and the parents in determining the individual to false dichotomy and social inadequacy. Freud has demonstrated that all obsessive histories carry this implication. It is, after all, in the home that the issue between a maturing generation and a generation that has matured is at its acutest crisis. In so far as parents and seniors attempt to use their power to restrict the developing freedom of reflection in the young they probably drive the young downwards towards obsessive conflict between absurd extremes. And, to particularize farther, the mature generation is thus actually responsible for the provocation of a morbid sense of Sin in youth and for the fantastic excesses which upon occasion characterize the effort of youth to gain release from this burden. It is, upon the whole, profoundly true that Sin, as a social phenomenon, marks an inadequate relation between the mature and the youthful in a given community. Obsessions, whether of sex, of authority, or of "radicalism" are the danger signals of morbid dichotomies.

IV

In dealing with the problem originally specified I have described the situation rather than provided an accurate solution or answer. Generally, however, it has become possible to clarify to some extent the question with which this paper began. We can best estimate the attitude and achievements of the youth of to-day by asking, first, what the persistent problems of adolescence are, and second, how the youth of the present is facing these problems. The former of these questions has been in some degree answered by modern advances in psychopathology. With respect to the second, I think one must admit the probability that the youth of the present is developing a better technic of self-control than any preceding generation. There is evidence of much greater candor of thought and expression; topics are now discussed by adolescents which formerly a mature generation would have been horrified even to mention. There is evidence that youth is more impatient of the "good-bad" antithesis, more impatient under that sense of guilt which is the pathological symptom of insufficient understanding. This would seem to be significant of a move in the direction of psychological freedom as defined by Janet. We can never be sure that our knowledge will be adequate to all the problems which may arise. We can, however, be relatively assured that our thinking shall not be cramped and hindered by fearful repudiations or by false and misleading dichotomies. The youth of to-day seems to have moved in the direction of abolishing that morbid conviction of Sin which has so disastrously limited the power of vision and the social progress of past generations. And in all this, youth is being aided, as never before, by movements towards "mental hygiene" and the proper instruction of parents.

But, in spite of these last-named movements, there remains a doubt as to the influence of the present maturer

generation. The great majority of the mature, have, no doubt, escaped the grosser forms of obsession and even the "conversion" crisis; but of those who have escaped there are some whose capacity for freedom in thought and living has been more or less permanently damaged. These last have become "good" or "bad"; and in either event they burn with eagerness to instruct the young. If they are "good" then anything in the nature of experimental living is rendered horrifying to them by an all-pervasive sense of guilt. They believe that human nature is essentially evil and that morality consists in being careful, in denying human nature opportunities of expression. If they have become "bad" their lives are no less dominated by compulsive repetitions; but the repetitions tend unfortunately to the perverse. The "bad" do not succeed, any more than the "good," in escaping from the sense of Sin. They tend to publish novels or magazines of self-justification in which nudity and promiscuity are covertly recommended. They are more vocal nowadays than in former times.

Religion and morality are words that represent something important to humanity and in human affairs. They should mean more than fundamentalism running madly from a god-devil phantasy it has itself created; more than agnosticism, similarly pursued, running in the opposite direction. Up to the present era the morbid adolescents of forty have had too much say in human affairs, too much voice in the instruction of the young. Now youth itself is rebelling against the false dichotomy, the preposterous "good-bad" antithesis, and is adventuring in the direction of a morality pure and undefiled. It is the duty of a real, as distinguished from a merely chronological, maturity to aid and develop the research.

THRIFT

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

A STAR proves never traitor, and a weed—
Even that vetch obscurely purple there—
Can hoard such loyalties against your need,
You may go rich, although the world go bare.
A blackbird's whistle over the low grass,
Is but another wealth; so are these too:—
The old rememberings that start and pass
At its short music, when the year is new.
If stars you love, and all their like, then know
Your love will be a thrift to set you clear
Of beggary and whining at a door.
You change; life changes; it is ever so;
But these last on from whirling year to year:
Learn God of them, and add Him to your store.

TRAVELER'S TALES

BY FORD MADOX FORD

A YEAR or so ago when I was coming over here on the *Paris* there was a great storm. There was so great a storm that only fifteen of us attended breakfast. In consequence, there seated herself beside me a lady of a certain age whom I had not before noticed. She remarked to me suddenly —this sort of thing happens only to travelers—she remarked to me, then, suddenly, with an organ more singularly nasal than any I have hitherto had the good fortune to encounter:

"You kehn't flirt with Amur'can gels as you ken with English ones. But if she falls in love with you . . . *look aout.*"

That was all she said, and it is all that I can remember of her, save that she was large, florid, and alarming. And the assault was so unprovoked—for there certainly wasn't any she to whom the message could apply—it was all so singular in that reeling ship that she remains to me as something supernatural.

If there were here any female figure equivalent to that of our Britannia on the pennies, and if the voice had not been so singularly nasal that the suspicion would be insulting, I should have imagined that the genius of the land which we were approaching had manifested itself, and that She—right or wrong—felt sufficiently interested in my unworthy self to afford me that warning.

Anyhow, it warned me. For the whole of that visit I walked the streets with my eyes glued to the pavement, for, had I chanced to have had handed to me, as we say, a glad eye, how mightn't I have had to look out!

I was going somewhat later on the train to somewhere near Danbury. There sat opposite me—I always like riding with my back to the engine—a young woman, masculine in most of the attributes of her attire, that is to say she wore leather leggings and knee breeches. I looked no higher. Now, although I have been in this country quite often, I had never been in an American slow train before; and although I was quite aware that the tempo of New York is the slowest of any of the great cities' of the world, I still harbored the superstition that once you were outside New York things might begin to rush.

Well, that train took hours. Hours and hours and hours. We have a very ancient story as regards our own Southeastern line that once a traveler asked a guard of a train why it had stopped. The guard said there was a cow on the line. An hour afterwards, the train stopping once more, the traveler asked the guard the same question. He received the same reply. On his remarking that there seemed to be a good many cows on the Southeastern, he was told that it was the same cow. Well, my progress to Danbury was like that. I grew so alarmed, so certain that we must have passed Danbury, that we must be approaching Portland, Maine, or even Halifax, Nova Scotia—I grew so alarmed that the one fear outweighed the other, and I asked the young woman —she was really quite plumply feminine and agreeable—whether we hadn't

passed Danbury. She said with animation:

"Oh, why *didn't* you speak to me before? It would have been so much more amusing."

She gave me all the information about railways that it is usual to give a stranger who is traveling for the first time in your country. She told me, I mean, that here trains run upon steel rails, being drawn by locomotives whose propelling force is steam, that before entering a train you purchase a ticket, that iced water is supplied upon American trains, and that you can have paper cups for nothing—this showing a very high state of civilization. Then she told me that she was going to Kent County Reservation in Connecticut to catch rattlesnakes for the Bronx Park Zoo.

And what is more it was true. Now, neither of those things would ever happen to you if you happened to be American and in your own country. But singular oddities have always presented themselves to me whenever I have traveled here. I don't mean to say that odd things ever happen so long as I bide put in New York, between, that is to say, the Battery and Eighty-fifth Street; nothing odd ever happens or presents itself to me, and I enjoy a relative immunity in Brooklyn or Hoboken; but let me once leave that, as it were, home circle, to go into America . . . well, I will tell you how I went to Coney Island.

I wanted to take a Brooklyn rapid-transit line that had lately joined up with the Manhattan Beach Company. I paid the car fare, the statutory five cents. At a given point in that journey a uniformed attendant remarked to me, "You hevn't paid your fare." I said, "I hev." He said, "You hevn't," so I paid him another five cents. Shortly afterwards a uniformed policeman came along and remarked, "You hevn't paid your fare." I said, "I hev." He said, "You hevn't," so he took me by the collar and threw me off the car. The train proceeded, and I observed that it charged into a crowd of, let us say, mornamillion people. They, standing on the bridge over the river, were mostly precipitated into the stream.

By that time I was slightly discouraged as to my chances of getting to Coney Island by land. I went by water. On the boat I had nothing to smoke. I descended to the bar and asked a white-coated attendant for cigarettes. He said, "What sort of cigarettes?" I said, "What sort of cigarettes do you keep?" He said, "We don't keep 'em. We sell 'em." I said, "What sort of cigarettes have you got, anyhow?" He said, "We hain't got no cigarettes, but we carry a fine juicy line of Colorado stogies." I said, "Where do you carry them to?" and he said, "It's up to me now."

That would not have happened to you, neither would what followed. When I arrived at Coney Island I sought a dancing hall where, so I had been told, the entire population of the United States could dance in comfort, and with pleasure. (One does get told things like that when one is a traveler.) In the center of the otherwise completely empty ballroom a gentleman was slowly turning round, both his arms extended, and in each hand was a six-shooter which he was discharging.

Now it is only to the traveler, by preference to the traveler who is not unlikely to write a book, that the gods vouchsafe such terrible joys. The poor man had merely gone suddenly mad, as I have known it happen in several places. I should have said to myself at that date that nothing could have been more unlikely than that I should write a book about this city. My former visits here have always been either for sheer pleasure or on business, quite unconnected with my own writing; and were that not the case I should hesitate now, however hard I might have been pressed, to record my impressions of the city where people work by the forty-three layers or more, boxed one on top of the other. For I have always found that

if I went to a place on purpose to look at it I could either not write about it at all or only write about it quite badly. My job in life as I have conceived it has always been to record as passionlessly as possible my impressions of my own times and the places in which I have worked. And to say that I have worked in a place is practically the same thing as to say that I have at least liked it, for I have seldom been under the necessity of staying in a place that I did not like and in which I did not feel at home.

So I have always felt that my impressions were happiest when I merely glanced aside from something I was doing. Thus, Carcassonne has for me an extraordinary life because I wrote practically the whole of a book there—and indeed I have written a great many books in the South of France, and that is perhaps why I so much love the *Midi*, whereas places like Rouen or Tours or even Salem, Massachusetts, which I have visited avowedly merely to look at them, have left on my mind either very little impression at all or else impressions of a disagreeable kind. This is perhaps because the mere job of getting to places is disturbing, or perhaps because I dislike being the stranger anywhere. Thus Salem, to which I went on land and over water from Gloucester,* Massachusetts, comes back to me as a memory almost of detestation. It is possible that Gloucester, Massachusetts, which returns as a memory relatively delightful, may be responsible for my dislike of Salem. That is to say that on the morning we went to Salem we were entertained by hospitable customs-house officers on board their launch—we were entertained with large quantities of raw salt fish which called for the consumption of almost larger quantities of their admirable champagne. Now if you consume large quantities of salt cod and champagne—I don't say there weren't also some crackers, but I don't remember them—if you consume large quantities of such comestibles on a steam launch between seven and ten in the morning, and if at half-past two of the same day after spending four and a half hours in the slowest, most dusty and dilapidated trains the world has ever seen—if after all this you arrive lunchless and with no prospect of lunch or even of a nice, hot cup of tea, at a beauty spot, the probability is that you will dislike that beauty spot almost more than you will dislike places which are called hells on earth. So it was with me and Salem. That journey comes back to me as a memory of intense depression and disgust. For the matter of that, it hardly comes back to me at all. I can only remember stopping off in atrociously hot weather at a place called Kingston-on-Thames, a railway junction, that was crammed with particularly nauseating French-Canadians. Kingston, as I remember it, consisted of one single shack, like an army hut, which comes back to me as The Star and Garter Restaurant. The Thames was a trickle of yellow water between thirty-foot mud-banks. On our pushing open the gauze doors of the Star and Garter a long table revealed itself as covered with what appeared to be coal-black linoleum. But it wasn't. That linoleum rose and dissolved into millions of flies. So at half-past-two we came to Salem.

Now all over such parts of the United States as I had already visited I had heard rapturous tales of the ancient beauties of the marvellous old-fashioned hostelry, of the marvellous old-fashioned host of the inn at Salem. Alas, the most unpleasant place in England is called Ancoats, a soot-begrimed coal-getting, cotton-spinning suburb of Manchester. Well, Salem intimately resembled Ancoats. It was black with

* This town comes back to me as Gloucester, Mass. It has done so for over twenty years. If I consider the matter geographically and in the light of pure reason I know that it was really Newport, R. I. But I am here trying to show how Travelers' Tales get themselves written, not to write History. Memory exaggerates.

soot and over it the skies wept black tears. The entrance to the inn was a black staircase ascending between two shops selling things that I can't remember. But they were nasty things. The anteroom of the hotel resembled the most unpleasing of provincial railway-station waiting rooms, nor was there in it any single thing upon which to sit. Behind a counter snored an enormous man, his face covered by an unpleasant-looking handkerchief. We had to wake him to ask if we could have any lunch. He said, "Nope." We asked him if we could go to our rooms. He said, "Nope." We asked him if there was anywhere where we could sit down. He said, "Nope." He was the courtly old-fashioned host.

I may as well remark here that this is the most unpleasant thing I shall say about this country, where, generally, my lines have fallen in pleasant pla ls. Moreover, I am writing about a time, nearly a quarter of a century ago, when American conditions, and particularly American rural conditions were undoubtedly much rougher than is to-day the case. And I am also attempting to indicate rather how a book written by a foreigner visiting a foreign land should not be written than attempting to make any generalized point out of the oddities that I have recorded. It is obvious, I mean, that if one is about to visit a national shrine for purposes of observation one should not first fill oneself up with raw salt cod and champagne. Nothing could withstand those depressants. Not even Stratford on Avon. Or Chartres.

For myself, the first natural gasp of emotion at the sight of the buildings behind the Battery or of the houses on the cliffs of Boulogne once over, I set myself to exhaust international similarities before beginning on the differences. That is perhaps partly a product of contrariety—of that spirit that the French call *ergoteur*—but it is at least self-consciously due to a profound feeling that those globe-trotters who are volubly outraged because it is difficult to find drinking water in Madrid or because hotels in the United States do not have your boots cleaned for you unless you ask for it—that such unthinking idiots do an immense amount of international harm. One must take into account that Madrid is situated in a country of great aridity and that labor in New York is relatively expensive before starting to cackle in the streets of either metropolis—and how much more before setting out to record one's impressions!

It is a curious fact that although we all look for instances confirmatory of the saying that there is no new thing under the sun, we are almost pained if we discover that our neighbor across the nearest frontier has not the habits and point of view of a Choctaw savage. We love it when we discover that the ancient Egyptians in their temples at Memphis had penny-in-the-slot machines that delivered perfume after the insertion of an obol, and enormous delight rewards us when we find in reading Bion or Moschus that the emotions of two women, one holding a baby, and both crushed in a crowd of sight-seers watching a procession—that their emotions, gossip, and even their ejaculations are precisely the same as would be those of any two women with a baby watching a procession from the pavements of Broadway two thousand years later. But we are filled with disgust if the first Frenchman we see in a Paris restaurant is not eating snails, or the first Englishman we see in Smithfield is not selling his wife with a halter around her neck. For why should we travel if we cannot discover our neighbors to be infinitely inferior to ourselves? Why, indeed?

For myself, having spent a great portion of my life in lands other than that of my birth and a great portion of my time in the study of historical documents, I am inclined to regard international or chronological differences as

so slight as to be negligible or so changing as to cause an endless confusion. The inhabitants of the south of France in the thirteenth century spent the greater part of their days in baths or in other methods of perfuming and ablution. On the other hand Brillat-Savarin during the early decades of last century, complained bitterly of the unpleasant smell of the inhabitants of New York, since in those days New Yorkers never bathed themselves and, indeed, the city did not then contain one fixed bath. So that how a traveler's book should be written I don't really know; I should never myself think of writing one. The results of migratory observation are so bewildering. The other day at a party an English newspaper correspondent was bewailing the fact that the passengers in New York public conveyances were grossly rough and brutal. He said that, traveling frequently with his wife on subways or in omnibuses, he had been disgusted by finding that if two vacant seats were separated by a third which was already occupied, the occupant of the third seat would never take the trouble to move so that my friend and his wife could sit together. He said that in England, on the other hand, this would always be done. He was interrupted by an American newspaper correspondent who stated that, having spent ten years in London and traveling frequently, he, too, with his wife by bus or tram, he had never once known the occupant of a seat that was between two vacant seats make room so that a couple could sit together. At the same time I was experiencing an uneasy sensation. In the lounge of an hotel the day before, I had been occupying the middle one of three armchairs when two attractive young ladies came in together and sat one on each side of me. My natural impulse was to offer my place to the one or the other, and had they been elderly or unattractive I should certainly have done so. But I have lived for so long in France, where to offer your seat in a public conveyance to a lady below the age of sixty is apt to be regarded as an attempt to scrape acquaintance, that I refrained from that small act of politeness. What, then, are we to make of these divergent constatations? And, if those two young ladies were English, what did they think of American manners?

There is no end to the way in which one is contradicted the moment one attempts any of these generalizations. Last month I ventured into New England and, arrived at Boston, I delivered a harangue on the superior culture of the inhabitants of France. I said that if you talked to any French tram conductor you would find that he read books, took an interest in literature, and had very interesting views of life. That same afternoon I went by a slow train to a remote part of the state of Massachusetts. The conductor of the train was a benevolent individual, like a kindly, elderly English butler, except that I have never seen an English butler wearing silver-rimmed spectacles. He chatted in a fatherly manner with all the passengers, patted myself on the back, and appeared in every way like an English village patriarch upon an English village green. I almost saw a ghostly smock frock draping his limbs.

Now one young man of that carload read sedulously in a magazine, and the conductor halted before him shortly after we had passed Fitchburg. The conductor asked the engrossed young man where he was getting off, and the engrossed young man answered that he was going to Fitchburg. The conductor said that he sure wasn't; that just as bees made honey for other folk to eat, so that young man's father had cooked his son's Sunday goose and others would consume it; that the reading of love stories in magazines was an engrossing pursuit but should not be indulged in when one had urgent business on hand. The assistant conductor declared that he had six times announced the name of Fitchburg. They discussed for a long time how that young man was

going to return to his father's goose. He might make the eleven-fifty at the next station; if he didn't make that he would have to wait until the five-forty-two from somewhere else. Or he might take a trolley to somewhere and there find a motor-bus to within two miles of Fitchburg. That settled, the conductor began a monologue addressed mostly to myself. He said that books were engrossing things. When he took a book he himself would become so engrossed in it as to be completely lost to the world. Once when he was reading Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* he had failed to go on duty altogether. He found love stories even more engrossing than history. Pictures also could engross him. He liked to go to picture galleries alone so as not to be disturbed in his contemplation. He liked the frescoes of Puvis de Chavannes in Boston better than most other pictures he had seen. He then addressed the young man directly. The young man must learn from this from what trivial causes great events may arise. He pointed out that on that trolley car or on that bus the young man very possibly might pick up a young woman every whit as beautiful as the heroine of the love story in the magazine. The young man continually protested that he had been reading in that magazine not a love story but an article about Central Africa. The conductor, however, continued benevolently that the young woman the young man would meet on the trolley would not only be more beautiful than the heroine of the story he had been reading but she would be an admirable helpmeet, a housekeeper of surpassing economy, and a cook beyond praise. Thus, by her savings as by her exhortations that young man would certainly grow to be as rich as my more famous namesake. He then again addressed myself. Life, he said, was like that. It flowed in a placid current for long periods. Then some trivial accident would occur, but accidents never arrive singly. And so on. He concluded by pointing out that that young man would pick up his young woman on the trolley and not on his car, because under his vigilant eyes the sexes feared to make each other's acquaintance, whereas the conductors of trolleys are less vigilant conservators of the public morals than their brothers on the railway service.

At any rate, after having uttered a panegyric on the Wattmen of the South of France for their interest in books, pictures, and views of life, asserting by implication that no Anglo-Saxon vehicular public servant would be interested in such things, within the hour I had to listen to that monologue upon books, pictures, and life.

So generalizations are futile. They are, nevertheless, inevitable. I read today in my newspaper that a certain novel published in Paris concerns itself with "the lost generation of hard-drinking expatriates in Paris." Now it is my impression that compared with the Americans of New York, American expatriates in Paris are teetotalers. They have to be. Apparently—mind, I say apparently—in this country few people object to your getting far drunker than a lord at any social gathering. But in Paris if you get drunk at a party you are never asked to the house again. I do not think I have ever seen an American expatriate drunk in Paris. I do not mean to say that I have never seen drunken American tourists: I have seen thousands. But then I have seen thousands of drunken tourists of all nationalities in that unfortunate city—British, Swedes, all other Scandinavians, Martinique negroes, but hardly ever a drunken Frenchman. I do not think I have ever seen more than one Frenchman drunk. Certainly I have never seen a French woman over-indulge.

So one generalizes. It can't be helped. But when one generalizes on international matters one should observe certain rules. One should, as far as possible, accumulate a large number of particular in-

stances before attempting a generalization—and one should attempt to discover the reason that underlies that collection of similar particular instances. I am convinced that American expatriates in Paris, and still more in London, are a particularly sober race, because, as I have said, I cannot remember ever to have seen one of them in a state of intoxication. But my conviction gains immensely as soon as the consideration occurs to me that there is a reason for this sobriety and that that reason is a pretty strong one. And I think that another requisite for the writer of books of international comparison is what I will call the faculty of feeling-at-home-ness. In a beautiful passage in one of his books W. H. Hudson says that there was no place in the world, whether in New England, or in the Banda Orientale, in Patagonia, or on Sussex downs—there was no place in the world where grass grew and where there were birds in which he did not feel himself a son of the soil. And I may make almost the same claim for myself as regards any place in which men and women live. I might be inclined to exclude the nations with whom we were lately at war. But even that I don't know. One of my reasons for disliking the Germans was this: at dinners given by professors in several German university towns where I lectured before the War I used to observe that, whereas the professors round the table ate and drank enormously, their wives sat round the walls and knitted, and it appeared to me even at that date that a nation whose intellectual heads behaved in such a way must be in a low scale of the human race. But what was my perturbation the other day to read the following passage in a letter from an English lady who was re-visiting Oxford and England after a long interval.

I find, in spite of the cold, that I awfully like the aspects of the English country in winter, and of the towns, too. But *what* people! Dash and I went to the Magdalen Carol Singing on Christmas Eve and sat shivering in the ladies' gallery with the most unpresentable collection of completely self-satisfied women I have seen for a long time. The carols were not till midnight so we only stayed for "The Messiah," which I hate. But the old stones and the old woodwork are so lovely that one hates them to be in the hands of pedants and frumps. Of course it *ought* to be a niceish society because there is neither great wealth nor great poverty and no one can *much* queer the other fellow's pitch. But it is no place for a woman. The whole concern has been run for the glory of men since the beginning and women can only be domestic hangers-on. I felt that, sitting with the cold wives in the cold gallery of Magdalen Hall, watching their gorgeous husbands dining below with all that swanky simplicity of beer mugs, great fires, and bare tables that distinguishes the city of dreaming spires.

So I presume I must revise my estimate of the place of Germany amongst the nations.

Of course one can palliate the apparent brutality of the Oxford dons in Magdalen Hall by explaining that that is only a traditional game and that Oxford dons, being cultivated gentlemen, do not normally eat while their women folk fast; it is a platonic proceeding much as at Yuletide you may see elderly gentlemen of blameless behavior forcibly embrace young virgins under the mistletoe, and no doubt some similar palliation may be found for the behavior of the German professors that I used to find so disagreeable.

The chief requisite, in short, for the writer of books about other countries is comprehension—and not only the faculty of comprehension but the determination to apply it to every national or individual manifestation that the writer may witness. Looking through what I have written I find that some explanations are necessary. The old-fashioned host of Salem was no doubt rendered crabbed by being awakened suddenly from post-prandial slumber. I myself can be singularly brutal in similar circumstances, though I fancy you would find me normally bland and kindly. The reason why we could get

no hospitality of any sort at that moment was simply that the waiters' union of Salem forbade any activity in hotels between the hours of two and six P.M. And the salt cod and champagne amply explain the desolate aspect of Salem which I believe to be one of the most delightful places imaginable. I quite believe it.

As for the singular instances on the road to Coney Island,—they are historic—it should be explained that those were due to that sturdy love of liberty which distinguishes the population here, native or resident. At that date the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company had just amalgamated with the Manhattan Beach Company and, there being a law to the effect that only one car fare of five cents can be exacted for any single journey, the New York public was determined that it would not pay more than five cents for the journey from Brooklyn to Manhattan Beach. The companies had appealed to the law and had obtained from a judge, whose decision was finally reversed, a decree permitting them to exact two car fares for that journey. The judge, moreover, had lent the companies several posses of city police. So the public were up in arms against the injustices of this judge Jeffreys of the twentieth century, and if I chanced to poke my nose in between those contending forces, that was my fault. Foreigners should keep out of revolutions and civil strifes.

The young lady rattlesnake catcher is also explicable. Rattlesnakes will not breed in captivity, so an annual supply is needed for the Bronx Park Zoo if the inhabitants of New York are to be kept instructed as to the habits and aspect of those engaging reptiles. So every year a band of the young friends of the Bronx Park custodians proceeds to Kent County Reservation where the rattlesnake is protected and plentiful. Thus these young people secure for themselves a pleasant holiday whilst doing the state some service.

The only phenomenon to me inexplicable was the lady on the *Paris*. I am still inclined to think that she was supernatural. In that case not the United States but an even higher authority must take the responsibility for her.

CHILD OF GOD

A STORY

BY ROARK BRADFORD

WHEN Willie told the preacher that morning that "ev'ything is all O.K., Revund," he meant it from the bottom of his heart. The hawking of the rain-crow from the limb of the dead cottonwood sounded like the song of a mocking bird. The monotonous patter of rain on the tin roof lulled him into gentle restfulness. The damp, dirty stench that floated up from the dark closeness of the cells below him was like a sedative. Even the lyelike coffee served to remind him that the jailer was his friend.

"Cap'm Archie tole me I could have ev'ything I wanted fer brekfus," he explained as he caught the minister sniffing and eyeing the scant remains of the meal. "An' I tole him I b'lieve I'd take some po'k chops an' cawfee, ef'n hit wuz all right. An' hyar it is."

"You mean dar hit wuz," admonished the preacher. "Now yo' flesh is fed, Willie, whut 'bout yo' soul?"

Willie beamed a broad, knowing smile. "My soul," he said tolerantly, "is all O.K. An' Revund," he continued, jubilantly, "Cap'm Archie say he gonter bring me a ten-cent cigar to go walkin' up de gallows wid in my mouf." The minister's face was a study in expression. "An' I makes me a speech up yonder"—jerking his arm toward the gallows high in the roof of the jail—"an' den—"

"Den which, son?" Preacher Moore was eager to find a point of contact at which he could begin his prepared message of consolation.

"I'se Glory bound!" Willie declared with enthusiasm.

While the condemned man talked and the preacher listened, the Great State of Louisiana prepared to exact its penalty in the form of the life of Willie Malone because "he did feloniously, wilfully, and of his deliberately premeditated malice aforethought, make an assault on one Thurston Gibbs, and a certain gun which then and there was loaded with gunpowder and buckshot and was by him, the said Willie Malone, had and held in both hands, he, the said Willie Malone, did then and there feloniously and of malice aforethought shoot off and discharge at and upon the said Thurston Gibbs thereby, and by thus striking the said Thurston Gibbs with the buckshots inflicting on and in the body one mortal wound of which said mortal wound the said Thurston Gibbs then and there instantly died. And so the said Willie Malone did in the manner and form aforesaid, feloniously and of deliberately premeditated malice aforethought, kill and murder the said Thurston Gibbs in the Parish of Wilton aforesaid, against the peace and dignity of the Great State of Louisiana."

It all came out at the trial. Hogs had been running in Willie's cornfield. The hogs belonged to Mr. Gibbs. And when Willie asked him to keep them home Mr. Gibbs had cursed him. Willie then bought a shotgun and some buckshot. Everybody agreed upon that

much of it. Willie said he aimed to shoot the hogs and that when he heard something rustling the long blades he fired, thinking it was a hog. The district attorney pointed out that it was impossible to get a witness who could say what was in a man's mind and, therefore, he'd leave it to the jury as to whether Willie was hog hunting or man hunting.

The jury was divided upon the point, but all agreed that no nigger had any right to shoot a white man's hogs, anyway, much less shoot a white man. So they found him guilty as charged.

Willie had rather enjoyed his stay in jail. Two or three times his lawyer came and talked to him in a low voice and had him make his cross mark on many important-looking pieces of paper. It all gave him a feeling of importance hitherto not experienced.

He liked "Cap'm Archie," too—Cap'm Archie was always making jokes, and didn't make him do any work around the jail except a little sweeping. And during the long cool spring evenings, when the stars twinkled in the sky and the fiddling of the katydids out in the weed patch back of the jail floated in between the long iron-barred windows, Cap'm Archie would have one of the short-time prisoners drag his chair back to Willie's own private cage and Willie would sing for him.

Willie did like to sing—church songs, mostly. But sometimes when he felt sad and lonesome he'd sing the one that began:

"Thirty days in jail,
Baby, don't soun' so long,
But de las' frien' I got in dis worl',
Done shuck her laig an' gone."

There were many verses, and to these Willie had added a hundred others. He was good at that. When they locked up that Caldonie for cutting her husband because he stole one of her hens and a chicken brood and gave it to another woman, Willie celebrated the occasion by adding:

"He might er stole yo' chickens,
He might er stole yo' cow,
Hit don't make no diffunce what he stole,
You's in de jail-house now."

Cap'm Archie had laughed at that one and it made Willie happy.

Not long after that Cap'm Archie sent for him to come to the office. Cap'm Archie looked sad that day, and it made Willie feel sad. So when Cap'm Archie told him the Supreme Court had turned him down and that he would have to hang Willie was much relieved.

"Shuh! Cap'm Archie," Willie consoled, "dat ain' nothin' to go worryin' 'bout. I thought hit mought er been somethin' wrong, de way you had yo' face strung out. Shuh! Ain' dat de same as de jedge done tole me?"

That afternoon Reverend Moore, negro preacher, was ushered into Willie's cell, and under his exhortations Willie was converted. He had been converted annually ever since he could remember but he always had been too busy to follow it up. This time he had ample leisure in which to contemplate Christianity and draw mental pictures of it. Willie was keenly interested.

The preacher had spared no detail his imagination could supply as to the glories of heaven, and these Willie supplemented with the colorful pigments of his own imagination. Heaven was a wonderful place. Willie wanted to go there.

"Hyar dey comes, son," the preacher said kindly. "Git up off'n yo' knees."

Cap'm Archie unlocked the cage door with keys that rattled nervously in his hand. Behind the jailer were half a dozen others—the doctor, two brothers of the man he had killed, the editor of the *Wilton Parish Gazette*, and a short, stubby, mean-looking man that Willie disliked instinctively. He had never seen him before, and the pale-green, watery eyes that squinted out at him through shaggy eyelashes made Willie feel bad. "I loves him too," Willie insisted under his breath. "Got ter love him. 'Makes me love ev'ybody—hit's

good ernuff fer me'"—Willie recalled the words from the old song. "An' I guess he is somebody. But I be dog ef'n he looks like much, Ole Green Eyes."

"Ready to go, Willie?" It was Cap'm Archie. His voice was kind and filled with sorrow. Willie hated to see Cap'm Archie like that. But when the jailer's teeth clicked together and he said briskly, "Here, slip your hands into these," it did not sound so sad, and Willie obeyed with alacrity.

"I bet you fergits my cigar, Cap'm Archie," Willie countered as his arms were being pinioned behind him.

"Cut out that damned foolishness! Come on here, nigger. I ain't got all day to fool." It was the stubby little man who assumed charge.

"Makes me love ev'ybody," Willie hummed desperately under his breath. "Hit's good ernuff fer me."

"Good ernuff fer anybody," seconded the preacher loudly, happy that he had found some place to enter into the ceremony with the dignity of his calling. "Hit's de ole time religion, and hit's good ernuff fer me!"

As the party marched up the narrow steps to the gallows, the negro prisoners on the lower tier of cells caught up the refrain and the brick walls of the little jail reverberated with:

"Gimme dat ole time religion,
Gimme dat ole time religion,
Gimme dat ole time religion, Lawd,
Hit's good ernuff fer me.

"Hit will take you home to Glory,
Hit will take you home to Glory,
Hit will take you home to Glory, Lawd,
Hit's good ernuff fer me."

The climb to the gallows took a remarkably short time and Willie noticed that as soon as they arrived there "Ole Green Eyes" rushed to the rope that was lying handy and began making a loop in the end of it.

"Makes me love ev'ybody," Willie insisted.

Everybody seemed nervous. Cap'm Archie couldn't look at him. The editor was talking with big words to the elder of the Gibbses and said something about "dancing on the air." Willie didn't understand it but he knew he wasn't going to dance on anything. Dancing would send him straight to hell. He had the preacher's word for it.

He edged over toward Cap'm Archie.

"When does I make my speech, Cap'm Archie?" he asked.

The jailer did not look up. "In a minute," he replied. "When you are ready to—when they stand you over there." He pointed to the trapdoor with his foot.

"Come over here, nigger." It was "Ole Green Eyes" again. Willie stood on the trapdoor.

"Makes me love ev'ybody," he kept repeating as the knot was being drawn close to his ear. "Makes me love ev'ybody."

When the knot was finished the little stubby man slipped a black hood over Willie's head and stepped back. A jaybird on a dead limb of the cottonwood broke out in a scathing chatter of malediction at the crow. A dog howled mournfully in the jail yard below. The katydids in the weed patch opened with a wild symphony of fiddling. "Somethin' 'bout to happen," Willie concluded. "I guess I better make my speech."

He threw back his shoulders and raised his chin as though about to address a large congregation.

"Folkses," he began in a clear, strong voice, "I has a few words I wants to say to y'all—"

"Too late now, nigger." It was that stubby little man. And even as the trap gave way under his feet Willie began:

"Makes me love ev'ybody."

Willie did not finish that line, however. He was interrupted in the midst of it by a long blast on a horn. It was a loud, thundering blast and it startled him. He looked into the direction from which it came and there, charging down the road, he saw four prancing horses draw-

ing a snow-white chariot. It was a beautiful sight. He had seen some such rig the time when he went to the circus at Baton Rouge. But this rig was even prettier than the circus carriages. Big white plumes bobbed from the crown-pieces of the bridles, and the horses pranced and danced along, raising a terrible dust.

"Great day!" he exclaimed. "Class sho' is comin' down de road to-day."

In a minute the carriage was in front of him and with much suddenness it came to a halt, the horses falling back on their haunches to check the momentum.

"Git up hyar, boy, an' le's git goin'," the driver called down. "Us is late, as it is—or else you is early."

Willie scrambled to the seat beside the driver. As the horses raced onward he enjoyed the thrill of the speedy ride, the wind rushing by his ears, the sparkle of the gold and silver harness, the dexterity with which the driver held the horses in the road with one hand and cracked the whip over their heads with the other.

"You drives right well, boy," he observed. "What's yo' name?"

"Jehu," replied the driver.

"Jehu-which?"

"Jest Jehu," replied the driver.

"Who dat boy wid de hawn in his han'?"

"Gab'l."

The monosyllabic replies of his companion irritated Willie. He wanted conversation and he intended to have it.

"How long you been—" he began, but suddenly Gabriel raised his trumpet to his lips and blew a deafening blast which almost lifted Willie from his seat.

"Hol' tight," cautioned Jehu, and the chariot stopped suddenly.

Willie saw an old man in a black slouch hat and cutaway coat, walking very alertly toward the carriage. His face was cleanly shaven except for a mustache and goatee which gave him a distinguished appearance. Willie instinctively knew that this quality-gentleman was going to ride on the plush seats inside so he leaped down and opened the door of the carriage. The old man halted a few paces from him and cast a surveying glance at the horses.

"That checkrein is too tight on that off-lead horse," he said. "It is a pity that I have to 'tend to these trifles, but damn it all, I can't stand to see fine horseflesh suffer on account of triflin' niggers."

Willie quickly ran and lowered the checkrein and climbed back to his seat.

"You oughter know better'n to check up dat hoss so high," he admonished Jehu with a proprietary air. "Us likes our hosses to have a heap er room."

Jehu did not reply. He held steadily to the reins, and the carriage fairly flew through the misty haze. Willie wanted to ask for the reins himself. He felt he could drive much more to his own satisfaction but, withal, he admitted, Jehu was doing very well. A minute later, however, when the lead horse bolted just as they approached a long bridge, and Jehu prevented a crash by expert maneuvering of the reins, Willie was glad he was not driving.

"Does dat ev'y time at the bridge," Jehu volunteered as the team settled down to a long gallop across the structure. "Lots er times us misses an' de folks in de chariot gits drownded tryin' to cross Jurdan."

"Dat de Jurdan, huh?" asked Willie. "I be dog," and he gripped tightly to the seat.

The chariot rolled off the bridge and up to the front of a white pearly gate where it stopped. Willie dropped confidently to the ground, opened the chariot door, and assisted the distinguished old passenger to alight. St. Peter swung the big gate open.

"Welcome, Colonel," he said, "It gives me great pleasure to greet you personally after having known you indirectly for these many years. She's waiting for you under the crepe myrtles. Cherub, escort the Colonel to Miss Julia."

Willie thought that was great and he was thrilled almost to ecstasy when the

old gentleman gave him a curt nod in recognition of his service.

As soon as the old man had disappeared behind the cherub St. Peter dropped his air of formality.

"Well, well," he said, "if it ain't that worthless Willie Malone. Willie, how'd you git here, son?"

That was language Willie could understand and appreciate.

"St. Peter," he replied, "I jes' got on de chariot an' rid up hyar."

"Well," said St. Peter, "I guess you better try on a pair of wings, then. Here, Cherub. Bring out a pair of wings for old Willie Malone."

St. Peter helped the cherub adjust the wings.

"Now you're fixed, son," he announced. "Fly away!"

And Willie flew. He flew among the golden clouds and down long narrow golden streets. He flew over mansions of gold and sparkling rivers. High into the air and close to the ground he flew. He tried a few fancy turns, such as he had seen birds perform among the chinaberry trees. He dived at the surface of the water and grabbed at the golden fish and then climbed again by lusty flaps of his wings, as pelicans do. And he did it perfectly.

"Doggone my hide," he exclaimed, "dis is somethin' like!"

After a few hours the novelty began to wear off. He was high in the air, maybe a mile high, he estimated. So he pointed one wing at an angle and began gliding down, making a huge spiral as he descended. Half-way down, he reversed the cant of his wings and came down the rest of the way, flying backwards.

He landed right in the midst of a group of other angels who were seated around the Great Throne. Upon the throne, sat the Great Lord God. Willie recognized him instantly because of the distinction with which he sat upon his throne and by the carefree tilt of his huge, bejeweled crown almost hiding one eye and by the angle at which the tencent cigar was cocked. Willie was a little frightened and dazzled by the regal splendor of it all, but he settled down noiselessly to the ground, and was made to feel perfectly at home by the informal greeting he received.

"I bet you want to hear some music, don't you, Willie?" asked the Great Lord God and, without waiting for Willie's reply, he continued, "Little David, play on your harp."

"What shall I play, Great Lord God?" asked Little David.

"Play something calm and low, Little David," said the Great Lord God. "Do not alarm my people."

David struck a chord or two on his harp. It was beautiful. The mellow music floated straight to Willie's heart. One or two of the other angels started humming with the music and, almost unconscious of where he was, Willie added his low, rich bass to the chorus:

"When dat big *Titanic* sunk down in de sea,
All de brass bands played 'Nearer My God to Thee.'
Out on de deep blue ocean de people sleep
In a cold wet cradle, three miles deep.
It's yo' las' trip, *Titanic*."

After several verses Willie began to feel a personal sorrow for the passengers of the *Titanic*. The music stopped suddenly, and the Great Lord God commanded, "Little David, play something quick and lively. Let the skies rock with mirth. Let the heavens open wide. Let the stars and the moon shine out. Let my people shout with joy."

And as soon as the command was issued all the angels began dancing and singing as Little David played:

"Two little babies a-layin' in de bed,
One of'm sick an' de yuther mos' dead.
Sont fer de doctor an' de doctor said,
'Give dem babies some shortnin' bread.'
So put on de skillet an' thow way de led,
Cause mammy gonter make a little shortnin' bread."

Several more songs followed and finally Willie began to tire of singing. The party broke up, the angels flying away in

groups of twos and threes. Soon no one was left before the throne except Willie.

Willie felt slightly embarrassed there, with no one around except the Great Lord God. He figured he might be intruding or something, or that perhaps he'd better go out and fly some more. But as he was turning over the idea a tall, kindly looking angel, more strikingly handsome than any he had ever seen, strolled up and sat down familiarly by the side of the Great Lord God. At first Willie thought it was Cap'm Archie. There was kindness and understanding in his face, just like Cap'm Archie's face. But it wasn't Cap'm Archie. Cap'm Archie had no scars on his hands and feet as had this angel.

As he puzzled over the matter he faintly remembered a story his old mammy had told him about a man with scars on his hands and feet, and he recalled the lines of a song that Cap'm Archie used to make him sing:

"They nailed His hands and they rivet His feet,
An' de hammers wuz heard in Jerusalem street."

Some way, Willie could not place him. But he felt much more at ease for his presence.

"What you thinking about, Willie?" the kindly angel asked. "You don't seem to be enjoying yourself so much."

Willie did not know exactly what to reply. He rummaged through his mind hastily. He had been entirely happy for ever so long, not a thing had gone wrong. Everybody had been so nice to him. The music had been beautiful and just the songs he liked to sing. His wings fitted perfectly and St. Peter had been wonderful. So had Jehu. And Cap'm Archie—he had given him everything he could think of and a heap he did not think of. Of course there was the matter of the cigar. He wanted to go to the gallows with a cigar in his mouth. But that wasn't Cap'm Archie's fault . . . and, too, maybe Cap'm Archie had forgotten the cigar. He had so many things to think about. Willie concluded that if it were the cigar he would say nothing about it to the kind angel because he did not want to embarrass Cap'm Archie. He did not really want to go to the gallows with a cigar, anyway, he decided.

"But I did want ter make dat speech," he concluded.

"What speech is that?" asked the kindly faced angel.

Willie explained in great detail, and the angel and the Great Lord God listened intently.

"But hit wa'n't Cap'm Archie's fault," he declared.

"Whose fault was it, then?" demanded the Great Lord God.

"Hit mought er been—onderstan', I ain' s'cusin' nobody," Willie faltered, "but hit mought er been Ole Green Eyes. But I loves ev'ybody—him, too," he added hastily.

"I know the scoundrel," declared the Great Lord God. "He's been plaguing me for years and years. But this is too much." The brow of the Great Lord God clouded in anger and he shouted with a terrible roar, like seven peals of thunder, "Cherub, bring me a bolt of forked lightning that I may strike that man from the face of the earth."

The cherub brought the lightning, and the Great Lord God was about to hurl it. But the kind angel touched his arm gently.

"I wouldn't, Father," said the angel. "He might not have understood that the speech was to have been the biggest thing in Willie's life."

The Great Lord God stayed his hand and turned upon the kind angel. "Of course he understood. That's why he didn't let him make it. He's just low down mean. I've put up with enough of it."

"But," insisted the kind angel, "it will do no good to strike him down with lightning. It would frighten many people. And it would start new arguments over religion and that would lead to controversies and they would lead to hatreds and hatreds lead to—"

"I've heard that speech a million times, Son," said the Great Lord God, "and you needn't go into details. I admit you are right," and he handed the lightning bolt back to the cherub. "But," continued the Great Lord God, "I will not let this thing pass." His brow clouded in anger again. "I am the Great I Am," he roared, "and my commands shall be obeyed." The kind angel sat meekly and argued no further.

"Willie Malone," commanded the Great Lord God in a tone of thunder.

"Yassuh, Great Lord God," replied Willie, jumping to his feet.

"You go right back down yonder and make that speech. He's sitting in the jail office right now with Captain Archie. Now go and do my commands."

Willie lost no time in getting to the jail. As he approached, he noticed a half dozen negroes—friends of his—standing in the rain about the big steel door entry to the lower cells. But he hurried by them with only a curt "hy-dy, boys." The fact that they ignored him stung a little but he had no time to lose. He went straight to the office entrance.

The green-eyed man was seated at a table fingering five new ten-dollar bills. The coroner was scratching away with a pen on a big official-looking document. The editor and the two Gibbses were talking in low tones. Cap'm Archie was hunched down in his chair at his desk, looking at the floor. Willie stood a minute respectfully, hoping Cap'm Archie would notice him and inquire what he wanted.

But Cap'm Archie did not look toward him and Willie tried a scheme that had worked many times for him.

"Cap'm, suh," he said, "don' you want dis ole dirty flo' swep' up er somethin'?"

But Cap'm Archie acted as though he did not hear.

Willie cogitated. Maybe he was worrying about forgetting the cigar.

But as the thought came to Willie Cap'm Archie slowly reached to his vest pocket and drew out a single long black cigar and studied it intently.

"You got the mate to that'n, Sheriff?" Ole Green Eyes quit shuffling the new bills and directed his attention toward the cigar.

"Nope," replied Cap'm Archie, "I ain't got the mate to this'n." And he tightened his grip on the cigar until he had broken and crushed it. "And if I did have it," he added, "I'd damn well keep it."

"No hard feelings, Sheriff," offered Green Eyes. "I see you ain't used to it. Cheer up. It's just another nigger less."

A scraping of feet in the jail hall at the side of the office attracted the attention of both Cap'm Archie and Green Eyes. Willie followed their gaze through the barred hall door and saw six negroes carrying a long black box toward the big jail door. Behind the box marched Preacher Moore, directing and exhorting as he went.

"There he goes now—out of yer jail and out of yer life. It's all over and yer duty's done."

Cap'm Archie squeezed the cigar tightly, crumbling it into tiny bits.

The green-eyed man essayed a cackling laugh. "And so's mine," he continued, picking up the five bills, "so I guess I'll be going."

Willie had been standing by in respectful silence since the white folks had indicated by ignoring him that they were too busy to talk to him. White people are that way, Willie had learned. Sometimes they will talk with you and laugh with you. And sometimes when they are busy they won't pay any attention to you unless you get in their way or something. Then they will curse you. Willie knew how to get along with white folks.

But things were different now. He had business with Mister Green Eyes.

"Wait a minute, Cap'm, suh," he addressed the green-eyed man.

Green Eyes stiffened, blinked his eyes, passed his hand across his fore-

head, and frowned. He stuck the money into his pocket quickly and grabbed for his hat.

"Wait a minute, Cap'm," Willie pleaded. "I got ter make my speech."

The green-eyed man turned pale and shut his eyes tightly, gritting his teeth and shaking his head as if in an effort to clear his brain.

"Sheriff," he said with a great struggle for calmness in his voice, "I need a drink. I—I—I'm sort of nervous, I reckon."

"There's the doctor," Cap'm Archie replied calmly, nodding toward the coroner.

"But, Cap'm, suh, wait," interjected Willie, "lemme make my speech—"

The green-eyed man yelled and ran to the doctor.

"Get me a drink, Doctor!" he begged. "A drink! For God's sake. I'm all shot to hell, Doctor. Get me a drink, quick."

"What's the matter, man?" demanded the doctor. "What is it?"

"That damned nigger, Doctor. I'm seein' things. So help me. He wants to make a speech, Doctor—"

"Dat's all right, Cap'm," Willie insisted. "Hit ain't no mean speech."

"O-ww-w-w—Doctor," screamed the green-eyed man. "There he is again."

The coroner and Cap'm Archie caught the hangman and led him to a chair.

"Calm down, man," said the doctor. "Your nerves are upset."

"But that nigger, that damned nigger! I seen him."

"Well, he isn't going to hurt you, man. He's—"

"Nawsuh, I wan't gonter hurt nobody," Willie assured him. "I jes' was gonter say a few words."

The man struggled wildly, and it was only with the added strength of the two Gibbses and the editor that they succeeded in holding him in his chair. He was alternately crying and cursing, trembling weakly and fighting wildly.

"That damned nigger! I see him! I see him!" he kept shouting. "He wants to make a speech!"

"Hold him until I can fix a hypodermic," ordered the doctor.

"I jes' gonter make my speech," Willie pleaded again in an effort to calm the green-eyed man. "I ain' gonter do nothin' but jes' tawk."

But instead of being soothed, the man became more violent and but for the utmost strength of four men, he would have escaped. They held him, though. Held him in the chair while his eyes glared in wild frenzy, his huge neck swelled even bigger, his face turned purple, and his breath came in short rasping gasps. "Git away, damned nigger. I see you. Ow—ww-ww!"

"I jes' on'y got a few words I wanner say," Willie began again. And after one lunge at the sound of Willie's voice the man quieted down and his eyes stared glassily at nothing, although his neck still bulged. The color of his face changed to an ugly blue and his mouth dropped open and dripped frothy saliva. And while the green-eyed man sat limp in the chair Willie Malone completed his speech:

"I jes' wanner say I ain' got no hard feelin's agin nobody an' I don' want nobody to has no hard feelin's agin me. An' I wants to meet you all in heaven."

UNDER THE CAST-IRON DOME

A STUDY IN CONGRESSIONAL ROCOCO

BY H. G. DWIGHT

On this hill of imperial splendor,
Through the rock-written annals of time,
Stands America's Capitol, lifting
Ever skyward her grandeur sublime,
Where, surrounded by parks and pavilions,
Beauty spots in our national pride—
In the heart of the sovereign city—
The Republic's directors reside.

In the midst of these rival surroundings,
Touched with silver and tinted with gold,
On an eminence—fashioned by nature
In the formative ages of old—
Palisaded in iron, and builded
Of the choicest creations in stone,
Sits the White House, the statesman's objective,
Independent, apart, and alone.

To the east, in uplifted aloneness—
Fitting climax to lofty surprise—
Stands the Washington Monument, reaching
Up to kiss the cool lips of the skies,
From the top of whose tower of granite,
Over five hundred feet from the sod,
Looking down to the depths from the distance,
Life enlarges its faith in its God.

NO, charmed reader. Not from any high-school magazine were culled these dithyrambs (of which three more stanzas might be quoted), neither from *Godey's Lady's Book* for 1840, but from the *Congressional Record* for 1926. For thus did "the Republic's directors" delight to honor the Father of their Country—within a twelvemonth of *Manhattan Transfer*, *The Mauve Decade*, *The Romantic Comedians*, *The Hard-Boiled Virgin*, *The Orphan Angel*, *Heaven Trees*, *Thunder on the Left*, *The Sun Also Rises*, and *An American Tragedy*. And the fact not only goes far to explain certain gruesome discrepancies between the original plan and the present appearance of Washington, but it throws a sidelight on the adventures of the Constitution during the same period, on the esteem which pre-Copernican philosophies still enjoy among us, on the civil war between the older and the younger generation, and on many another mystery of our national life.

What it illuminates less is that darker riddle of the sphinx, upon the answer to which hangs our ultimate salvation—namely, how it is that a villainous poet may turn out a virtuous citizen, that a sad dog may be a great artist, that a savior of the state may drive his own child to perdition, that war may make a man a hero and peace a pickpocket, that good taste and bad humor, fullness and emptiness, wisdom and folly, and God knows what other seeming contradictions may reside with no apparent discomfort in one and the same skin. What will ever drive it into our heads that human beings forever persist in being human? And why should a Congressman be an exception?

In his case, however, there is a further complication to be noted. Meet him at a dinner table, and you find him dignified, affable, witty, widely read, far-sighted, original and adventurous in his views. But put him on his "hill of imperial splendor," under his huge unpricked bubble of a cast-iron dome, and something happens to him. What is it?

It is largely, I think, what happens to anyone set down in a company of

ninety-six or four hundred and thirty-five persons. The French idea of an American is not based upon the quiet, simple, well-mannered folk who have the protective coloration of their kind in any country and who can be identified only by an acute eye or by reference to a passport. It is gained from the loud, pretentious, ill-mannered people who bawl their witticisms from café to café, make the fortune of Montmartre, paste their suitcases with their left-over francs, and tell the world who won the War. So hence, dear delusion! Sweet enchantment, hence! Under his cast-iron dome our friend of the dinner table does not turn into a mountebank, nor is he the author of the more flamboyant part of the *Congressional Record*—which no village newspaper, not one of those annual albums of the Know-Nothing period, garish with gold and dripping with sentimentality, can rival in the luxuriance of wild grammar, exploded ideas, excruciating rhymes, misquoted quotations, irrelevant padding, and shameless bids for publicity. He is merely lost among those of his colleagues who happen to furnish bored reporters with more amusement.

Another point about our friend of the dinner table is that the *Congressional Record* long ago ceased to be an accurate mirror of his activities. In the Senate public discussion still counts for something because debate is practically unlimited and there are fewer to engage in it; but no one ever hears of what goes on in committee, where almost all the serious work—especially of the House—is done. That is why visitors find more empty chairs than full ones in the House. Among so many complaints, both on the Hill and off, against secret diplomacy, it is rather curious that we hear so little about secret legislation! And changes yet more revolutionary have overtaken the humble little world of Calhoun, Clay, and Webster. To such a height of wealth and puissance have we now attained that we all but regard it as beyond the power of Congress to exalt us or to bring us low. American life has grown vastly more complex, and the Hill occupies a relatively smaller place in our attention. The papers have swollen enormously in size, as a rule are little concerned with what goes on outside their own States, and are readier to print what used to be passed over in silence. The severe *Congressional Globe* of 1840 refused to publish in full what Mr. Ogle of Pennsylvania, objecting to an appropriation of $3,665 for the White House, had to say about the "regal splendor of the President's Palace," the "tabby cats" (*i.e.* tabourets) of his "blue elliptical saloon," and the rest of his extravagant "trumpery." The *Congressional Record* of 1925 not only gave more than two pages, or some five thousand words, to a lyric effort from Kentucky entitled "Cal's Hobby Horse" and the discussion relating thereto, but the so-called poem appeared that night or the next morning in every corner of the country. If it is now possible for a humorous or unseemly incident on the floor of either house to become public property within the hour, it is also possible for constituents to exert their pressure as never before. And oratory, which once held so high a place among American arts, has fallen out of fashion. We are still a talkative people, but the speech we prefer is the kind that goes best with dessert. We feel that if a man must indulge in purple patches he should mount the pulpit or hire a hall. He should not obstruct public business by haranguing the galleries at public expense.

For the rest, there has never been a time in our history when it was not the fashion to decry or make game of Congress. Such are the penalties of eminence. Such are the compensations of obscurity. Such are the prerogatives of free speech. And such, in particular, are the fruits of experience. Our heroic period is past, with its hazards, its experiments, its enthusiasms, its first fine glow of creation. Having set in motion a mechanism which, as such things go,

was something new under the sun, we have discovered that it doesn't work precisely as we expected; and we have begun to be extremely critical of our handiwork. From the very lips of a personage entitled to a seat under that cast-iron dome have I heard words which might dismay certain of his constituents—to the effect that representative institutions are not an end in themselves, and that they were not intended to be a device for handing over the rule to the multitude. They are, rather, an excessively cumbersome and far from infallible device for discovering the competent. What was unforeseen was that this device would open the door also to the self-seeker, the shallow persuader, the ruthless go-getter. The original theory was that in an aristocracy of virtue and talent he would subside to his true level. But we have not yet learned how to eliminate him; and we may never. Hence a certain disillusionment with respect to the diehards of an order which is not destined to pass with any swiftness or comfort. As the ironical Beaumarchais put it, who lent us money that we never repaid, *tout finit par des chansons. E.g.*, the *Congressional Record!*

II

Be that as it may, the Congressman you meet at dinner has a colleague whom you do not. Why is that? There are many reasons, none of which has to do with his shyness or unapproachability, several of which have to do with his manifold preoccupations and your own failure to be of the elect. But there are more or less reliable sources of information about him, including among others the Constitution and Statutes at Large of the United States. Thus you know that, if a Senator, he must "have attained to the age of thirty years, and have been nine years a citizen," while a Representative must be at least twenty-five and a citizen seven years. As our generation is by no means the first to inquire, however, what is the Constitution between friends? At any rate, there have been several exceptions to the primary requirement for election to Congress. Indeed, not two years ago it was seriously proposed in Illinois that one Mr. Harold E. Grange, aged twenty-two, an outstanding citizen of a sovereign State, be sent to the House. The Congressman you do not meet at dinner would have been the first to agree with Scipio Africanus Major, who, elected to office in 211 B.C. but not yet of legal age, announced, "If the citizens in general are desirous of choosing me for ædile, I am old enough."

You know also that he is clothed with authorities and responsibilities which were not cut out for narrow shoulders. Not least important among them is the Representative's power of the purse, derived from his right to initiate measures for raising revenue. His, too, is the sole power of impeachment, and in certain contingencies he elects a President. As a Senator he may be required to elect a Vice President or to sit with his fellows as a court of impeachment. How thoroughly he enjoys his constitutional check upon the President's power of treaty-making and of appointment is one of the largest themes in American politics. So far as his charters provide, however, he has no right to nominate anybody but cadets to West Point and midshipmen to Annapolis. This privilege is not without its points and belongs in equal measure to every member of each house. In whichever house he sits he may likewise cast the vote which will declare a war, pass a bill over the President's veto, or propose an amendment to the Constitution. And he possesses certain valuable immunities. He is immune—save for treason, felony, or breach of the peace—from arrest. He is immune from the intrusion of the Washington police—having a standing army of his own, composed of nine officers and forty-four men. He is immune from the inquisitions of the

Budget and of the Comptroller General. And, not least gratefully, is he immune from the pettifogging of Fine Arts Commissions. He has his own architect, who is good enough for anybody—except the Congressman you meet at dinner.

Powers and prerogatives are very well; but, oddly enough, these imponderabilia are chiefly for keen eyes, stout hearts, strong wills, hard heads. Immunities, too, are good in their negative way. But how much better, for the more poetic type of Congressman, are solid pickings, perquisites, profits, and emoluments! A formidable array of them could be set forth without exhausting the list. Videlicet:

A salary of ten thousand iron men a year—to use the language he speaks most fluently. No princely sum for a plutocratic Republic, yet enough for a "hill of imperial splendor" and more than enough for most home towns.

Item, mileage at the rate of twenty cents a mile for the lawful number of round trips a year between the home town and the cast-iron dome—and no impertinent questions asked.

Item, the more pleasing prospect, realized oftener between 1898 and 1917 than since, of a sea voyage at the expense of the honest taxpayer. Join the Government and see the world! The Navy is rather skittish in these matters, having a slogan of its own and regulations to which it can point the finger of regret. But the Army, which makes men, can occasionally spare a transport. The Coast Guards will also listen to reason—especially just before or just after the consideration of a pay bill. As for the Shipping Board, it makes special rates not only for Congressmen but for all officers of the Government going to and fro upon their lawful occasions.

Item, an office or two—or three—on the Hill, not always so spacious as the occupant's desires, yet designed by no mean architect and fitted out with every modern convenience—it need not be at a penny's expense to himself.

Item, the services, gratis, of a number of clerks which varies according to the house in which the Congressman sits, his rank in his committees, etc. In the case of a Senator who is not chairman of a committee, this works out to an average of three. For the fiscal year 1926–7 $1,760,000 were appropriated for general clerk hire in the House, specifying so many categories of clerks at so much per annum; and each member gets the mathematical share he rates. His share occasionally provides a salary for each member of his family. And mind you, the job of clerk to a Congressman is not to be sneezed at. The ranking clerks of the two committees on appropriations draw $6,000 a year. A senator's chief clerk gets $3,300, or more than many a specialist in the scientific Bureaus.

Item, none too niggardly supplies of stationery—judging from the current year's appropriation of $85,000. On the principle of the Army canteen, it used also to be possible to acquire through the Stationery Room all manner of miscellaneous merchandise, at a discount of something like forty per cent. But an incident involving a pocket flask has latterly curtailed this privilege.

Item, a postal frank, covering all official correspondence of any class sent out from any domestic Post Office during the incumbent's term of office. Indiscreet questions rarely asked.

Item, the use of an underground monorail, gratis, for transportation, in freedom from prying eyes or the inclemency of the weather, between the office buildings and the cast-iron dome.

Item, a share in the services of a page on the floor of either house—whose antecedents will generally lead back into that impenetrable maze of patronage whence likewise issue midshipmen, cadets, postmasters, and ambassadors.

Item, the right to pluck nosegays, in strict order of precedence, in the United States Botanic Garden. This pleasance is more celebrated for its poker and its politics than for its botany, being an unkempt jungle at the end of the Mall

nearest the Capitol, which has grown up since 1856 around what used to be known as the National Greenhouses. Among its more terrifying ornaments is a vast cast-iron fountain, in the taste of 1876, which for reasons unfathomable to the profane is immensely admired by the citizens of Washington and by poetic Congressmen. Whenever there is question of suppressing it—for the taste of 1876 demanded that, like the Washington Monument, it should bear no relation to the symmetry of its surroundings—there arise to heaven such passionate outcries as have hitherto prevented the realization of L'Enfant's noble plan of a setting for the Capitol. Besides the President has a greenhouse. Why shouldn't Congress have one? The gardener likes his job and his cottage, the Congressmen like the little favors he can do them, the Congressmen's wives like his flowers—to say nothing of the neat wooden boxes in which they come. And it has never occurred to any of them that there is anything undignified in gracing so harmless a piece of graft with so sonorous a name. To create a real Botanic Garden, in a part of Washington where it would not be out of place, would cost money and require scientific experts. Whereas this year's appropriation is only $77,544, providing among other things for a Director, an Assistant Director, seven gardeners of various degrees, two shipping clerks, etc. But according to recent numbers of the *Congressional Record* this disfigurement is at last to be removed from the Mall and a new National Greenhouse is to be erected in convenient proximity to the cast-iron dome—under the old name of United States Botanic Garden. To the taxpayer its roses will doubtless smell the sweeter.

Item, the right to bring the United States Botanic Garden as it were to the door of every garden-loving constituent. Too much noise has been made about this graceful altruism, and the language of the law is too dark for an outsider to make out just what happens—beyond the fact that to him who asks shall be given, without money and without price, a number of small packages marked "Department of Agriculture. Congressional Seed Distribution." But the Secretary of Agriculture draws two appropriations, aggregating $241,000, for the propagation, purchase, and distribution of "rare and valuable seeds, bulbs, trees, shrubs, vines, cuttings, and plants," two-thirds of which—if the texts do not mislead me—are subject to the call of Congress.

Item, the right to draw books to any number, for any length of time, from the admirably stocked and excellently run Congressional Library, with subterranean compressed-air delivery service at the Capitol. Volumes from the Congressional Library may occasionally be picked up in second-hand book stores out of Washington. But he that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone!

Item, the less restricted right to receive a generous number of copies, gratis, of all "documents" issued by the Public Printer. The duties, prerogatives, politics, and woes of this functionary, at once an appointee of the President, a minion of the Joint Committee on Printing, and the largest and least advertised publisher in the country, is a subject worthy a gifted pen. While the editions and distribution of works published by the Government Printing Office are prescribed by law, a determined Congressman need rarely put his hand in his pocket to get one more copy. Such literature as agricultural reports, however, may run to editions of five or six figures. Of one edition of a treatise on the Diseases of the Horse, 25,000 copies were reserved for the Senate and 50,000 for the House. When a past or present member of either house "succumbs" or is "claimed by death"—as the Washington papers invariably put it—his colleagues from his native State or Territory receive 1,950 copies of the eulogies pronounced in his honor. To impound this flood of printed matter and to divert

it into channels where it will be most useful, Congressmen have the additional services (a) of a Document Room and (b) of a so-called Folding Room. The frank and the constituent do the rest.

Item, the right to receive two copies a day, gratis, one at home and one at the Capitol, of that periodical whose appearance bright and early on the morning after the proceedings it records, how interminable so ever they may have been, is the first thought of the Public Printer—the *Congressional Record*. A Senator, furthermore, is entitled to 88 and a Representative to 60 additional copies, either of the daily or of the definitive edition, loose or bound. And at nominal cost he may cause to be reprinted from the plates any portion of the same, for private distribution as parts of the *Record*.

Item, the more precious right of revising speeches which were made too hastily, or of inserting speeches which were never made at all—technically known as extensions of remarks. They extend! They make it possible for a daily *Record* of the 69th Congress, 1st Session, which adjourned July 3, 1926, to run on until the 16th. They necessitate the resetting of the definitive edition, in order that corrections may be made and unspoken speeches may appear to have been spoken at the proper time and place. They include accounts of stewardships, political manifestoes, advance texts of controversial treaties, campaign copy, lectures, radio addresses, after-dinner witticisms, tributes to deceased patriots, harangues or literary efforts by the friends of members, articles borrowed from the five-cent magazines, praises of the mocking bird, poems, sighs, sobs—all at the rate of $48 a page. And during the past Session the pages of the definitive edition alone ran over 13,000. But what would you? The country is rich, no comptroller can make a fuss, and no member who asks permission to print material germane to important debates will refuse another member leave to slip in a piece of padding designed merely to impress constituents or to satisfy a personal vanity.

As it is, some member might do worse than to extend his remarks by printing a cynical old book entitled *The Prince*, in which it is said, "Not by words are states maintained."

III

Evidently a potent personage, this Congressman you do not know, for whom the Constitution, the Statutes at Large, the rules and precedents of the cast-iron dome have done so much. You are, therefore, justified in your curiosity to know him better. Are you not a lesser citizen of a country which has suffered much for the arts of publicity? Is it not your daily meed to gaze at the portraits of your national heroes, to hear their views on questions of which they know little and care less, to inspect their furniture and wardrobe, to pursue them to the altar, the courtroom, the operating table, the funeral parlor? Your curiosity is the more justified because this hero is as native to America as tobacco. Search the world over, and you would not find his precise counterpart.

He is somebody because the Declaration of Independence made him somebody. And what is not least quaint about it is that of that Declaration he has read no more than a few of the opening phrases—which he generally misquotes. *E.g.*, "all men are created free and equal." Then there is something about inalienable rights, about life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, about Governments deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Brave words, full of encouragement for a Congressman with gifts of extension! If their author was romantic enough to imagine that a nobody, given the chance to become somebody, would all of a sudden burst out into all manner of previously inhibited virtues and talents, the joke is merely on Jefferson. For himself, there is nothing but a ballot be-

tween the elect and those who seek election.

His biographical sketch in the *Congressional Directory*, longest where there is least to say, proves that for the purpose of becoming somebody nothing is so good as to have been born in a log-cabin, or, failing that, on a farm. Was there not a rail-splitting Lincoln? If he is a self-made man as well, so much the better. Look at Henry Ford. At any rate he is not likely to have had more schooling than the law allows, unless a correspondence course in Coke and Blackstone. Otherwise he will have turned his hand to a variety of odd jobs; may easily have edited a country paper. He settled in a town of ten to twenty-five thousand, took to local politics as a horseshoe to a magnet, discovered that there lay as good a way as any to make a living, did his bit for his party chiefs, served a term or two in the State Legislature,—and here he is under the cast-iron dome.

His stock in trade is a grand air, a confidential manner, a ready tongue, a fair game of poker, and an inability to say no. You naturally do not expect him to care much for reading. He is too fond of talk and good company. The latest poet he has heard of is Kipling, the Kipling of 1895; but for purposes of quotation he leans toward Longfellow and that esoteric school of song to which the *New York Times Book Review* consecrates its final pages. He is strong, too, for "Crossing the Bar." It infallibly reappears in a eulogy of a departed colleague. In history he is less strong, having had no occasion to refresh his memory since his school days. But at a pinch the encyclopedia will tell him all he needs to know, or his clerk can run over to the Library and work up the facts.

Where he touches his heights of eloquence is on the theme of American institutions and ideals—though just what they are or just how they differ from French, Japanese, or Fiji ideals and institutions he would be hard put to expound. Whether he has read more of the Constitution he is sworn to defend than of the Declaration of Independence you are too discreet to inquire. Certainly his tinkerings with it do not look as if he had. When he descends from the clouds, however, he makes it clear enough that the great American ideal is prosperity and the great American institution politics. For him the words "politician" and "statesman" are synonyms, as are "republic" and "democracy." Yet his piercing eye discerns worlds of difference between a Republican and a Democrat. He is a devout one, whichever he may be, believing no stone too hard for an infidel. He cherishes also a mystic faith in majorities. There is nothing of which a majority is not the final court of appeal —the worth of a candidate, the truth of a religion, the fate of an evolutionary theory, the standing of an artist. If you were to tell him that Shakespeare is a great poet, not because everybody says so but because two or three men in every generation say so, he would laugh at you.

Are you puzzled by the fact that, to acquire merit with his party or to defend a ham in the pork barrel, he is likewise capable of the stubbornest resistance to the will of a majority? The mechanism of his instinctive actions and reactions is after all not too mysterious. His cast-iron dome, five times too big for the edifice it surmounts, illuminated at night on the principle of "Let your light so shine before men . . ." and marking the center of Washington in a sense not intended by its founders (by the simple device of ordaining it to be the point where converge four dislocated quarters of the town), is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual truth—namely that Congress is the sole veritable Government of the United States. Did not a Continental Congress run the country alone, with perfect success, throughout the Revolutionary period? Is not the first and foremost article in the Constitution devoted to Congress? Does not the House hold the strings of

that capacious purse from which must come every penny doled out to a President or to the hungry army of bureaucrats who swell his train? Has not the Senate the sacred duty of advising a President on every treaty and appointment he makes, and of consenting—or of refusing to consent—to the same? These are circumstances requiring an eye of sleepless vigilance, a hand prompt to put upstarts in their places, a readiness to forego deliberative functions. Whence it is that the most poetic of Congressmen must now and then descend even to the White House, more frequently to drop the name of a postmaster into an august ear than to hound a tyrant to his grave, or must rise to warn a befuddled world that a mere Secretary of State has no authority to conduct the foreign relations of the Republic.

Foreign relations! Instinctive, too, is his unwillingness that they should exist. Nine times out of ten they are nothing but another name for England—implacable enemy, decaying prop of monarchs, mother of deceits, mistress of oppressions, destroyer of liberties, snapper up of unconsidered trifles, forever prowling up and down the earth seeking whom she may devour, forever weaving dark stratagems like the League of Nations and the Permanent Court of International Justice. (But World Court is what he prefers to call it, as being shorter, wickeder, and more grandiose.)

Precisely why those gropings toward reason imperil his famous ideals and institutions he is no more able to explain than to define the latter. He points instead to those nine hostile millions menacing his unguarded northern frontier. He mutters grandly about sovereignty. Irresistible forces, immovable obstacles, something like that. He almost makes you think of a superiority complex. Or is it merely disgust at having let himself in for the "World War"? (German War, after the analogy of his others, wouldn't do. Too many voters to get annoyed.) What this war was all about he has no idea, but he is firmly convinced that England and France were at the bottom of it. Why on earth can't all those people stop squabbling, get together, throw down their absurd tariff barriers, do away with their tin-pot pretensions, and live in unity like his own "sovereign" States? He misses no occasion to shout good advice to them across the ocean. He doesn't like it so much when they shout back. What could any of them teach him? Poor old England, for example—who has had colonies for three hundred years and has learned quite a bit about running them. Colonies? He has none. His own odds and ends of islands and zones are quite another matter. The very idea that he might set up something like a Colonial Office to look after them is enough to give him an apoplexy. He passes a law or two, turns them over to generals and admirals who have nothing better to do, and lets nature take its course. As for other countries, the only thing to do is to keep clear of the whole crazy lot. Why? Because Washington said so, a hundred and thirty years ago. And how does a poetic Congressman happen to know that? Because once a year, on the twenty-second of February, he has to listen to the reading of the Farewell Address, from end to end.

Another source of irritation is the city-namesake of Washington upon which his vigilant eye looks down. True, it is his lawful appanage and footstool. Yet never since his coach arrived there from Philadelphia in 1800 has he felt quite at home. So unnatural an island of anomaly, compassed about by full-blown sovereign States, is abhorrent to all his instincts. It is like a drifting piece of foreign soil. It is full of strangers who have the effrontery to demand—and to obtain—precedence over him at official functions. It incites him to speak of himself as an ambassador from afar. It ungratefully draws away from his shadow, toward a domeless white house upon another hill. It

forces him, in the thick of more fruitful labors, to pause and ponder upon a drain or a policeman—and one without a vote. His ears are too often offended by the clamors of those who demand its embellishment. His answer to that is prompt and clear. The cast-iron dome and the United States Botanic Garden are embellishment enough for Washington. Washington compares very favorably with Concord, Montgomery, Austin, Little Rock, Boise, or Sacramento. What is good enough for them is good enough for Washington. What is good enough for Washington is good enough for them. He will not vote one penny for Washington unless his own State gets something just as good.

His own State! Ah, there is the key to unlock his heart! *E pluribus unum* is all very well on a seal or a coin, but it is a conception too remote, too impersonal for a Congressman of extensions to take in. What he understands is his own State, its beauties, its grandeurs, its crying needs, and its fair rewards. Let laws, Presidents, foreign relations, Washington go hang. Let those who theorize about a statesman's duty to lead do likewise. The statesman's first duty under the cast-iron dome is to see that his State gets a square deal—in roads, rivers, harbors, national parks, post offices, appointments. And it is the citizens of his State, his constituents, who like hotel guests are always right. For them, therefore, does your poetic Congressman become a willing slave. For them, between two cocktails, does he propose Eighteenth Amendments. For them does he present bills which he knows have no chance of passing. For them does he pass other bills which he counts on the humble denizen of the White House to veto. For them does he sweat day and night, "correcting" their military records, getting them pensions, writing them letters of recommendation, finding them jobs, protecting them against unscrupulous Department chiefs, hunting down for them all manner of information, sending them public documents and seeds—seeds which may fall among thorns or upon stony places, yet which may bring forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold. . . .

IV

How do I know? I read the *Congressional Record!* Also, I sometimes sit in the gallery of one or the other house, where it is possible to behold, albeit from afar, this by no means mythical personage. The nearest I ever came to meeting him in the flesh was at a Hopi Indian dance in front of the Capitol. And I recognized with a start of incredulous surprise those stigmata of greatness which I thought had vanished from the Hill—the *n*-gallon hat, the streaming black tie, the magnificent waistcoat, the watch-chain richly accentuating the umbilical region, the air of complicity in profound and encouraging secrets, the indefinable American look of those who have never known doubt or humiliation or misery or despair, who are citizens of the best of all possible worlds, the grandest of all conceivable Governments, and the queen of all sovereign States. There were shrewd wrinkles about the eyes, the lips were quick to part, and something told me he would have a hard hand. No stranger he to the axe, the rein, or the steering wheel. Something also told me that he would be a faithful enough husband, an indulgent father, a resourceful friend. As he directed to their seats ladies with cards, inducted under the ropes ladies with none, gave orders to his standing army, I caught again a whiff of the atmosphere of the cast-iron dome, unmistakable in its aroma of complicated traditions and bottomless understandings. Nor do I mean to insinuate that his pockets are the fuller for his intimacy with the contents of the public purse. Yet I fancy he would hardly subscribe to W. B. Yeats's definition of a gentleman as "a man whose principal ideas are not connected with his personal needs and his personal success."

THE MIRACLE OF THE FRANC

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

ALWAYS, throughout a long career as diplomatic and economic observer, have I contended that foreign affairs and finances, rightly regarded, properly described, are as fascinating and dramatic as any romance; and never perhaps has this contention been justified so clearly as by that exciting episode in France which lasted from, say, the beginning of 1925 to the early months of 1927. In this period there were all the elements of a well-constructed story. The situation at the start was interesting, and with a series of violent vicissitudes it grew more interesting. Incident after incident carried the breathless adventure to successively higher points, until at last the excitement was worked up to the catastrophic stage. Then, while we looked on, believing the crash was inevitable, there quietly stepped forward a remarkable man. Everything changed suddenly. We had been asking how quickly disaster would come. Then we began to ask how quickly salvation would come. The struggle to restore the franc was, for the spectator in the front stalls, as heart-gripping as had been the previous approach of an apparently inevitable fate. One would like to suppose that the play is nicely rounded off and is over; but it may be that there are other peripetiæ, that a final act is to be added. At any rate I consider the narrative, whether it be ended or not, engrossing; and I would have others share my view of the stirring character of public life in other lands.

Jules Romains, a distinguished and talented French writer, in his younger days invented a theory of composition which he called Unanimism. Unanimism means many things, but for my present purpose I would define it as an art-form which takes cognizance of collective joys and sufferings. The business of the novelist, as it is generally conceived, is to isolate three or four persons or more from the mass, and to follow their fortunes. Henry Fielding, who may be regarded as the father of the modern novel, particularly practiced this method, and his personages might, for all he tells us to the contrary, be moving in a vacuum. Outside events scarcely concern them. They are intent on themselves. Sir Walter Scott broke away from this tradition and brought crowds into his pages, and related more or less accurately the clash of public events. His personages were part of society, and were detached only in the sense that the limelight particularly played upon them. The novel has undergone many changes, but it may not unfairly be said to have developed on these two divergent lines.

To-day in America there are novelists who are chiefly concerned with the external or internal life of a handful of people; and there are other novelists who are concerned not so much with the individual as with the community. Romains made heroes—to use the common expression—of streets and of quarters.

This is not a digression. It is of the very essence of the theory which I have put forward continually. That theory is that the life, not merely of a street or a town, but of a whole people, is as vital and moving as the life of a selected

person. Diplomacy is usually represented as dull, and economics as deadly. They are, indeed, often expounded in dry terms. They are stripped of their human interest. They are considered to be mysterious operations to be understood only by experts. The truth is that, in spite of specialists, they are simple and thrilling. There are continually produced "situations" which, rightly handled, would make famous the playwright who could thus handle them. My own endeavor has always been to put in high relief these dramas of nations. My ambition—had I the time and the ability—would be to be the Novelist of Nations. Perhaps some day somebody will frankly work in this large way.

This does not mean that although entire peoples strut upon the international stage there are no persons. Inside the main drama are a million dramas, and these million dramas may be the result of the decision of a single man. A Washington or a Lincoln, a Pitt or a Disraeli, a Robespierre or a Napoleon, or, nearer our own days, a Bismarck or a Roosevelt or a Wilson or a Lloyd George or a Poincaré or a Clemenceau may be a determining factor in the stupendous play.

II

Bearing these remarks in mind, let us briefly tell the story of France's experience. For half a year pessimists considered national bankruptcy to be unavoidable. French currency slumped ominously. Parliament appeared to be helpless. The Deputies and Senators, talking interminably, seemed incapable of calling a halt. They lost themselves in a labyrinth of verbosity. Therefore, it is not surprising that Parliamentary institutions were challenged, that Democracy was called into question, that there were cries for a Dictator. It was not surprising that the people, dismayed and angered at this appalling spectacle of inefficiency, clamored in the streets. In the first half of last year M. Briand was Prime Minister; and although he was not himself responsible for the finances of the country, he failed to choose Finance Ministers who could cope with the exceptional conditions. His tenure of office was precarious. Twice he was compelled to resign, once in March and again in June, before his final resignation in July. Still the franc continued to fall when M. Briand formed his third Cabinet of the year, with M. Caillaux as Finance Minister. M. Caillaux had been hailed as a financial genius. It is not my purpose to criticize him, but merely to state that the great expectations which had been placed upon him were disappointed. Precisely as he failed in 1925, he failed in 1926. He was unable to win confidence. The franc rolled down hill without respite. Capital fled the country. The Treasury was empty. The Chamber was in turmoil. The populace became wrathful. M. Herriot acted as a kind of lightning-conductor when, on July 17th, he took the unusual course of descending from the Presidential fauteuil of the Chamber and, by a powerful speech on the floor of the House, overthrew the Briand-Caillaux Cabinet. He was compelled to take up the difficult succession. His Ministry was overturned after a single day of existence. With the franc at its lowest level—approaching fifty to the dollar—the Paris population met agitatedly before the Palais-Bourbon and the Palace of the Elysée, and demanded a party truce. The people, with their mass instinct, held the dissensions of the parties to be responsible for the impending disaster.

The contrast between these six months and the following six months is amazing. When the worst was anticipated, when Revolution, besides Bankruptcy, was not impossible, the President of the Republic called on Poincaré to accept a formidable duty. Probably Poincaré was the only man in France who could even attempt the task. Other statesmen had been Prime Ministers, and

personal jealousies and considerations of personal prestige prevented them from serving under one of their number. But Poincaré stood on a higher plane. He had not only been Prime Minister: he had also, for seven years—seven of the most troubled years in French history—been President of the Republic. Under him surely all men could serve in this national emergency. Conscious of the gravity of the moment, he formed a Cabinet of men of various parties, excluding only the Socialist and Communist parties. No fewer than six Prime Ministers were associated in his Government. He concentrated his attention on finances. He worked with extraordinary celerity. Not a few weeks, but a few days, sufficed to still the outcry. It was confidence that had principally been lacking, and confidence began to return. The franc stopped on the very edge of the abyss into which it was about to plunge. It quickly took up a tenable position. A Sinking Fund was established to ease the Treasury. The Chamber, thoroughly alarmed, did everything it was asked to do; and Poincaré drove through laws with record rapidity and obtained powers of decree which had previously been fiercely disputed by the Deputies. The Budget—a properly balanced Budget—was voted in thirty-six days—well before the opening of the financial year to which it applied. Nothing like Poincaré's performance had been seen for generations. If anything, the franc recovered too quickly, and the economic life of the country was perturbed—an inevitable penalty, however, for past blunders, a penalty which M. Caillaux had never ceased to prophesy. At the end of the year stabilization in its legal sense was still to be achieved, but the Banque de France publicly announced its willingness to buy and sell at approximately twenty-five francs to the dollar. This was tantamount to *de facto* stabilization.

Could he hold the franc? Certainly he could hold it at such a price or thereabouts if there were not fresh political complications. Economically, there was not the slightest difficulty. But psychologically, was there not danger? Would not memories be short? Would not the politicians, notoriously ungrateful, proverbially incorrigible, forget even the most recent history? The peril past, would not the intrigues be renewed, ambitions, jealousies, contentions, party strife be resumed? These were agonizing questions, for there was a chance that if Poincaré was forced to retire, his work unfinished—though this would be, from his personal viewpoint, excellent, since he would have acquired great credit without risking another depreciation of the franc under his Premiership—panic would again seize the people, and this time the flight from the franc would be fatal.

Yet, whatever the sequel, it is indisputable that for at least a period Poincaré had become the Mussolini of France—a more supple, less pugnacious, quieter, unboasting Mussolini, but a Mussolini nevertheless, wielding unprecedented power, whipping the deputies into obedience, demonstrating his own efficiency, stimulating the faith and the efforts of Frenchmen.

III

Financially, France, ever since the War, has been faced with genuine problems, but the crisis was brought about chiefly by public distrust of the politicians. Yet if we look at the French financial institutions, we shall find that they were outmoded and began to creak before 1914.

Only eight times in more than half a century since the Third Republic was proclaimed has the Budget, for example, been voted in due season. Usually France existed on monthly provisional credits. There were always supplementary estimates and Special Budgets. Expenditure was concealed by the passing of additional credits. All calculations of French spendings must be more

or less approximate until many years have passed. The whole French financial machinery is unwieldy and unworkable. Drastic reforms have long been needed. When the first shot was fired it was certain that, whatever was the outcome of the strife on the battlefield, French finances would be shattered. They were antiquated, and were not modified as the industrial and economic conditions were modified. Napoleon established the Banque de France, but its relations with the State are still ambiguous. The fiscal agents are buried in a mass of papers and the fiscal laws accumulate and are contradictory.

There might have been no particularly evil consequences had not the War precipitated the smash. During the War there was reckless squandering of money, for everything was sacrificed to victory. After the War foolish illusions were cherished, such as the possibility of extracting from Germany gold in profusion.

In 1913 the French Budget was, roughly, 5,000,000,000 gold francs. It is now, in round figures, 40,000,000,000 paper francs. Of this amount half must go to the service of the debt. It is difficult to see how the sums devoted to the service of the debt can be reduced materially for many years, for there have been many loans on which interest must be paid. It will be readily appreciated that the service of the debt necessarily prevents the full restoration of the franc to parity. It is possible to raise in taxation forty or fifty milliards (billions) of paper francs at the present rate of exchange, but obviously it would not be possible to obtain from the present resources of the country even twenty milliards of gold francs—that is to say, two or three times as much as at present. Yet the service of the debt cannot, without some kind of repudiation, be brought lower than, say, fifteen milliards; and the figure will remain the same whether interest and amortization are paid in gold or in paper. This is the most serious reason why any further considerable improvement of the franc is not feasible.

Economically, I have worked out the figures carefully, and I am convinced that the franc is truly worth twenty-five to the dollar as against five to the dollar in 1914. That is its intrinsic value on the lowest estimate, having regard to the gold holdings and the unquestionable securities held by the Bank. If the State chooses to repay its debt to the Bank—and there is, theoretically, no reason why the heavy borrowings from the Bank should not be regarded by the Bank as good credits—the franc could be restored completely. But, as I have pointed out, complete restoration, or anything like it, would, from the budgetary standpoint, be calamitous.

In 1914 there was a deficit of five milliards, in 1915 of sixteen milliards, in 1916 of twenty-two milliards, in 1917 of thirty-eight milliards, and in 1918 of forty-nine milliards. These are disastrous figures which are, however, readily explained by the war. But afterwards France failed to raise adequate sums from taxation, imagining that the Budget was balanced if large items were put under the head of Recoverable Expenditure—that is to say, expenditure which might be recovered from Germany. Is France to be blamed because she believed for so long—as all the Allies believed for some time—in the dreams of Rhine gold? In 1919 there was a deficit of forty-two milliards, in 1920 of thirty-eight milliards, in 1921 of twenty-four milliards, in 1922 of twenty-four milliards, in 1923 of eleven milliards, in 1924 of seven milliards. Thereafter, it was professed that the deficits were smaller, but in reality even in 1926 there were many milliards short. The post-war borrowings exceeded the war borrowings, and France was crushed under a mountain of debts.

The need for drastic action was realized in 1924, but unfortunately the political confusion began, and much precious time was wasted. Nobody would lend any more. Short-term bonds were presented by their holders

for repayment. As confidence diminished, the strain on the Treasury increased. Three times in 1925 was it necessary to raise the legal limit of note circulation, until the fiduciary issue was higher than fifty-five milliard paper francs, as against less than six milliards in 1913. No wonder that the franc fell. Finance Minister after Finance Minister was unable to control the process, until the franc, nominally worth twenty cents, was worth only two cents. When things reach such a pass, when a whole people becomes panic-stricken, it may be presumed that the collapse will continue, until the two cents shrink to one cent, and perhaps to nothing at all.

It was at this critical juncture that M. Poincaré stepped in, and with a series of measures, legislative and administrative, showed the French people that their fears were unfounded; and in a few months converted the two cents into four cents.

Whatever may be the truth about earlier years, let it be emphatically stated that France is now not undertaxed, as is often pretended, but is rather overtaxed. With a variety of exceptional charges for special purposes, and the contribution to the State of the *départements* and the communes, it may be calculated that the French numbering forty millions pay, for public services, at least fifty milliards—not forty as the Budget would appear to show. As for the alleged discrepancy between direct and indirect taxation, there is a serious misunderstanding abroad. More than half the receipts from taxation are personal and direct. These facts should be made better known, for they are an irrefutable response to the calumnies which are still spread about France, and show the enormous sacrifices the French people are, under good leadership, willing to endure.

IV

In normal times the population disregards fiscal facts—just as the ordinary person is unconscious of a circulation of his blood. Far from blaming, one may commend this ignorance. Nobody is so boring and so morbid as the person who is aware of his blood pressure. It is a dangerous sign when a whole nation awakens to an interest in finance. France for a long time pursued her way happily. Then suddenly everybody was unhealthily fascinated by the rate of exchange. Everybody turned eagerly, morning and evening, to the money quotations. The French were like the anxious folk of a fishing town, scanning the sky and examining the barometrical readings.

Things did not reach the pass they had reached elsewhere—the French housewife, setting aside overnight the money for the food of the following day, did not, like the German housewife, discover the next morning that everything had changed and that her provision of money would purchase practically nothing. Those extremes were spared the French. Yet history repeated itself sufficiently for the French man or woman to become doubtful of the morrow. The French are characteristically thrifty. For innumerable generations they have saved. Now saving seemed to be folly. What was the use of piling up paper which palpably shrivelled under one's eyes? The scriptural satire was paraphrased—Let us eat, drink, and be merry, lest our notes become nothing.

Articles which were not required were acquired. There was a spirit of extravagance. It overtook all classes. The working classes bought furniture and clothes they did not want. The bourgeois classes offered themselves automobiles and pianos. The richer classes bought up houses and land. Expensive restaurants multiplied. On the boulevards handsome banks were erected and did brisk business. Outwardly there were evidences of wealth, but those of us who are acquainted with these phenomena knew that the evidences of wealth—as they appeared to be—were in reality evidences of impending poverty. The rush of spending in any country may well

be the forerunner of ruin. It is a paradox that is quite comprehensible to those who have lived in these post-War days in Europe. Artificial prosperity is positively blasting.

That was one side of the French expansion—a blown-up expansion without substance. There were those who soon had a vested interest in inflation, and who, enriched by the production of paper, would have liked the production to continue. They dreaded deflation, foreseeing that there would be a crash. Thus it suited a minority—a minority that was influential and active—to encourage France on a deadly path and to resist the final settlement. But there were others who were determined to get to grips with a relentless foe drumming its hectic and staccato syncopation with feverish fingers. Those who were able to work, though their virtues were undermined, were not badly off. On the whole their wages were not disproportionate to their expenses. They obtained compensating augmentations. The manufacturers and the dealers could put up their prices. The agriculturalists were in a commanding position. But France's backbone is the poorer bourgeoisie, and the bourgeoisie have incomes which, if not fixed, are not flexible. They were badly hit.

V

Take the case of the *rentier*—that is to say, the man or woman who is more or less dependent on his savings. Those savings had been accumulated by dint of constant care. They had been put in what the French call choice family investments—*placements de père de famille.* Surely they could be considered safe. The State guaranteed them. The State, indeed, in most cases issued the bonds. There was no question of speculative risk. The element of gambling was supposed to be eliminated. Yet these savings dwindled month by month. Readers will remember the story of the *peau de chagrin*—the wild ass's skin—imagined by Balzac, which grew beautifully less and less. The bonds in this manner grew beautifully less and less. If they had been sold on the money markets—and nobody wished to buy—the capital would even nominally, as expressed in paper francs, have shrunk from, say, a million to half a million. At one stroke the capital would have been reduced by half. But this was only the beginning of the trouble. If that half-million francs had been converted into gold, it would have become only 50,000 francs! Think what tragedies may lie behind these simple figures.

But of course it would have been unwise to sell. Let us assume that the million-franc man kept his bonds and tried to live on the interest. Let us assume that his interest amounted to 4,000 francs a month. In the old days that would have meant, in France, comfort and even luxury. According to the rate of exchange when the franc approached 50 to the dollar, these 4,000 francs, expressed in gold, would be only the equivalent of 400 francs—a ridiculous sum on which to live.

I have put the case at its worst. I have somewhat exaggerated in order to make the point clear. In fact, the internal prices in France were lower than world prices. They never increased tenfold as, theoretically, they should have done. They increased about sixfold. Therefore, for practical purposes, one can double the figures I have given, provided there is no comparison with the outer world. But even that is bad enough, and on the most optimistic basis the *rentier* seemed to have lost nine-tenths of his capital or four-fifths of his income.

Moreover, the prospects were entirely unfavorable. Fortunately those prospects have been falsified, and the *rentier* has recovered a good deal. The Socialists loudly professed their lack of sympathy with the *rentier*. They would have robbed him of what remained. They held that he was an idler living at the expense of the State. They would have "consolidated"—that is to say, have declined to pay him what was due

to him—or by a "special levy" would have further reduced his capital or would have cut down his interest. It was precisely the socialistic schemes which frightened the investing classes and made the situation almost impossible. It was the defeat of these socialistic schemes which helped to restore confidence. Personally, I cannot understand why the *rentier*, already so severely hurt, should have been singled out for attack. He should have been protected. He had shown fiscal patriotism. He had trusted the State. He had relied on promises, explicit or implicit, on which every citizen of a modern State is entitled to rely.

So I hope that this plain statement will enable Americans to appreciate the feelings of the French when they saw the franc careering towards the edge of the precipice over which it might plunge. The intellectual workers—those who love and disseminate that culture which is the proudest prerogative of France—were in particularly parlous case. The writer, the artist, the savant, the philosopher, the professor at the Sorbonne, the student at the University were disheartened. Those who had culture to sell found that culture could not dictate its price. Those who strove for culture, if they belonged to families with straitened means, found the sacrifices they would normally have to make immensely magnified. On these classes was placed a tremendous handicap.

Hence the spectacle of an entire people watching the ticker-machines. There was a dreadful rhythm of the exchanges—a terrible tune with a ruinous rhythm. From five to fifteen was sickening, but from twenty to twenty-five was frightful. Twenty-five — thirty — thirty-one — thirty-three — thirty-five! Would the maddening rhythm ever stop? Forty! Forty-five! If it reached fifty, why not sixty? Why not eighty? Why not a hundred? Why not any arbitrary valuation? The mighty remorseless rhythm of destruction was the harder to bear because there was no indication that it would ever cease before the boundaries of ultimate discomfiture.

That ultimate discomfiture did not come. The rhythm ceased. The franc stopped, hesitated, improved slowly, and then rapidly. France breathed again. The panic had passed. Why? Because of one man. Because of Poincaré. Poincaré did what nobody else had done or could have done. Whatever the sequel, Poincaré should be honored by the French. Whatever his blunders three years ago, five years ago, ten years ago, fifteen years ago—and I do not suggest that they were blunders—he has more than redeemed them. He showed the French how to save the franc, and with the franc, France.

VI

Raymond Poincaré has been more intimately, more continuously, and more influentially connected with French public life than any man of his generation. In France Governmental instability is notorious. Governmental instability is scarcely exceeded by the instability of the franc during those anxious years. As many as five Ministries have been formed in a single year. The average duration of life which a Ministry may expect is nine or ten months. It would be much less were one to subtract the five or six fairly long Ministries which have, by exception, marked the Third Republic. Prime Ministers come and go, leaving no real trace of their passage. Clemenceau, at widely separated intervals, accepted power and stuck to it. But Briand, who has played a remarkable part in recent politics, has been Prime Minister ten or eleven times—a terrible commentary on political vicissitudes.

Poincaré has a less checkered career. Without going back to his earlier Ministries, one may say that his tenure of office has been scarcely broken since 1912. Then he became Prime Minister. The following year he was elected President of the Republic. He remained at the Elysée throughout the War. In

1920, when his term expired he refused to retire into private life. He was President of the Reparation Commission. Then he became the most powerful journalist in France. At the beginning of 1922 he, a former President, casting aside obsolete notions of personal dignity, entered the dusty arena of politics and again was Prime Minister. He stayed in his post for nearly two and a half years—most momentous years—controlling the destinies of France. In the middle of 1924 the general elections went in favor of the *Bloc des Gauches*. He stepped aside. Many believed his influence had ended, but two years later a national emergency called for a national man, and what national man was there besides Poincaré? Without depreciating other statesmen, and without necessarily extolling the past performances of Poincaré, he, disdaining party, by virtue of his seven years' Presidency seemed to stand above the others. That is why he was given his supreme opportunity.

Poincaré is altogether unlike the conventional conception of a Frenchman. He is a Lorrainer. There are Frenchmen who are romantic—he is unromantic. There are Frenchmen who are flamboyant—he has a horror of melodrama and is studiously plain. There are Frenchmen who are adroit—he gives an impression of rigidity, though it is remarked that he has lately been less rigid. There are French politicians who openly aim at popularity—Poincaré truly asserted on one occasion that popularity and unpopularity mean nothing to him: he will do what he believes to be his duty whether people like or dislike him. It is foolish to call him mediocre, for he has succeeded in many different ways—at the Bar, at the Desk, at the Tribune, and in the Presidency. He takes infinite pains and works indefatigably. Histrionics he abhors. He is sincere, he is methodical, he is intelligent, and he has a curious moral courage which is not incompatible with caution. I have known him probably better than any foreigner in France—indeed, I was privileged to write a biographical portrait of him—and in our relations I learned not only to respect him, but to like him for his simplicity and integrity. Certainly he has his limitations, but he is never demagogic. He does not glow or glitter, but he plays no personal or party game.

The first thing that Poincaré had to do was to convince Parliament that works, not words, were wanted. He had to convince Parliament, too, that its job is not to govern. It is a small Executive that must govern and, although Parliament must not surrender its right of control, it cannot substitute itself for the Executive. The smallest business cannot be run by its shareholders. The shareholders have their rights, but they must not mistake their functions for those of the Board of Directors. If hundreds of men may produce contradictory plans, chaos must result. One plan, comprehensive, solid, straightforward, produced by a responsible Minister, can alone be efficacious.

The French Parliament, though apparently unmanageable, has always been managed by strong men. There have been few strong men, but whenever one appears Parliament recognizes him and ceases to be unruly. Since 1870 there have been Thiers, Jules Ferry, Waldeck-Rousseau, Combes, Clemenceau, and Poincaré. Most of the others, whatever their good qualities, were inclined to allow themselves to be ruled by the Chamber instead of ruling the Chamber. One may disagree with the policies of the men I have mentioned, but they have veritably been Chiefs. They have not been opportunists. Poincaré, right or wrong, is unmistakably a Chief. He had a single purpose, a commanding power, an absence of self-interest, and was transparently honest. He showed his capacity for succeeding when his predecessors had failed, because he is a Chief.

His downfall before he has completed his task, would betoken short memories, indicate political folly, and provoke perhaps fatal consequences.

GETTING AHEAD OF THE JONESES

BY R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

LAST summer my dentist spent his vacation in England. A few weeks after his return to this country I called on him for treatment, and he spoke at length on the delights of his visit. And then, in the middle of a filling operation, he uttered a remark which, for the moment, almost made my head reel. "What I like about England," he said, "is that people stay in their own class in that country."

When I had recovered from my astonishment I observed that such a remark falling from the lips of an American was nothing but pure blasphemy and that he, consequently, was a blasphemer against one of the cardinal social doctrines of his country. He replied that the universal American habit of straining to "get ahead of the Joneses" entailed efforts of a nature which made the game by no means worth the candle and that one of these days people would realize it, and the sooner the better. "Year by year," he said, "as the population of the country increases, the struggle to raise oneself socially and financially is getting more deadly. There was a time when to do so was comparatively easy; but it is not easy any longer. One of these days it will become so intensely difficult that men and women will choose the alternative to this frightful competition. That is, they will stay in the class in which they happen to be born and cultivate serenity and a competence instead of the competitive spirit and a nervous breakdown."

I believe that I am voicing the silent opinion of countless thousands of women when I say that they are the chief victims of the abuse of the competitive spirit in men. Such a statement may sound paradoxical, since it is the competitive spirit in men which has given women diamonds and pearls, luxury and idleness. But the competitive spirit does not lead a man to give himself. Diamonds and luxury are, in most cases, nothing much more than makeshifts that women demand from men as partial compensation for that which the competitive male so resolutely refuses them—his society, his time, himself as a man and not merely as a successful producer of wealth. The competitive male is ruining not only intimate, but also social life, both of which have always been considered hitherto the special provinces of women.

Something of the bitterness of this sense of lack was recently expressed to me by a woman friend who had just decided to separate from her husband. "You ask me what I complain of?" she said. "You say that my husband is highly successful and very generous to me. I say that he is highly unsuccessful and the very reverse of generous."

I asked her to explain her meaning, which was by no means obvious.

"My husband is highly unsuccessful," she said, "because he has failed in the field in which it is most important that every man and woman should succeed—that is, as an ordinary social human being. To put the matter bluntly, he is a brilliant success as a merchant and a pitiful failure as a man. He has been generous to me with his money and incredibly stingy with his company. But even if he were to turn over a new

leaf and offer me a little more of his society, I should refuse a reconciliation, for his companionship is no longer worth having. He has been ruined by his ghastly abuse of the modern competitive spirit."

And then she proceeded to tell me that, in the first place, her husband had nothing to say—that is, nothing to say as an ordinary social human male, although he had an immense amount to say in his capacity of merchant. "I am willing to talk merchandise in the Fifth Avenue stores," was her comment, "but I am not prepared to do so every evening at dinner or between the acts of the play." Furthermore, he had little but contempt for all the personal graces that were valuable only because they were personal graces. These, my unfortunate friend assured me, he despised because they did not "get a man anywhere." And then she burst out, "From now on I intend to do things that won't get me anywhere—at least, as judged from my husband's standpoint—and I intend to cultivate the society of none but those who are resolutely determined to go nowhere, although I suppose that this will make my circle dreadfully restricted. But then, I have always preferred quality to quantity. Anyhow, I've had twelve years of existence—I won't call it life—with a 'go-getter.' Now I'm going to live among people who have nothing whatever to sell, and least of all themselves."

This is one case, and it contains the elements of tragedy. I have another friend whose case against the competitive male almost evokes a smile.

She was engaged to be married to a man in his late thirties who was intent on his business and on very little besides. One night he called to pay his addresses to his fiancée. He carried under his arm, not candy or a gift, but a set of office ledgers. "I want to see how I'm coming out this month," he said, as he spread his books on the table. "I'd be very much obliged to you if you'd lend me a hand with the figures." He explained what he wished done with the books, and my friend spent the whole evening in doing sums for him, so that he might gratify his curiosity to see how he was "coming out" that month. The following morning she wrote and broke off their engagement. "Did you explain the reason?" I asked when she told me of the incident. "No," was the reply, "he would not have been capable of understanding it."

II

I think that it is precisely this conviction of the utter lack of understanding of women on the part of the highly competitive male which most dismays the modern woman. Over and over again have I heard complaints of his obtuseness concerning the inner needs and longings of intelligent women as opposed to their needs for raiment, food, shelter, and amusements. These last he understands, for they are material; but the desire for a community of interests, for intellectual comradeship, for some faint recognition of the fact that a woman has a soul as well as a body and cannot live in happiness by bread alone is, so they say, incomprehensible to his business-ridden mind. Some of my friends speak of this void in their lives with tears in their voices; others have become hardened and satirical.

One friend, a college graduate of unusual intelligence, has been married for about nine years to a highly successful business man whose aggressively competitive spirit is an object of veneration to a large circle of men in his native city. She has told me that, frustrated in her longing for companionship with her husband, she now derives some real amusement from a close objective study of his intimates. These she divides into the owls and the eagles. The owls, she says, are those men who have "arrived"—that is to say, they have crushed their competitors, made fortunes, and have taken on that owlish cast of countenance which she declares to be the hall-mark of the successful, competitive, ignorant,

and wholly self-satisfied, middle-aged business man. The eagles are those men who, with hard mouths, grim eyes, and shoulders thrown well back, face the world determined to soar and soar still higher, shrilly screaming their wares as they mount and tearing to pieces all competitors whom they encounter in their flight upwards. "You should see them at a dinner party," she said to me not long ago. "They are not exactly what you might call oil paintings. Isn't it strange to see what a terrible effect competition has on the faces of men? But if the eagles are ugly, I don't know how to describe the owls." And then she added, "My husband has ceased to be an eagle. He has become an owl at a comparatively early age. You see, he is extra competitive and is very satisfied with his unusual success; at least, with what he chooses to consider success." (Again that intimation that the conception of a successful man is one thing in the mind of the competitive male and something very different in the mind of an intelligent woman.)

But unfortunately all women have not the sense of humor of this light-hearted friend. They take their disappointment deeply to heart; and their husbands, immersed in affairs, pathetically ignorant of the real nature of women and, indeed, hardly even interested in it, go their way, condemning their wives to a life of solitude that is none the less real because it is not physical. "Once, when I was young," said one woman to me, "I had enthusiasms and a score of interests. But I suppose I was not one of the strong-minded sort. I had to have someone to share them with if they were to be kept alive. I loved symphony concerts, I loved the plays of Shakespeare, I loved reading history. I married; and when I talked of the things I loved my husband just looked at me—and *grunted*. It is many years now since we have exchanged any conversation other than on formal commonplaces. But he is satisfied; he is getting ahead in the world."

III

Now, the competitive spirit is particularly strong in the United States and the divorce rate is particularly high. Is there any relation between the two? Has the intensity of the determination of the average American male to forge ahead, to crash through all barriers to self-advancement, to beat all competitors in the race upward and onward any connection with the startling readiness of American women to get rid of their husbands? I believe that it has.

Up to very recent times the ordinary man thought that he had acquitted himself well towards his wife if he provided for her with liberality. Perhaps, indeed, it would be more accurate to say that he considered he had done well by his wife if he had just provided sufficiently for her. And, no doubt, his idea of the whole matter was justified, since few indeed were the means open to her by which she could procure better provision than by marriage. In a word, marriage, until recently, meant for a woman protection and economic safety, two conditions of such immense value that wives might well be content to leave well enough alone and not demand much more than these strictly material benefits from their husbands. But today women are able to provide for themselves. Not only does the average intelligent and well-educated woman manage to gain a bare livelihood, but she frequently succeeds in gaining a very good livelihood indeed. The fact has ceased to be a phenomenon and has become a commonplace.

Naturally, such a condition of affairs must have and does have repercussions on the married state. Put bluntly, the old inducement of economic safety as one of the most attractive features of marriage for a woman is no longer enough. She, too, has become a competitor in the economic race, although only a puny one in comparison with men competitors. But at all events, she is holding her own well enough to be able

to demand higher inducements to change her status as a woman. The old inducement which men dangled before her fascinated gaze, except in the case of an unusually wealthy man and an abnormally mercenary woman, has lost much of its glamour for the simple reason that economic safety for women is no longer the special perquisite of marriage. Consequently, some other inducement must be offered to take the place of the decreased prestige of the economic inducement.

Without question, the inducement which the average intelligent and well-bred woman would prefer is that of a high degree of personal attractiveness in an aspiring suitor. By personal attractiveness I do not mean, of course, a merely handsome face, since women are notoriously far less moved by looks in a man than men are by looks in a woman. But I do mean a general attractiveness of personality that commands first the interest, then the respect, and finally the devotion of women.

These foregoing remarks on the economic position of women and on attractiveness in marriage suitors may seem a digression in a paper treating the modern phenomenon sometimes known as "getting ahead of the Joneses." But as a matter of fact they are strictly relevant. For the point to which I wish to lead is the fact that the competitive spirit, when highly developed, kills the quality which the modern self-supporting woman demands as a compensation for the much diminished prestige of matrimonial economic safety. In other words, the highly competitive male is entirely lacking in personal attractiveness since the competitive spirit and personal attractiveness are mutually destructive. In the eyes of women he is, indeed, a horror, and the sooner he knows it the better.

It does not require any very great amount of imagination or audacity to argue that the prevailing discontent of women with the type of man produced by the modern spirit of competition acts as a persistent irritant applied to the present situation of marriage. But unfortunately the wide prevalence of the type, and its real virulence, are producing social results that do not stop short at any possible effect on the divorce rate.

One of these is the problem of how to handle those highly competitive youths whose ambitions outrun their mental capacities. A good deal has been heard lately of the overcrowding of the universities—particularly of the Western universities—by young men, a very large number of whom cannot possibly benefit by the education offered, so great is the discrepancy between their natural mental capacities and the intellectual standards of the colleges. The discussion of this problem is, however, the task of the specialist and will not be touched on here; but the results arising from the determination of large numbers of young men to engage in callings and professions far beyond their capacities are a matter of more or less public interest.

Much has been said about the recent assertion of Mr. Herbert L. Fordham, late of the Bar Association, to the effect that eighty-five per cent of the new lawyers are unqualified for their profession. They are, he said, ignorant, crude and generally unfit. Mr. Allan Fox, a member of the Committee on Character and Fitness, supported this statement by saying (as quoted in the *New York Times*) that George Washington was about the only figure in American history whom the majority of the candidates could identify, and that most of them knew nothing of English literature or history. "Asked whether they had ever read any biography, some of them this fall have been answering, 'Yes, *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*.'" Mr. Fox went on to say that another problem vexing the Character Committee was the increase in the number of girl typists gaining admission to the bar, most of whom "clearly can never become competent lawyers."

This example is an admirable illus-

tration of our modern "getting ahead of the Joneses" spirit. There is something very tragic in the sight of a young man whose will power and determination to outdo others are accompanied by only very slender mental gifts and a colorless or disagreeable personality. A connection of mine by marriage has wrought havoc with my own and other people's money through his attempts to "swing" jobs and positions for which he is totally unfitted in regard to personality and intelligence. He is a graduate of one of the well-known smaller Eastern colleges, although it is quite impossible to discover the slightest traces of a liberal education in his make-up. Had he never been to college, it is possible that he would have earned an honest living as a mechanic or a chauffeur—perhaps, even, as a salesman, although I doubt whether his personality is pleasing enough for this last calling. As it is, he considered himself qualified to go into business on his own account, borrowed recklessly from all and sundry the moment he got into difficulties, and is now burdened with debts which it is practically impossible for him ever to repay, even had he the desire to do so. This is an example of where the competitive spirit *may* lead; for assuredly it does not always lead to the delights of money and power which the "success" books so glibly assure us of. "God is whispering into the ear of all existence, of every created thing, 'Look up.' Every sentient thing in the universe seems to be trying to get to a higher level," remarks one of the most celebrated of these "success" writers. One pauses a moment in reading these words to wonder if it really is God who is whispering to every created thing to "look up." When one remembers the money that is owing to one because an ambitious but thoroughly incompetent person has insisted on trying to get to a "higher level"; when one remembers the disasters entailed by the purchase of pianos, sewing machines, furniture, and motor cars on the instalment system; and when one remembers the records of the bankruptcy courts, then, indeed, one is tempted to believe that it is not God, but Satan, who is doing the whispering and urging to look up. But no! The "success" expert is very positive, for he continues, "The inner call to go forward, to push on to a higher good, is God's voice; heed it. It is your best friend and will lead you into light and joy." . . . Or else into debt and the bankruptcy court.

The truth is that it is a wrong inflicted both on society and on the individual for any person, institution, or organization to foster the competitive spirit in those who plainly are not naturally fitted for any but the more mediocre tasks of life. I do not believe that there is a sadder spectacle than that of a young man of iron will and highly developed competitive spirit who plunges into the struggle for success totally unaware of his mental, educational, and personal shortcomings, and naïvely accepting all the absurd dicta of the cheap "success" books concerning the absolute supremacy of the will to succeed. That will power is of enormous importance no one denies; but that it is everything is false. Little imagination is needed to picture the life history of such a young man, with all its horrible record of perpetual straining to climb the next step of the ladder, its lack of serenity, its struggle to keep up appearances for fear of what the "Joneses" will say, and its dismally small money margin for old age or the inevitable rainy day.

As for the corresponding female of the species, she is as absurd a spectacle as the male is tragic. She repeats on a petty and very silly scale the grotesque ambitions of her husband. She must furnish her house, clothe herself, and educate her children in exactly the same way as the "Joneses" do, in spite of the fact that the "Joneses" are better off and that "Mrs. Jones" will one day inherit a private fortune. She is ashamed to be herself, to live her own life unmindful of the strictures of the

"Joneses," and to wear the simple clothes that her social and financial position should, but does not, dictate. The results of her strivings to keep up with the "Joneses" occasionally lead to ludicrous contretemps. A friend of mine told me that in her small native town in the north of New York State the banker's wife was the social leader, and whatever she wore was accepted not only as the last word in fashion, but also as the only word. One day this lady returned home from New York and appeared at a social gathering dressed in a new black satin dress. At the next social affair in the town every woman present was wearing a new black satin dress, the quality of the satin being graded according to the financial status of the respective husbands. One woman, whose rivalry with the banker's wife was specially bitter, went one better than that lady by generously plastering her new black satin frock with masses of cheap iridescent passementerie, and on that account (so gossip related) claimed the victor's laurels in the contest. Such is the competitive spirit!

IV

I often wonder how our "success" experts explain the towering personalities and marvellous performances of men who lived and died in the days of inherited social status, when success "authorities" were not, and no one dreamed of spending his life in an attempt to beat his fellows in a race to a higher social class than his own. Yet men *did* rise, *did* make their mark, *did* exchange poverty for wealth and obscurity for power. Shakespeare was the son of a poor small-town tradesman; Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher in Ipswich, in the east of England; Napoleon Bonaparte was the poverty-stricken son of a petty Corsican lawyer; Jean-Jacques Rousseau was the son of a poor watchmaker of Geneva; Voltaire, the friend of a king and the admired of princes, was the son of a notary; Lord Nelson came of a family which was neither rich nor powerful. And these examples might be multiplied a hundredfold. Yet such men came to the front at a time when the competitive spirit was unknown, or at any rate unknown in its present sense, and when social status was accepted as an inherited condition. How did they do it?

They were quite without "success" authorities or "efficiency" experts. They had never been taught from their infancy upward that only the sky was the limit of their ambitions. Except Napoleon, none of these men had any snobbish cravings to soar to classes not their own. Yet they were signally successful. I once asked a pushing, one-third educated young man whom I knew if he really believed what he said when he assured me that modern America could, at need, produce at least forty to fifty Napoleons. "Why not?" he replied. "If the eighteenth century with all its antiquated ideas, rundown methods, and total absence of correct and scientific instruction in efficiency could produce one Napoleon, it stands to reason that this country, which has no antiquated ideas or rundown methods, and which abounds in correct and scientific instruction in efficiency, should and could produce something like fifty." I then asked him if he did not believe that Napoleon was an exceptional and very special type of man. "There are no exceptional or special types of men," he answered curtly. "There are only determination and scientific methods of efficiency." Thinking to corner him, I asked him if he believed that "As You Like It" was written by determination and correct methods of efficiency. "I thought we were speaking of serious things," was his reply, this time curter than ever.

Is there, then, no way in which the fantastic ambitions of the modern "go-getter" may be curbed, since I suppose it is too much to expect that they can be stifled altogether? Do we not have sufficient warning that one pays the

price for the proud possession of the competitive spirit? Have there not been of late a number of suicides in the colleges? Is not insanity on the increase? Do not the newspapers constantly report that another vice-president has dropped dead on the subway platform? Yet our "go-getters" continue to multiply. They have encouraged mediocrity; they have soured and sharpened social life from top to bottom; and with their money-sodden minds and those annihilating personalities of which they are so inordinately proud they have rendered themselves obnoxious to any woman outside the ranks of the "gold-diggers." I say little about the competitive spirit in women, because they have so little of it in comparison with men, and the little they have is paltry in quality. Indeed, their lack of competitiveness is one of the feminine characteristics which men have seized on as evidence of the inferiority of the female sex. It seems clear to me that the whole blame for the social blight produced by an abuse of competitiveness must be laid at the door of the male sex.

I confess that I look back with regret at the days of inherited status and comparatively limited horizons. Just think of life without the "Joneses"! For these detestable "Joneses" are a modern, and more particularly an American bugbear. Our ancestors in the old countries lived and had their being untouched by their influence; and we have only to study the chronicles, memoirs, and intimate records of other days to realize that they were lighter-hearted, more joyous men and women than ourselves. But since those days the "Joneses" have spawned and multiplied incredibly and most of us are under their domination in a greater or lesser degree. And with the increasing influence of this family has come the decreasing agreeableness of social life. Taine, who made an exhaustive study of the social life of the *Ancien Régime*, asks the reason of its peculiar charm. And he answers his own question with the verdict that "there was no laborious, forced work in those days, no furious competition, no uncertain careers, no infinite perspectives. Ranks were clearly defined, ambitions limited, and there was less envy. Man was not habitually dissatisfied, soured and preoccupied as he is to-day."

This state of affairs is not progress according to the "go-getters." But what *is* progress? Some of us are beginning to be as puzzled about its nature as Pontius Pilate was about the nature of truth.

PASSION

A STORY

BY SANDRA ALEXANDER

IT WAS quite late, five minutes to ten, to be exact, and but few guests of the Hôtel Lille et D'Albion remained at breakfast. The many windows of the *salle à manger* were sealed right against a deceptive radiance of April sunlight. Golden notes, escaping the heavy mesh of the curtains, embraced the black-clad legs of Robert, the waiter, and repeated themselves in the pale jonquils on the tables. There was a fine fragrance of coffee, and the barmy smell of freshly baked bread permeated every nook and corner of the room. The whole atmosphere was redolent of serenity and the warmth of well-being.

Robert was bringing in the steaming pot of chocolate, the pats of fresh butter, and the pile of crescent rolls ordered by his patron, Mr. Reginald Demming. Robert wished to please Mr. Demming and, with an eye to the huge disc of a clock above the doorway, he revolved around the little table, arranging and rearranging the breakfast equipment in still more tasteful patterns. The chocolate here, with a fold of napkin about the pot to preserve the temperature of the stove it had just left, an infinitesimal push to the stiff glass container with its three daffodils, so . . . He stepped back to observe the effect.

"Good morning!"

With Mr. Demming's greeting, the ancient clock above the doorway whirred and gave ten faint gasps.

"Good morning, sair!"

Out came the chair, the napkin was whisked from the pot, given a deft flick, and its sail-like amplitude festooned the plump legs of Mr. Demming now reposing under the table.

"Ah!" Mr. Demming rubbed his hands together and glanced in a leisurely fashion around the room before turning his attention to the cup Robert was filling.

"Vairy nice morning, sair!"

"Yes," said Mr. Demming, but it was evident that his attention was elsewhere. Robert watched him anxiously as he lifted the burdened spoon to his mouth and critically sampled the contents of the cup.

"*Bien*," thought Robert. . . . Both he and Mr. Demming visibly relaxed. A moment more and the rolls and butter had passed inspection. Mr. Demming's jaws were moving with the stately unction that denoted a mind pleasantly at ease. So different, thought Robert, from the rest of those *canaille*, his countrymen, who know nothing of food and only take notice when the chocolate is too hot for them to swallow in a hurry. Like pigs, they were in a hurry! If they were not in a hurry, they were *artistes* who never knew what they were eating! Those *Américains!* What a people! But M'sieu Demmin', now. . . Ah, that was a so different matter! He knew what he consumed. Did he not come every year when the ducks of Rouen were round as little apples with plumpness? Did they not know it below stairs, and was not the silver press given an extra polishing when his

letter of *accommodation* was received by Madame? Did she not mix for him an *omelette aux fines herbes* or roast for him with her own hands the red partridge of Perigord *en papillotte?*

Holà! That so large cup was empty. Robert again lifted the pot and lovingly filled Mr. Demming's cup. It was an extra large cup, for Nature had given Mr. Demming a healthy appetite.

And now Robert ventured upon a little conversation. He leaned over the back of the chair and whispered, meaningly, "A new one arrived last night."

"What?" said Mr. Demming.

Robert brushed an imaginary crumb from the spotless cloth and hissed, "*Artiste!* See, she drinks her *café* over there, alone!"

A wave of the hand, and the impossible creature was revealed to Mr. Demming's hostile gaze.

"Hum! She is an American—one of my own country-women," he said at last.

Robert shook his head mournfully. "*Oui!*" he muttered. "See, she reads while she eats. She has not looked up, not once!"

He departed for more butter, and Mr. Demming continued to observe the exasperating young woman. He saw a thin girl, in a dark green smock with white piqué collars and cuffs, hunched over a book which she held in one hand. At intervals, whenever she seemed to think of it, the other hand negligently lifted a cup to her lips. Mr. Demming's whole being suffered a slight spasm as he watched her. Poor child, it was evident that she did not know what she drank or when! He further noticed the tight Basque cap pulled down over short locks of curly black hair, the small triangular face white and intent. He wondered what she was reading. What could there be in a book that could so absorb one's attention that it had to be read when food, delicious food, was before one? He knew the *brioche* and the butter of the Hôtel Lille et D'Albion. It was incomparable. The girl looked up. Mr. Demming dropped his pitying eyes.

When next he stole a glance at her he saw that she had put down the book and was busy with a pencil and piece of paper. She was sketching. This is worse, he thought. A book would be infinitely better. To use the blood of the body in creating while eating was to do the digestion damage. He, himself, had always made it a rule to think not at all when eating. In order to savor one's food the mind should be a blank, or as nearly so as possible. He resolutely put the girl out of his mind and turned his attention to the mound of butter which Robert had placed beside him.

But even against his will his thoughts came back to the thin child who sat so near him. She was nothing more than a child. Artist, Robert had told him. There was no mistaking that, it was written all over her. She had come to do the Church of St. Ouen; it was just around the corner, and the Lille et D'Albion gave accommodation to hosts of just such as she every year. They came in the spring, an army of them. She would get up presently, shove back her cup and then her chair, and stalk out with that same look of intentness on her face; and all day long, with a brief pause for lunch, gobbled anywhere, she would sit bent over a sketching block and put down marks on paper that might or might not mean anything. When the light faded she would get up, cold and stiff, and walk back to the hotel, wash her hands and comb out her hair, or perhaps she would not comb her hair—quite a few of them didn't, he had noticed. She would descend to the dining room, wearing the same smock, and eat anything that the Lille et D'Albion chose to put before her. Mr. Demming shuddered, not that the food would not be good and wholesome, but that such a desecration should take place, as it were, before his very eyes. He had seen them by the dozens in the last six or seven years. Ever since he had been coming to Rouen, in fact.

Violet had found the Lille et D'Albion, and before she died they used to come together every spring. Ah, Violet was a keen one! She it was who had discovered Philadelphia terrapin and pronounced the cooking of it with egg far superior to the Baltimore stew. She had introduced him to Madame Beguet's. . . . He would never forget the first morning they had breakfast there. It was on their wedding journey; they had really gone to New Orleans to sample Creole cooking. He, himself, knew vintages, but, in those days, Violet's knowledge and taste in the preparation of food far surpassed his. Poor Violet, dead of an attack of ptomaine poisoning. . . . He would never be able to eat Chesapeake Bay oysters with any enjoyment again. It was a great pity, too, because he had always felt that the large Lynnhavens were the finest bivalves in two continents.

Mr. Demming's thoughts continued to rest upon his late wife with pride and sadness. Three years of bereavement had hardly softened the blow of her departure. And there were so many discoveries he had made since, discoveries that she would have enjoyed to the fullest. She had not known about the red Mediterranean herring, or that truffles are best in the month of January. It was sad, very sad, and, in particular, because she had lived such a short time after her uncle Edmund Carruthers had left her that tidy legacy. She had never really had the proper enjoyment of it. How like her to pass it on to him instead of leaving it to that worthless brother of hers.

And he had done with it exactly what he knew she would have approved of his doing. Three or four times a year he closed his desk and took a well-earned holiday, visiting all the places they had enjoyed together. Yes, Violet would have approved of that. . . . Solely in her memory he drank his French chocolate mixed with orange-flower water, although he preferred it with milk of almond.

There was a slight rustle. He awoke to discover the little artist was leaving the *salle à manger*. He watched her gather up her coat, her bag, her enormous portfolio that he knew must contain sketching materials. She was very tall, too tall for a girl. Violet's head had just come to the top button of his waistcoat. This girl was thin; Violet had been pleasingly plump when he married her. Women were as nervous as skittish horses when they were too thin. This girl, now, was undoubtedly always on the verge of a serious breakdown.

She passed him, her eyes ahead of the door Robert was holding open for her. Robert had an affable smile on his face. Robert was given to duplicity, Mr. Demming decided. Robert should have managed to convey subtly to the young lady his disapproval of the way she had eaten her breakfast. Look! the girl had dropped something! Mr. Demming made an effort to rise from his chair, but his knees were jammed under the table, and the girl had gone. He watched Robert pick up a sheet of paper from the floor.

"See, sair!" he said with a flourish. "She is a good one, thees little *artiste!*" He placed the paper on the table.

Drawn on it was the south side of the *salle à manger*, a table, with cloth almost touching the floor, and seated before it a figure engaged in lifting a cup to its lips. It was quite clearly Mr. Demming himself. The girl had managed to get him all in. There was his pearl pin. There was his wide eye-glass ribbon, even the polka dots in the tie under his winged collar. Hang it all, it was good! Damned good! His hair was not quite so thin on top, but then the thing had evidently been done in a hurry. It was just a sketch. But there was something about it—had he looked so pleased as he tasted that superior chocolate?

"She has done you, sair!" Robert's face was beaming.

"Hum!" said Mr. Demming. He must not let Robert see he was too pleased about it. "She has talent, that young lady."

"I knew you would admire it, sair! Shall I give it to her when she comes in, and acquaint her that you admire it vairy much?"

"Ahem!" Mr. Demming coughed. On the whole, he felt he should give it to her himself. He got up. Robert flew to remove the chair. "I will attend to that myself, Robert." He cleared his throat. "I will say some little thing—some graceful little word of praise. After all, she is very young, and a word of encouragement might not be amiss."

"*Mais oui, M'sieu!*" Robert's face had fallen a trifle, but he was still amiable.

Mr. Demming ensconced himself in the east drawing-room and lighted a cigar. Behind a well-ironed copy of a week-old New York *Times*, a plan of astonishing generosity was occupying his attention. The plan, as he formulated it, had to do with accosting the young artist on her return, tendering the lost sketch, expressing his admiration of her talent in a few well-chosen words, and then asking for the pleasure of her company at dinner that night. And since it never once occurred to him that she might not care to accept his invitation, he was at full liberty to perfect his plan. This he did.

He rang the bell, and impatiently awaited the servant it would summon. Madame would receive him in her *Bureau* of Accounts. There he remained in conclave with his old friend for the better part of an hour. Then, with the dinner arranged to the last detail, and a satisfactory price put upon the whole of it—Mr. Demming was not a man to leave this detail to chance—he put on his light spring overcoat, his soft felt hat, and, selecting a tightly rolled umbrella from the steamer-robe bundle, descended and let himself out into the street.

First he strolled in the direction of the Church of St. Ouen; she was certainly to be found there. And there he found her. He seated himself upon a bench at a careful distance.

The girl's absorption made it quite possible for him to watch her unnoticed. She was wearing a coat of dark plaids, and the keen air had given her cheeks a bit of color. She had no gloves, but then one could not work in gloves. Mr. Demming worried over this fact. He worried, too, over her feet and legs; if she had on those thin silk stockings that his countrywomen affected, no matter what the weather, she stood a good chance of catching pneumonia. He bent his near-sighted gaze upon her feet and legs until he brought himself under the haughty stare of the park's solitary gendarme. He returned the stare as the long blue figure in its swinging cape passed him for the third time. He got up. His intentions were perfectly proper and he would not be deterred by a minion of the law. . . . Yes, they were silk, and flesh-colored at that. She might just as well have left them off. He sighed and passed on.

After a light luncheon, composed of a clear soup, an entrée of veal done in its own gravy, stalks of fresh asparagus with *sauce Hollandaise*, and a salad of endive, the proper assortment of cheese, and Belgian grapes, he retired to his room where he allowed himself one cigarette of Turkish and Virginia mixture. After this he disposed himself comfortably under a traveling robe on the couch and indulged in his customary "forty winks" of sleep.

Awaking about three o'clock, he made his way to Cook's where he found two circulars, one from his tailor announcing new and ravishing tweeds suitable for summer suits, and a slightly later New York *Times* than the one he perused that morning. Passing a newsstand he purchased a copy of *L'Illustration*. Armed with this reading matter, he returned to the hotel to await his quarry.

He intercepted her at the foot of the stairway. He bowed, holding the sketch between the tips of his fingers.

"You will pardon me, I feel sure—this"—he held out the paper—"this

came into my possession this morning. I think you must have dropped it as you left the dining room. Allow me—"

She took the sketch, stared at it and then at Mr. Demming.

He cleared his throat and continued, "I hope it has given you no concern—losing it, I mean."

"Oh, not at all. I hadn't missed it."

"I am not much of a judge in these matters, but I venture to remark that it is a very good piece of work—quite remarkable, in fact."

"Well"—the girl hesitated, her eyes traveling back and forth from the sketch to Mr. Demming.

"I do not suppose it is for sale, but if by any chance you could part with it I should be very glad to purchase it."

"Why, you may have it!" said the girl.

"Oh, no," he shook a playful finger at her. "I wish to buy it."

"But please take it!" Now she held it out to him. "It is just a sketch—I really didn't take time to finish it—"

"Yes, I noticed that." He leaned forward and pointed. "The edge of the waistcoat goes off—doesn't it?"

The girl nodded.

"And then my hair—a few more strokes might give it a more finished appearance."

The girl stared at him. At last she nodded. "Shall I make it right?"

"Ah," said Mr. Demming, "if you would be so good."

"Not at all." She put down the portfolio. "I'll do it now."

"Not here, not here, my dear young lady! I beg of you!"

"No?"

"I have taken the liberty of ordering a little dinner and I am hoping that you may be my guest."

"Dinner?"

"I hoped you would do me the honor." He bowed once more.

"Why, yes, I'll have dinner with you. What time?"

She was astonishingly matter-of-fact about it. Mr. Demming had relished the idea of bringing all his persuasive grace to bear upon her reluctance. Violet would not have accepted an invitation from a stranger in any such off-hand fashion.

"Seven o'clock. I will meet you in the drawing-room, if you don't mind."

"I will finish it then. But you'd better keep it—I might lose it again." She smiled, and Mr. Demming smiled with her; it was as though they shared a little secret joke. "Well, so long"—She moved away.

Mr. Demming put out a hand. "Just a minute! You have neglected to tell me your name!"

"I thought you might have found it out at the desk."

Mr. Demming's hand and eyebrows became deprecatory.

"It's Ethel Smith."

She mounted the stair and left him to inform the interested Robert that the table might be laid for two.

It was very nice of her, Mr. Demming reflected, to have combed her hair and changed her dress; but he would have preferred that she should have chosen a proper dinner dress. This streaked and dyed garment in which she appeared to be wrapped disconcerted him. His own garb was beyond reproach—just what gentlemen were wearing, the world over, as they sat down to dinner at seven o'clock.

Robert bowed them to their places with innumerable flourishes and left them to fetch the soup.

She spread the sketch on the table. "Let me see—the waistcoat and more hair, wasn't it?" Her pencil moved rapidly for a moment or two. "There, how's that?"

"Splendid!" And indeed it was. The waistcoat now ran its accustomed length and certainly there was plenty of hair adorning the top of Mr. Demming's head. A captious person might have found fault with its abundance.

Robert returned with the tureen. He ladled out two exact portions and replaced the cover. Mr. Demming

prepared for the auspicious moment in which he should taste it. He moved his whole body in a sort of ecstatic wiggle, anchored his napkin a bit more securely, and lifted the spoon with a delicate movement and dipped it away from him in the soup plate. "This soup," he stated in a round, oratorical period, "is the famous *pot au feu* for which the good French housewife is so justly famous." He paused and frowned. The girl had not waited for him. She had already consumed half a plateful. He swallowed a spoonful, choked, coughed violently, and seized his glass of mulled claret.

"Shall I beat you on the back?" his guest inquired with concern.

"Ahem! Ahem! My dear young lady!"

"It always helps." She returned to the business in hand. "May I have some more soup?"

"Do you think you will need it? The dinner that is to follow is quite—ah—substantial."

"Well, all right then." She gave up the soup.

Mr. Demming hastily swallowed the remainder of his. The soup was a failure so far as he was concerned. He had meant to tell her a few interesting bits about its preparation, but the time had passed. He beckoned to Robert.

While they waited for the entrée, she continued to sip the warm claret. Mr. Demming decided to ask if she was remaining long in Rouen.

"Long? I don't know. It depends—"

Robert uncovered a dish at her elbow.

"What is it, fish?" she demanded.

"*Mais non, mademoiselle! C'est la Volaille Casserole de Rivièra!*"

"What did he say?" She appealed to Mr. Demming.

Mr. Demming explained. And as they partook of the dish he went on explaining. He told her that the truffles with which the chicken was stuffed were found by truffle-hunting dogs or pigs. That the truffles of upper Provence were the best in the world and that the chickens of Bresse could not be surpassed. The sauce was a blend of many ingredients, and nowhere could the French sauces be surpassed. "You will notice," he said, "that I did not order fish. I might have done so, but one takes a chance on fish in France. Usually it has been shipped and, while packed in ice, it nevertheless loses its flavor. The French rarely serve fish *au naturel*—'*au naturel*' means in the natural manner." He stopped to make the explanation, then he proceeded, "The sauces are excellent, of course, but they are used primarily to conceal the fact that the fish is tasteless. The *sole Marguery*, I feel, is an unworthy dish. My wife used to think so, also."

Throughout this dissertation Ethel had plied her knife and fork in a workmanlike fashion. Mr. Demming's plate remained untouched. "My wife is dead," he finished in an appropriately solemn tone, then lowered his eyes and fell to.

They ate their way steadily through Madame's pressed duck, to a salad of romaine. Presently Ethel pushed back her plate with a sigh, lighted a cigarette, and planted her elbows on the table. "I've had enough," she announced in a conversational tone. "Really that *canard*—whatever you call it—it was awfully good. I forgot to eat any lunch to-day."

Mr. Demming was shocked. "My dear Miss Smith, you should never neglect a meal! How can you hope to keep up your strength if you go without food? Food"—he poised a selected mouthful on his fork—"food is the fuel of the body." He stated the fact impressively.

"Yes, I suppose so; isn't it a nuisance? It seems to me that sometimes I hardly get under way on something I'm interested in when it is time to eat again. I don't see why some enterprising chemist doesn't invent a little pellet full of concentrated nourishment and when we're hungry all we'd have to do is swallow it!"

Mr. Demming was very much amused.

He laughed. "There are great benefits to be derived from food," he said. "And cooking is one of the arts. Owen Meredith says, somewhere, 'You may live without books, music, and art'—er—I'm afraid I've forgotten it—oh, yes, 'You cannot live without cooks'," he finished triumphantly.

Ethel nodded her head. "But it is a frightful bore all the same."

Really she was nothing more than a pretty child in spite of her great talent. Quite spoiled, too. He must take her in hand. . . . Strange he hadn't thought her at all pretty this morning. Her hair was so black and glossy. . . . He stole several appraising glances at her sitting there inhaling her cigarette. She smoked as though she enjoyed it.

"The Château Yquem," he said to Robert who was now bringing in a soft, round, fragrant Gruyère cheese and a basket of big white grapes decorated all around with their own leaves and a fringe of small African bananas.

"How did you know that was my favorite wine?" She was watching Robert uncork the bottle.

"Sweets for the sweet," Mr. Demming quoted gallantly. Around his well-ordered heart there began to circulate little currents of warmth and tenderness. Such a feeling it had not known for years.

"Yes, it is sweet. That's the reason I like it better than champagne."

"You must try a bit of the cheese. Someone once said if there is a cheese in Heaven it will be Gruyère."

"Did they really? It is heavenly, isn't it? I never tried it before."

And Mr. Demming was pleased. He was immensely pleased, both with himself and with her. She might in time, he thought, awake to a genuine appreciation of what she ate. He lighted his own cigarette; Ethel lighted her fourth.

Robert now removed everything from the table that could be removed, hovered for an instant, and then retired to the kitchen to report the complete success of the affair.

Under the influence of the Château Yquem Ethel became confidential. She told him that this was her first trip abroad, how she had made and saved, for ever so long, the money to come. That the triforium of L'Eglise St. Ouen was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. So beautiful that she despaired of ever getting it down on paper. That she intended staying all summer in France—if her money held out. Of course she must go to Lyons and to Barbison. Mr. Demming did not seem to remember Barbison. But he and Violet had once gone to Lyons. They had a turkey there, stuffed with sausage and Lyons chestnuts—

"I used to do still-life," Ethel said reflectively. "I'd like to do a turkey stuffed and roasted. How was it? All brown and shiny as though it were glazed? I'd put it on a big platter—blue, perhaps—but what is something red that we could decorate it with? The French aren't much for cranberries, are they?"

Mr. Demming's head was nodding like a Chinese mandarin's. The girl made him see the Lyons turkey. It had looked like that—all satiny brown and shiny. "Red?" He considered. "Why, put a bunch of young radishes!"

Ethel clapped her hands. "Of course! How clever of you to find something!" She leaned over and patted his hand, a fleeting touch that sent Mr. Demming's blood pressure up. "I wish I knew as much as you—it would be an awful lot of help in my work."

A dizzy idea took possession of Mr. Demming's brain. After all, why not? He was alone, there was no one dependent upon him. . . . If he wished to help this child there was no one who had the right to question it.

"How long will you be here?"

"Oh, about a week."

"I would like you to dine with me, as my guest, every night you are here."

"But I couldn't do that!"

"And pray, why not? You don't know anyone here, do you?"

"No, it isn't that! You see I'm used to going on my own. If you'd let me go 'Dutch treat' I might do it." Her voice was hopeful.

"What is 'Dutch treat'?" Mr. Demming inquired.

Ethel explained. It seemed amazing that he had never heard of it.

Mr. Demming laughed loudly. "It is a heathenish custom," he pronounced. "No properly brought up young lady should consider such a thing!"

"But then, I'm not properly brought up," insisted Ethel.

"You are," Mr. Demming affirmed. "And what is more, you are a very pretty young lady. Your escorts should think it quite ample payment for you to sit across the table from them. And anyway," Mr. Demming went on, "you will be doing me a great favor by dining with me." He sighed. "I am a very lonely man, Miss Smith." He had never thought of it before, but he was a lonely man. He felt quite sad.

"Well," Ethel hesitated. "I'll think about it!"

A little later, when they had found seats in the crowded drawing-room and were having their coffee to the emaciated strains of Mr. Irving Berlin's "Always," played by one violin and a stout female harpist, she capitulated. She would dine with him every night, since he insisted, but he'd find it a bore. "And won't it be frightfully expensive?" she asked.

Mr. Demming made an expansive gesture. "We will not discuss that. The point is, that you will give me the pleasure."

And so it happened. Ethel stopped by his table every morning on her way to sketch the Church of St. Ouen; or on mornings when he was very late she airily waved a hand at him from a distance. At night she changed her dress for another one of the batiked garments—she had told him she made them herself, and he now looked upon them with tenderness—and, waited upon by the genial Robert, they dined in state. Robert fancied that he saw love blossoming under his very nose, and his Gallic soul was filled with delight. They sat long over the superlative meals that Mr. Demming compounded.

A list of the dishes would have read like the prized menus of a Venetian prelate. They tried a turkey stuffed with Lyons chestnuts and sausage. Madame sent all the way south to Lyons for them. There were Marenne oysters, small but delicious, on a plate with no ice about them. A *Jambon Mousse* with *croustades* of spinach, cauliflower *Hongroise*, *Tournedos Bordelaise*, stuffed artichoke hearts, the beautiful omelet of Madame, *Crêpes Suzette*, the young and tender *haricots verts frais*. . . . They consumed hundreds of stalks of asparagus. *Champignons grillés sur toast* . . . *Bombes*, vanilla and chocolate and pistachio—Ethel was fond of sweets. The airy nothingness of soufflés ended each meal, and huge dully black Belgian grapes capped its climax.

Then there was the night on which Mr. Demming conceived his triumph. . . . Robert had found a red shade for the little table-lamp; there were three red carnations and a spray of fern in the glass case, and Mr. Demming and his guest sat down to a late dinner that began with a soup as red as the decorations. "Lobster!" he told Ethel in triumph, "all the way from Dieppe." And so it proved. The thick, creamy deliciousness looked like cochineal itself and tasted, as Ethel told him, like nothing short of Paradise. Next, red herrings —"From Marseilles!" Mr. Demming boasted. They were done in a sauce as red as red, red, roses. *Canard sauvage*, ringed around and cooked in fresh red cherries. Robert turned off all the lights, for by now every guest had left the dining room except Ethel and Mr. Demming, and brought in the brazier with two huge peaches, and proceeded to cook them in brandy before their very eyes, pouring over them spoonfuls of the spirit. The lambent flames mounted

higher and higher and a heady, faintly sweet perfume caressed their nostrils.

"I think I shall swoon!" said Ethel as she hung over the brandied peach in her plate and watched the last dying flicker of the blue flame.

"It's her artistic soul," Mr. Demming told himself. "It makes her very susceptible." He, himself, felt godlike. The Burgundy had been excellent, the soup, fish, and roast, perfection. He watched Ethel breathing the scent of one of the spicy carnations. She had taken it from the case early in the evening, and whenever she was not eating she pressed her dear, delightful little nose deep in its heart.

She was so feminine. She did utterly ridiculous things, terrible things such as going without lunch two or three times a week because she forgot to eat it. And her thin stockings—really, he worried about her every day. She'd end by catching pneumonia. And she had no regard for time; never knew what time it was. Doing things promptly had no meaning for her. She smoked far too many cigarettes. . . . She needed someone to look after her. . . . How she appreciated what he had done for her. . . . She had learned so much, too; it was amazing how her taste had developed. She seemed to see everything in pictures; everything was a picture to her.

She knew a great deal about art. He hadn't particularly wanted to go with her to that Museum, but after he had got there he had enjoyed it. Portrait of—what was the man's name? The one who had the son who wrote improper stories? De Maupassant, that was it! But the fine large canvas with the huge cabbage on it. Now that cabbage was done to the life. The way its leaves curled over and all the veins, white and green, stood out on it. Really it had seemed that you could put out a finger and touch it! It was good, very good. He didn't need anybody to tell him when art was good. He had taken to that picture immediately. Ethel had upheld him, too. She said it was the most remarkable thing she had ever seen. If she were only going to stay longer. . . . If she could go on to Nice with him. She'd have a fit over the color of the sea. . . . The lobsters were good, too.

"Really, Mr. Demming, you don't know what you've done to me!" Ethel interrupted the flow of his thoughts. "I'll never be fit for anything again; no one will be able to live with me! I didn't think I cared anything about food, and I didn't until I met you. You've been wonderful!"

The way her lips curved when she said "wonderful!". Her lips were always red. Mr. Demming's ears grew pink, he felt that he was suffocating. Hang it all, why shouldn't he think of her mouth? He'd like nothing better than to kiss it right now. But of course he mustn't. He looked stealthily around the *salle à manger*. It was absolutely deserted. He stared at Ethel's moving lips again. They fascinated him so that he could not think consecutively. . . . Suddenly he leaned across the table and took her face between the palms of his hands and planted a kiss upon the red, provocative mouth. There, he had done it. . . .

He was terrified. How had he happened to do such a thing! He must not look at her; she might be angry. But Ethel was laughing. "If you hadn't kissed me I should most likely have kissed you in another minute! And that would have been very forward of me, wouldn't it?"

Mr. Demming was beyond speech. He only shook his head helplessly. He felt he would like to bury it in his hands.

They got up and went out into the little lobby. He was better. Air was what he needed. A walk would do him good. "No," Ethel would not go. She had some letters to write. "I've neglected everyone lately. But I am going to make up for it to-night." She held out her hand and pressed his happily before she turned away. "Good night, and thank you a thousand times!"

All he could find to say was, "Don't mention it, don't mention it, Ethel!"

It was the first time he had called her "Ethel."

When he reached his room he sat down on the side of the bed. After all, he did not feel like taking a walk. His legs seemed suddenly strange and weak.

He supposed this queer feeling might be called love. . . . He had gone and fallen in love with her. . . . First he had felt sorry for her and had wanted to do something nice for her, and then he had begun to find himself looking forward to dinner when he would see her again. Why, some days he had been quite miserable waiting for her! Then once or twice his luncheon had disagreed with him. That had been an almost unheard of thing. And to-night—this capped the climax! He couldn't explain it at all. He had wanted to put his arms around her and kiss her. And he had done it! He had wanted to keep on kissing her. Why shouldn't he keep on? Why shouldn't he marry her?

He prowled around the room. *He would marry her!* He'd take her home with him. No, first they'd go to the Riviera and afterward to Paris. Oh, she was sweet. . . .

He sat down again. There was something altogether queer about his legs. They would not support him any more. He sat regarding them.

A faint rustle distracted him. He looked up and saw that the wicker basket hung below the little slit in the center of the door held an envelope. He got up. It was his weekly bill. His second week was up to-night. They were very prompt, these French hotel people. He pulled open the flap and unfolded the long sheet that bore the crest of the Lille et D'Albion. His eye automatically went to the foot of the page. The total was staggering. Five thousand francs! Impossible! He placed his hand on the door-knob; he'd go right down and go over the whole thing with Madame Michaud. It was not too late. His eye caught items listed: "*Un canard sauvage*, 200 francs." Well, perhaps there wasn't any mistake. He took out his note-book and carefully checked off each item listed there and compared it with the bill. No, there wasn't any error. The bill was right to the last centime.

Of course he could easily afford it; but somehow the total had looked so big. Really, it had startled him! Why, it was at least twelve times as much as he and Violet had spent when they used to stop at the Lille et D'Albion, though that was in the days when the franc was at its normal rate of exchange. He did some rapid calculations. He'd have to go very slowly during the rest of his stay in Rouen. This far exceeded the budget he had allowed himself. He had never exceeded it before, not since he could remember. Perhaps he had better cut out the Riviera. And yet, he needed the vacation down there; the hot sun always did his touch of rheumatism good. . . . But he had better take no chances.

"Ethel!" Something clicked in Mr. Demming's mind. How had he forgotten her? This beastly bill had put her out of his thoughts completely. How had it happened? A sensation of coldness pricked his spine. It traveled up, his hair felt as though it were rising on end. He put up a hand to feel it.

If he asked Ethel to marry him he wouldn't be able to take these vacations. He wouldn't be able to go to Scotland for the grouse. . . . New Orleans would be out of the question.

He saw himself shabby and hunched over his desk. The vision expanded to include a table spread with spotted linen, and an under-done roast and watery potatoes. A down-at-the-heels slavey waiting upon them. . . . Horrible!

With feverish energy Mr. Demming bounced to his feet, stared wildly around the room, sank his hands in his pockets, rocked on his heels, and then collapsed weakly in a chair.

He was up again. "Where is that

time-table?" he addressed the atmosphere. There was a train for Paris at twelve; if he hurried he could make it! He punched the bell marked *maître d'hotel* and, without waiting for the man's arrival, flung open his wardrobe trunk. The closet door next. Out came his ten suits of Bond Street tailoring, his two overcoats, the heavy broadcloth one and the light-weight one he had been using in Rouen, each on its separate hanger. In they went. Drawers were pulled out. The silk shirts first, then the linen and madras and the pleated and tucked ones he liked for evening. The black silk corded waistcoats, the white piqué ones. The socks, dozens of them. His shoes, all on trees, and the patent-leather ones in Canton flannel bags to protect them from damp and mould. The canes and umbrellas rolled tighter in his steamer rugs and the straps adjusted. The little top bureau-drawers. . . . He was packing upside down. Never had he gone about it in this fashion before. His ties, on the silken-covered rack that Violet had made for him. Where in the devil were his folding traveling-slippers? They should go in the over-night bag. And the lighter weight dressing-gown. Now a pair of dark pajamas—he didn't approve of fancy ones on the train—but perhaps he would not be able to get a compartment to himself. In that case he'd have to sit up all night.

He was conscious of a pain. He was going to have an attack of gastritis. He felt it coming on—but he did not pause. The seven razors, in their cases with the day of the week marked upon them, his bath brush, the sponge bag, the *eau de cologne*. . . . Perhaps he had better stop and take a dose of bicarbonate of soda. But it might make him miss the train. The bag of soiled linen, the traveling-clock, Violet's picture in the leather frame they had bought in Florence. It stood on the bureau when he was away from home; it rested on his desk. . . . Was there anything else? He looked around the room. His head was aching—he was going to be ill, very ill.

The porter had come for the trunk, the bags. Now he was paying the bill in the little *bureau*. Madame Michaud had retired; her "nephew" received his purple traveling-checks and gave him change.

The elevator had stopped running for the night. Mr. Demming contemplated the flight of stairs before him with a feeling akin to panic. He began the descent. About half way down he lifted up his eyes and saw the front door open, and slipping through it, as though blown by all the winds of the heavens, Ethel. She had on her coat but no hat. Her hair was a rumpled mass of blackness. She sprang up the stairway, two steps at a time.

"Oh, there you are!" she said breathlessly. "I've just been out to mail my letters. Come along and have a good-night cigarette!" She gave his coat-sleeve a little tug.

A hollow groan issued from between Mr. Demming's lips. He stared at her flushed face, his heart turning to water within him. . . . She really shouldn't go out alone at night in a strange city. And she had on no hat.

Ethel was staring at him, too. She took in the coat and hat, the umbrella, and the small over-night bag that Mr. Demming clutched in his left hand. Her eyes were wide open in surprise.

"Are you going away?"

"Yes! No—" said Mr. Demming. "That is—"

"M'sieu Demmin'! M'sieu Demmin'!" At the top of the stairway stood Madame's "nephew." Even as they watched, his long legs began a tumultuous descent.

"One moment, sair!" He waved a paper in his hand as he precipitated himself upon them. "There is one leetle item that have been overlook." He pointed, and in stunned silence Mr. Demming looked as directed. He saw

another sheet of that noxious bill paper with the Lille et D'Albion's coat-of-arms at the top and on it—"*Râble de Lièvre poivrade et purée de Marrons, 180 francs.*"

Ethel contemplated the tip of her shoe. Mr. Demming pulled himself together. "I am quite sure," he said in his most resonant voice, "that this item has been already included in my bill." Even as he said it a horrible, sickening doubt attacked the pit of his stomach.

"But, no, M'sieu!" The "nephew" of Madame waved the bill violently, a veritable agony of sorrow upon his face. "*Vraiment, je vous garantis—*"

"Well—" Mr. Demming put down his bag, fished in his pocket, and brought out several sheets of paper, each decorated with a little gummed label. The light was bad. He hauled on the broad ribbon of his pince-nez.

"Hum!" A fierce anger grew in him. This stupid dolt was over-charging him. . . . He'd always disliked the fellow from the first minute his eyes fell on him. . . . Madame Michaud could call him a "nephew" if she liked, but he wasn't any more a "nephew" than—than—. No, it wasn't on the bill. The *Râble de Lièvre poivrade et purée de Marrons* had been overlooked. He opened his pocketbook and extracted a two hundred franc note.

"I'm afraid I've made you late," Ethel said sorrowfully. "But then, I didn't know you were going away so soon. You didn't say a thing about it at dinner! Did you get a telegram or something?"

"A telegram—yes—I got a telegram—very important. I must get right off—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" She ran a hand through his arm as he forged ahead to the door. "You've been absolutely heavenly to me."

"There she goes again," Mr. Demming thought. He set his lips resolutely and took the remaining steps at a lope. The porter held the door open; beyond, through the glass, he beheld the pile of luggage, his trunk and portmanteaus, the steamer-robe bundle. . . .

Ethel was beside him on the sidewalk. She really should have a hat on. . . . Damn that fellow with his last-minute bill for a hundred and eighty francs. As soon as he got on the train he'd look it over again. They must have put it down on the first bill. They never made mistakes except in their own favor.

He climbed into the *fiacre*—they had not been able to find a taxi for him—and settled himself while the porter piled the luggage about him.

Ethel danced on the sidewalk, the wind blowing her skirts like wings behind her. She held out her hand. "I'm ever so grateful."

"Good-by, Ethel!"

"Oh, not good-by! Look me up in New York sometime when you haven't anything better to do—" The wind blew the words toward him.

The *cocher* clucked to his horse and the carriage gave a sudden jerk. "Good-by, Ethel!" He waved his hand.

"Good-by!" Ethel shrieked.

"Poor child," Mr. Demming reflected. But he would not look her up in New York. He would never see her again. Never so long as he lived. It would not be fair!

AN ORIENTAL LOOKS AT CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

BY JOHN JESUDASON CORNELIUS

The author of this article, a distinguished native of India who holds degrees from four American universities and has been professor of philosophy for several years at Lucknow University in India, is a fourth-generation Christian.—*The Editors.*

IMPERIALISM in religion, as in politics, has been one of the prolific sources of friction among nations and peoples. The zeal to proselytize—an unfailing phase of religious imperialism—provokes hostility in those who practice religious hospitality. When the Mohammedans came into India they began their process of proselytizing with the sword. The result, as one would expect, was much bloodshed and hatred. Christianity on the other hand, it must be said to her credit, did not embark on her missionary career to the East with a sword in her hand. Though she was intolerant of other faiths, she made a place for herself by her loving ministry. Fired by unquenchable enthusiasm, the Christian missionary pushed his way through scorching deserts, over dangerous mountains and boisterous seas, to the uttermost parts of the world. Wherever he went he founded schools to dispel the darkness of ignorance and superstition, hospitals to heal the sick and the wounded, orphanages to provide homes for the homeless, asylums to minister to the deaf, the dumb, and the blind. Though at first people were somewhat suspicious of him, he soon came to be better understood and his religion, which made him leave his own home to minister to the fatherless and the widows, began to be better appreciated.

But as years went on, commercial and political interests began to influence the missionary's activities without his being very conscious of it. The accumulated experience of the East with many undesirable consequences of those influences, having been focussed by the new spirit of nationalism, has resulted for many in a genuine dislike of the missionary and a decided aversion to his religion. On hearing or reading about this anti-Christian attitude, the churchgoer of the West loses his interest in foreign missions and turns away in disgust without seeing behind the clouds the dawn of a better day. But if one is to understand the East and its present hostility to Christianity, one must familiarize oneself with those aspects of missionary enterprise which have progressively interfered with its national and cultural life. The purpose of this article is, therefore, to explain to some extent from the Oriental point of view the inner meaning of this changed attitude commonly characterized as the anti-Christian movement! This attempt at an interpretation is made by the writer in the hope that with the better understanding of what has happened in the past, East and West can co-operate more efficiently in the future for the service of humanity.

II

Rightly or wrongly, the East has come to think of Christianity as part of the political game of the West. In religion it talks of "going about doing good"; in politics this takes the form of "ruling others for their good." Has the East reasonable grounds for thinking so?

Let us look at China through Eastern eyes. She has been in continuous contact with organized Christianity for about three hundred and fifty years. Her early relations were most friendly; she undoubtedly found many of the missionaries to be sincere men, who had given up the comforts of "civilized" countries to dwell among "backward" peoples and to save their "heathen" souls from perdition. But the tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that foreign governments have frequently followed the path which the missionary had blazed. Where the missionary finds his field of activity, there the Chinese finds—not infrequently—the fixed bayonets of a foreign power.

The killing of a missionary, whether it be due to his own indiscretion, to the anti-foreign fury of some Chinese zealot, or to some other cause, has often been used by his government as an occasion for making demands for concessions from the Chinese Government. Chinese diplomatic history will furnish many examples of this kind. The Boxer war of 1900 was an evidence that the Chinese were weary of such frequent interference and were willing no longer to be oppressed by foreigners. And what was the result? The Chinese Government had to pay an indemnity amounting to $320,000,000; besides this she had also to yield the important right of tariff autonomy. Similarly she lost most of her valuable seaports. Studying the history of their ancient land, the young patriots see how closely the expansion of the "spheres of influence" of foreign powers has been connected not only with the intrigue and wire pulling of commercial and political interests, but also with the killing of foreign missionaries by would-not-be-saved Chinese rebels. Thus, indeed, the patriotic feeling to rid China of the missionary pestilence was aroused.

The anti-Christian movement, while it admits that to a large extent the incentive, both for the missionaries and for those who back them up financially, has been religious belief, seeks to show to the thinking public how frequently the presence of the missionaries and the effects of their work have been taken advantage of by governments and traders, just as the missionaries have too often profited by privileges which could be claimed by citizens of foreign powers. The whole history of the relations of the Western nations to China reveals a long series of encroachments on China's sovereign rights. So much so, that Mr. Dennett very aptly remarks, "These Chinese were free to abstain from Christianity, as from opium, but they were not free to prohibit them." Why? Simply because brute force and not the principle of right had given the Western powers the title to interfere with China's sovereign rights. If there were no treaties of Nanking, Tientsin, and Shimonoseki, if there were no Boxer protocols and demands and concessions, the attitude of young China toward Western Christianity would have been, if less friendly than it was in its early contacts, at least not as hostile as it is to-day.

The feeling in India is not very different; it is the common belief that the Bible comes first and then the gunpowder. Wherever the Christians go, says the Hindu, they somehow manage to meddle with the political rights of the people. Before the Christians went to Africa the Africans had lands but no Bibles; now they have Bibles but no lands. In Kenya, for instance, the poor helpless natives are being driven out of all their desirable and fertile lands. Under the Lands Act of 1913, eighty-eight per cent of the land of the South African Union was reserved for the white men, leaving twelve per cent for the five million black men, who are four times as numerous. Again in Kenya we find that of the good land available six thousand square miles have been allotted under a system of "Reserves" giving no permanent but only an indefinite tenure, so that it may be said that the Africans there have no legal rights whatever to their own native land. Hence the East concludes that the political method of the West is first to send missionaries,

then traders, and then gunboats to deprive the helpless peoples of their lands and to take possession of their natural resources.

Is it any wonder if, with such knowledge of Western penetration, the East becomes distrustful of the professed philanthropy of the Christian, turns hostile to a religion which has let itself be used by foreign powers for political expansion, and grows more and more suspicious of the real mission of the missionary?

Rightly or wrongly even to-day the missionaries are frequently thought of as the "political agents" of alien governments. Does the missionary allow himself to be so mistaken by the East? Let us look into his political relations.

Unfortunately an alien society, if it wishes to undertake missionary, educational, or other philanthropical work in a dependency, must first be recognized by the government concerned. Only on such recognition will permission to enter the country be given. Any American Society wishing to undertake work in India must be recommended, according to the present arrangement of the British Government, by the Foreign Missions Conference of North America. But before the Conference can recommend the society, it must obtain from that society a declaration recognizing "that all due obedience and respect should be given to the lawfully constituted Government, and that, while carefully abstaining from political affairs, it is its desire and purpose that its influence, in so far as it may be properly exerted, should be so exerted in loyal co-operation with the Government of the country concerned, and that it will only employ agents who will work in this spirit." (British Memorandum A, Article 5: iii.) The society or the board in turn requires every missionary who goes out under its auspices to sign a similar declaration.

The foreign missionary society which signs such a declaration for an imperial government may not realize the seriousness of the implications of this act, but to the East all these are so many evidences to confirm its lurking suspicion of the political mission of Christianity. The East sees two striking points in the declaration: First, the missionary should carefully abstain from politics; and second, whenever his influence can be properly exerted in such matters, it should be in loyal co-operation with the Government. Or, in other words, the missionary is to support the iron arm of imperialism—which, be it understood, is not politics!—and to refrain from helping the people to the realization of legitimate national aspirations—and this, beware, is politics!

To be more specific, let us take the case of an American missionary in India. Having signed the declaration and having been duly recommended by the Conference, he is sent out to India. There he is to consider himself the guest of the British Government. His schools are inspected by the Government agent; his work is visited in a most friendly way by the Governor of the state or province. He frequently receives Government aid for the maintenance of the mission school and for the erection of new buildings. In return for all these and in accordance with his declaration, he holds himself responsible for the behavior of the pupils and of the teachers in the schools of which he is in charge. He is expected, of course, to be careful to do or say nothing which would render the working of the British Government in India more difficult. These regulations and guest-relationships very seriously influence the work and attitude of the missionary, to an extent to which he himself is not fully aware. He believes he is neutral; but under the conditions of his declaration is real neutrality possible?

The missionary is thus placed in a false position and is subjected to very serious accusations. The British Government has a ruling that no student should take part in politics, though at present it is not quite so strict as it used to be. In a certain town a political meeting was held in the courtyard of a temple, and the missionary principal of

the school was expected to keep the boys from going to the meeting. Some of the young enthusiasts attended the meeting and the missionary securing their names reported them to the local Government School Inspector. Immediately the news spread that the missionary was a spy of the alien government and that instead of training patriotic citizens to live for the country and work for its emancipation, he was trying to develop "slavish mentality" in the pupils and to promote loyalty to the British Government. In such cases the missionary appears to the non-Christian as a political agent masquerading under a religious cloak.

Instead of being powerful forces for righteousness, the missionaries have too often become instruments in the hands of political forces and have allowed themselves to be tied hand and foot by imperial governments. Professor Edward Thompson of Oxford, who was for many years an official in India, writes thus, "If the Churches wish to draw into their communion the non-Christian races of the world, they must shed a lot that seems to make for efficiency. They had the chance of a thousand years in the War; it was lost—and everyone knows that it was lost—largely because of the very powerful recognition which the State then gave them. And now? There was a time when the missionaries were often the only channel of protest against injustice. That channel is largely blocked to-day. From being a heroic and lonely enterprise, foreign missions have become praised and petted by imperialisms that are both better and astuter than those that went before them. The races to which the British and American missionaries are sent might wonder, with some justification, whether the John R. Mott era has been a blessing or a curse to them. The mission field will always have its heroes. But missionary 'leaders' are now trusted and encouraged at Foreign Offices and Colonial Offices and 'missionary statesmanship' is a phrase that religious leaders delight in. The work of foreign missionaries has deserved all the recognition now accorded, and a thousandfold more. But a gilded collar is a poor thing to take in exchange for the greatest liberty in the whole world."

III

The fear is also widespread, and not without reason, that Western Christianity tends to suppress not only national aspirations but also national cultures. The normal thing for any country is to promote its national culture and preserve its race experience; but when it is interfered with by a foreign institution, either in the form of a government or a mission, then the national culture suffers. In India, for instance, the British Government introduced Western education but pledged itself not to interfere with the religions of the people and left that field of activity to the missionaries of the West. The Hindus attribute the decay of Indian national culture largely to the fact that, on the one hand, the British Government has refused to encourage it under the pretense of non-interference with religions and, on the other hand, the missionary enthusiasts by their fanatical intolerance have attempted, not simply to ignore it as has the Government, but positively to destroy it. Not being "Christian," it was "heathen," according to the missionary, and hence preordained to damnation!

The East is thankful for the introduction of Western education, but it resents its introduction at the expense of national cultures. Making English the medium of instruction results, as was the case in Ireland, in intellectual deterioration and social disintegration. The missionaries have not only despised our literature but have also condemned our music and art, because they are connected with "heathen" religions. Their intolerance of everything which in any way savored of heathenism has been so great that, in India for instance, they have not allowed their converts to retain

their Hindu names. This would explain how it happens that some Indians have such names as the author's, Joseph Gabriel, Mary McFarland, Henry Senecafalls, etc.

This sort of Christianizing process in India has succeeded so well in denationalizing the community that one of the leading weeklies—the *Indian Social Reformer*—expressed its opinion of the Indian Christian Community thus: "That the Indian Christian Community is politically apathetic, almost dead, is no news at all; and yet one finds no leader to bring home to the minds of the Christian people the fact deplored even among them. . . . The average Indian Christian is, as a rule, far from feeling and believing as an Indian. . . . Even as an Indian Christian he allows credal differences to remain keenly alive before his eyes; and thus Indian Christians have been starting and maintaining institutions duly marked and sealed. The bond of their common origin as Indians is systematically ignored. They find themselves in the situation of aliens in their own country ill-prepared to bear a part in the national tasks." In fairness to the Indian Christian Community it must be said that within the last decade it has shown marked leadership and active participation in national movements. The editor of the *Indian Social Reformer* sounded his note of warning at the proper time; and there is much yet to be done in the nationalizing of the community.

The Westernizing process is not confined to India. The anti-Christian movement of China similarly accuses Christianity of being a Westernizing force. The mission schools are accused of having grossly neglected to emphasize Chinese culture and literature. This charge is substantiated by the fact that as a rule graduates of mission schools are woefully lacking in a knowledge of Chinese literature and in an ability to express themselves in correct Chinese. Let us suppose that the children of some of the schools in the state of New Jersey were taught Confucianism as the best code of morals; the geography, not of New Jersey and the United States, but of Manchuria, Peking, Canton, etc.; the history, not of the United States, but of the Chinese Dynasties and the Republic; let us suppose that they were taught a little English but much of Chinese, that they were trained to write Chinese with ease and to speak it with fluency; and that the whole system of education was based not on the American philosophy of education and pedagogy but on the Chinese. Would you say that these schools were training the young to take their places as intelligent citizens of the American republic?

Even though such an education were financed by Chinese capital and carried on with a purely philanthropic motive, would not Americans revolt against such an un-American system of education? Would not the American Government be justified if it required the registration of all the schools for American children conducted by the Chinese, and if it legislated in such a way that in course of time these schools would become American in the personnel of their administrative staff, in their supporting constituencies and legal relationships, in the content of their curricula, and above all in their entire atmosphere? This is exactly what the anti-Christian movement wants to do with all the schools conducted by the missions for the Chinese children. It wants these schools, instead of being Westernizing and denationalizing centers, to become radiating centers for a higher nationalism fitting in with the whole educational structure. Not a wicked ambition, is it? Hence it is that the Chinese Government requires the registration of all mission schools.

The Chinese Christian Community, much like the Indian Christian Community referred to elsewhere, tends to become isolated from the rest of the people. In China the right to preach throughout the empire and the protec-

tion of law for their lives and property, were given to the missionaries as a result of concessions wrung from the Chinese Government by foreign powers. The American Treaty with China, Article 14, has a clause which reads thus: "Any person, whether citizen of the United States or Chinese convert, who according to these tenets peaceably teaches and practices principles of Christianity, shall in no case be interfered with or molested therefor."

Such agreements placed the Chinese Christians under the protection of foreign powers. Even some incorrigible criminals became Christian nominally in order to escape lawful punishment. It was only as the protector of the faith of the converts, to be sure, that a foreign power could intervene legally, but in practice the result was to separate the Chinese Christian from the mass of his fellow-countrymen and sometimes to help criminals to evade the law. Such treaties dealt a serious blow to the prestige and sovereignty of the Chinese State, as they resulted practically in removing the Chinese Christians from its jurisdiction.

The political complications of Christianity, much as we may regret it, have brought about the inevitable consequence—animosity. The political and commercial penetration of the West has engendered a new spirit in the East. The rising tide of nationalism, as it is called, is not a desire to be aggressive but a longing to be free to determine its own destiny and to live naturally and normally within its own boundary unhampered by foreign interference. Western Christianity, according to the present temper of the East, has been philanthropic in profession but political in action. It is compelled not to further the national aspirations of the people but to exert its influence in the interests of alien governments. The Eastern will to be free and its passionate desire to throw off all foreign domination have begun, therefore, to make themselves felt in the domain of religion also.

IV

Along with the political imperialism of the West, the religious imperialism of Christianity has added much to arouse the spirit of hostility in the East. The religious hospitality of the Orient is due to the recognition that while there is only one God, there are many approaches to him. The Hindu would say that just as the many rivers which swell by raindrops empty themselves into one mighty ocean, so also the devotees of all religions enriched by their various religious experiences, find their way to the bosom of the One Infinite Being. But a Christian does not seem to look at it that way, and the attempt of the missionary appears to be to make Christianity the Nordic among religions. Perhaps the Semitic background of Christianity is responsible to a large extent for its exclusiveness. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me . . . for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God," said the Semite. Coupled with the intemperate aggressiveness of the Western nations, the simple religion of the humble Nazarene has become the most aggressive, exclusive, and powerfully organized religion in the world. The Nordic-complex in religion shows itself clearly in all Christian literature. Take, for instance, the hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and go through verse after verse; it will surprise one that such hymns are found in Christian hymnals. Glance at some of the lines:

> The *heathen* in his blindness
> Bows down to wood and stone.
> Shall *we*, whose souls are *lighted*
> With *wisdom* from on high,
> Shall *we* to men *benighted*
> The lamp of life deny?

Notice the striking Christian modesty in this hymn, composed by a bishop! Another Christian, like Bishop Heber, is Kipling of immortal fame. He sings thus:

> Ship me somewheres east of Suez,
> Where the best is like the worst;
> Where there ain't no ten commandments
> And a man can raise a thirst.

It never occurred to him that the ten commandments were not the creation of his forefathers and that they really had their origin "east of Suez." In fact, it is the East which has given all the great religions of to-day, not excluding Christianity.

In order to establish the superiority of Christianity the missionaries had to write volumes on the differences between religions. No one will question the fact that all missionary literature is for definite ends. The object of such writers has been to show the superiority of Christianity by giving it a background of the horrors of the "heathen" religions, to arouse an interest in the missionary enterprise by portraying the "unspeakable" immorality and evils of non-Christian societies, and finally to make the reader an enthusiastic supporter for the enterprise, financially and otherwise.

Imagine for a moment what a picture India would have of America if most of what she knew of America were from the writings of workers in the slums, of the anti-saloonists, of the crime investigators, of the red-light-district workers, and of other such good people! If such literature flooded the markets of India for a half century, nay even for a quarter of a century, it would be as impossible for an American in India to convince the people brought up on such literature that Americans do not marry only to divorce, that killing one another is not the pastime of Americans, and that banks exist in spite of robbery, as it is for an Indian in America to convince those brought up on missionary literature that girl babies are not thrown into the Ganges, that the people of India are not savages, that social evils are not the monopoly of the East.

Just as I am writing these lines I see before me a recent number of the *Modern Review* of Calcutta. It contains a review by Agnes Smedly, an English lady, of a recent missionary book, *Among the Women of the Punjab*, written by Miriam Young. The English reviewer says: "Were it not for the fact that this book is a propaganda document against India, no person of intelligence would read more than ten pages of it without throwing it aside in disgust. In it the missionary mind stands stripped naked as not only an unfair primitive mind but a mind that tells deliberate falsehoods when necessary. If I knew nothing of India and read this book, I would finish by thinking that the Indians are a very low uncultured people, that all the men are foul-mouthed and the women sit about picking lice out of each other's hair."

How can such missionary literature fail to produce ill-feeling? It has been one of the potent causes of the "modest" assumption of the superiority of the West, especially as the unspeakable immorality of Western night life, the appalling social irregularities and the miseries and filth of Western slums, have not yet been sufficiently exposed in the Orient. If one can see to what an alarming extent the missionary literature is responsible for the deplorable one-sided information—and that the worse side—which the West possesses and to what an extent this literature is responsible for its superiority complex, in that alone one would find enough justification for the revolt of the East against the whole missionary enterprise!

V

Just as they paint the dark side of the East for the West, so they paint the brighter side of the West for the consumption of the East. But with the growth of cultural intercourse with the West, the East is discovering things for herself about the assumed superiority of the West. The present anti-Christian attitude is a challenge based on increasing first-hand knowledge of the failure of Christianity to influence the lives of Western peoples. In days of old it used to be said that the lives of Europeans who lived in the East were obstacles to the progress of Christianity out there. But to-day in the life of the West itself Christianity—to the Eastern observer—stands exposed and condemned.

The rapidly growing commercial intercourse and the opportunities for practical education bring a large number of Oriental sojourners to the West. Every year students are coming in ever-increasing numbers to American universities. There are now about two thousand students from China, about one thousand from Japan, two thousand from the Philippine Islands, and about three hundred from India. They come here to prepare themselves to be of some service and leadership in their homelands. They undoubtedly carry back impressions of the West. Are such impressions pro-Christian or anti-Christian? Some of the Oriental students have seen with their own eyes the ghastly sight of the negro being riddled with bullets by angry mobs under a "civilized" administration. They understand a caste system fostered by religion as in India, but they do not understand a caste system opposed by the teachings of Jesus but upheld by the churches of the South. These and like experiences of un-Christian practices are broadcasted in the East, and the non-Christian sees in them a wide gulf between the teachings of Jesus and the practice of his professed followers. The Mohammedan, therefore, speaks of his religion as being much more practical and democratic; so also the Chinese upholds Confucianism as a livable code of morality, and the Hindu says that Christianity being idealistic, the West is not prepared to pay the price for it, and hence that it is not of much use in daily life.

When Dr. C. W. Gilkey was in India last winter, as the Barrows Lecturer sent by the University of Chicago, he was told that the Hindus once thought of America as the land of Christian idealism and of opportunity, but that now they think of it as the land which insults the Hindus, excludes the Asiatics, and lynches the Negro. Now that the social evils of the West are being exposed in the Orient, the East is losing confidence in the religion of the West. How can an anti-Christian attitude be prevented if the Western Christians, in the face of such facts, claim exclusive superiority? "The Western peoples in spite of their Christianity, are just as bad as the Eastern 'heathens'; why should we allow the West to yoke us with a foreign religion which is so unrelated to our life?" asks the anti-Christian movement. The excellence of the life lived by the devotee of a religion is the best vindication of its superiority. Judged by this standard Christianity appears to the East as a failure. "But," says the missionary, "it has not yet been tried." "If it has not been tried in the West during its history of nearly two thousand years," the anti-Christian Oriental asks, "then why try it on us?"

The East has not only seen how the missionary's religion falls short of practice in its homelands, but the incoming of such large numbers of students has helped it to see also how money is raised to carry on the Christian propaganda. The East has seen itself misrepresented, has seen how the darkest side of Eastern life is presented and how money is raised by appeal to pity and condescension. With the awakening of national pride the Eastern peoples are no longer willing to see their countries sold for a mess of pottage. The Orientals naturally revolt against an organized religion which for the sake of money to propagate itself so humiliates them in the eyes of others. Such methods adopted for the express purpose of raising money and for the justification of the missionary enterprise, have not helped the West and the East to mutual respect. Only an interpretation of the higher idealism of both countries will bring about good will.

VI

Very few are conscious of the great contribution the Oriental students are making both to their own countries and to the Western countries in general and to America in particular. By their friendly criticism resulting from a different view of life, they have made some

Americans re-evaluate hitherto accepted standards of the West. By openly challenging in speech and in writing those who misrepresent the East and falsely interpret Oriental religions because of an erroneous familiarity with them, the Oriental students are rendering valuable service to the cause of better mutual understanding. This attitude of the Oriental students is characterized by some as "anti-Western" but it will be nearer the truth to say that it is "pro-Eastern." This attitude has helped toward a new appreciation of Oriental culture and a growing conviction that the East has something to give to the West. In fairness to the progressive minority in the missions it must also be said that changes are being effected by younger men with liberal ideas. It is extremely gratifying to see the changes now taking place in the policy of foreign missions. The missionary press is beginning to put forth more sensible literature. Though this change has taken place only within the last few years, yet it promises a brighter future of appreciation and co-operation between East and West.

Like the pain before birth, the anti-Christian attitude in the East and the pro-Eastern attitude in the West are causing great concern in certain quarters. The old tales do not sell, the old methods do not work, and money is not forthcoming for the saving of "heathen souls." It is neither the anti-Christian nor the pro-Eastern attitude which is solely responsible for the financial difficulties of Foreign Missions Boards. To some extent these are responsible, no doubt, but the throwing overboard of the old theology is also responsible. Modernism has knocked the bottom out of the old reward-morality and many of the Christians do not seem to be much interested now in the saving of souls. Nor is the East anxious to welcome missionaries on the old basis.

Says the anti-Christian movement, "If you are coming only to help your commercial and political interests, if you are coming only to destroy our national cultures, if you are interested only in making a Buddhist into a Baptist, a Mohammedan into a Methodist, and a Confucianist into a Catholic, then it would be better not to trouble yourself." The old economic theories, the old imperialism, the old ethics of international relations are all giving way, and modernism is disintegrating the old missionary motive. The present situation is certainly a challenge—a challenge to renounce our Christianity and follow Christ.

The inner meaning of the anti-Christian movement must now be clear. It is a call to Christianity to disentangle itself from all its political complications, to substitute disinterested service for proselytizing as its motive, to seek to supplement and not to supplant, to be domestic and not foreign, to be concerned more with life and less with dogma. Herein lies the challenge! To the extent that one sees its significance and strives to meet it, to that extent one will be able to perceive the dawn of a brighter day. God is one and truth is universal. There are several ways of realizing the Infinite to meet the individual needs and differences of people. One person may realize Him in social service, another in worship and meditation, and still another in ascetic practice. Each of these ways may be imperfect and unsatisfying, but it is the sharing of religious experiences which helps to perfect that which is imperfect.

The fundamental object of all religion is the same: the promotion of love, peace, good living, and the general welfare of all human beings. "Instead of hating and killing each other because of differences in faiths," says the East, "let us join hands to destroy vice and to promote virtue throughout the world." But such loyal co-operation in human service is not possible so long as there is religion in imperialism and imperialism in religion.

FEAR IN BUSINESS LIFE

BY ANNE W. ARMSTRONG

THE only person in the business world who is completely free from fear is the office boy. It is not the trifling, if necessary, services he performs, but the sense of unclipped freedom he conveys that makes him the darling of every business house. Still trailing clouds of glory, in his insouciant young person, he brings to the harnessed and harassed persons for whom he fetches and carries memories—at once comforting and tormenting—of the heaven from which they, too, have come. He bears on his slender inconsequent shoulders the huge portentous weight of some international banking house, for example, as lightly as a feather. Everybody else aspires to do the same, and nobody else succeeds.

I recall a young manual worker who, after years of satisfactory service, suddenly "quit." He came swaggering into my office a few days later, dressed in his best and with a more self-assured air than I had ever observed in him before.

"Landed another job?" I inquired.

"Nope! Oh, I'm just stretching myself a bit," he defended himself. "Can't lay off long. But I'll tell you," and he settled himself in the chair by my desk, "I've been punching the time-clock since I was fourteen. I guess I'm a fool, all right, but I wanted just once to know what it's like to walk by this place and not feel it owned me, body and soul. It's an awful good feeling, believe me! There's something about these big companies gets you when you start working for 'em, and you never get over your fear, or whatever it is."

I am inclined to believe, however, that "whatever it is" "gets" most people in the business world even before they enter business; it gets them when they first look for a job.

Under the most favorable circumstances hunting a job is an experience that leaves scars never obliterated. Many concerns add to its unavoidable pain a gratuitous wound in the sort of men and women they appoint to act as host or hostess. The man who received my own application for a position with a famous department store needed only a rawhide to complete his odious likeness to Simon Legree. Later in my life I had opportunity to observe at close range a man of similar manner in a similar position who was hotly defended when I protested to a high executive that Mr. Watson was not adding to the luster of the company's name.

"Watson is my ideal of an employment manager," declared the executive.

The ungracious, not to say churlish, reception which the business house usually—nay, almost universally—gives to applicants for a job implants an initial fear from which, it is probable, grows an endless succession of business inhibitions.

It is not only, however, from employment managers, with their still anomalous position and, broadly speaking, obscure rank in the business hierarchy, that one may expect in a business house something less than whole-hearted hospitality.

Perhaps banks, together with kindred institutions, whether metropolitan or small-town, have achieved the most inhospitable of all business atmospheres.

The type of structure is itself forbidding. Only money and the dead are housed so austerely. And it takes a tremendous amount of human warmth to offset the suggestion of a morgue or a mortuary chapel.

II

But all businesses, it must be admitted, when they reach great proportions and great importance breed an atmosphere in which fear flourishes. Granite walls, marble corridors, smart uniformed guides, hushed anterooms, luxurious suites (into which, to be sure, most dwellers in the business world secure only a furtive peep now and then) —the milieu conspires to awe what with all its bravado is the essentially timid human spirit. If it were wholly a matter of setting we might, what with color, homelike furnishings, and amiable attendants, contrive a cheerful enough dwelling-place for that vast proportion of the human race which spends most of its waking hours in business But, to be candid, it is the business leader, far more than the business scene, that prevents business life from fulfilling more of the conditions of the good life.

One cannot judge the business leader, so far as the effect he produces upon his business associates and, more particularly, upon his business subordinates, by his behavior in the bosom of his indulged family, by his aspect on the golf links, by his throwing of streamers at a Chamber of Commerce jamboree. One must track him to his business lair. He may be only Mr. Eisman, to be alternately cajoled and neglected by some dazzling young creature of dubious repute. But you may be sure he is never anything but the Button King to his button-molders.

In India the caste system is weakening. In American business it daily assumes more rigid lines.

Many high executives are, no doubt, unaware of the paralysis they induce in their business subjects. Unbending only to their compeers, or outside business circles, they would hardly believe, even if the evidence could be presented to them in that one form in which they have faith—the graph or statistical chart—the extent to which their unapproachableness has destroyed initiative and hindered development in others.

The first time I was summoned to a business president's private office my co-workers surrounded me with trembling solicitude. I might have been Daniel about to be cast to the lions. And I question if Daniel's heart pounded more violently as he stepped into the den than mine as I ventured across the president's threshold.

But I have heard a vice-president own to a chill down his spine when suddenly sent for by the "big boss." "Well, damn it," he muttered, in self-disgust, as he started off, "he can't do anything worse than fire me!"

If there's such divinity doth hedge our business kings that even high executives find their knees knocking together as they approach the august tribunal, small wonder men in the ranks find it difficult to visualize these business leaders as beings in any degree akin to themselves. Nor does awe of business personages end with awe of the presidents of our great corporations. As we descend the executive line we find the same stultifying atmosphere projected in turn by each business leader at his level. Frequently the president's manner—whether frigid, highly impersonal, merely pompous, or of the genuinely formidable put-the-fear-of-God-in-them type—is understudied more or less consciously and often with no mean success by any number of associate executives.

Theoretically, in business, the cat may always do more than look at the king. The lowliest worker is always welcome, so the phrase goes, if he has any just complaint. It is not assumed that he would wish to call on his business betters for any other reason than to complain.

In actuality, workmen will seldom invade high quarters. However arrogant he may appear in print, in the flesh your

individual worker—whether an automatic-screw-operator or a ledger clerk—is a shy fellow, in business at any rate. His heart sickens within him as he feels his feet sink into the carpet outside the president's or the manager's door. The surroundings intimidate him. His clothes suddenly seem cheaper or more shabby than he had realized. How can he stand up to one of those men of whom he has caught glimpses alighting from their motors or in one of their rare strolls through the works? He is oppressed with the thought of how valuable their time is, of his own limitations in education and speech. Can he put his case convincingly during the brief interview that will be granted him? At most, can he hope for more than soft words from some suave assistant? Above all, when his immediate boss, from whom he has failed to get satisfaction, learns he has gone higher, will it not be the old story? He will be listed as "an agitator" and let out on the first excuse.

Fears crowd upon him. And he turns back, while the men at the top, having closed by their aloof behavior the avenues through which ordinary men should be able to approach them, having selected their high deputies through any other consideration than their human understanding, and their personnel managers from men too weak-kneed or too ruffianly to be trusted with anything in the organization but its human beings, remain ignorant, though they know the whole commercial world, of what is going on within their own business walls. It is well known that the man who mops floors in any of our immense modern concerns can tell you more of how things are really administered "inside" than can the president of the company. The fact that so few dare go to the top is one reason why we often have "labor trouble." There is no better indication of the toughness, in a virtuous sense, of our existing industrial system than its proven ability to withstand the constant weakening that comes from having its inner channels of communication habitually clogged, as they are.

But it is not alone the impression of taking themselves very seriously which our business leaders almost invariably create; not alone the quasi-royal state they maintain, the pomp and circumstance that attend their every movement and estrange the confidence of more humble men—it is something more than all this which saturates business life in general with fear.

Many factors contribute to this unhappy result. Some, at least, of the haunting uneasiness of business life is traceable, I believe, to the fact that here is a realm where castigation is more often administered than praise. Men are held back from their best efforts through nervous preoccupation with the picture of what will happen should they fail to deliver exactly the goods expected of them.

An executive once told me of a meeting called by the president of a national combine to which his own company belonged immediately after a convention had ended which he had helped engineer and brought, he felt, to a successful conclusion.

"Well, Mr. President, what did you think of our show, anyway?" he inquired.

"Rotten!" came devastatingly from the end of the board-room table. It was the president's sole comment.

I often have lunch at a restaurant in one of the wholesale districts of New York. It is not an elegant resort, but I am able to endure the crowd, clatter, and dense smoke in consideration of the educational advantages it offers. While I sip my soup I may hear a salesmanager according to type "bawl out" or heap sarcasm on one of his men just returned from an unsuccessful trip.

It is safe to say that far more men are undone in their business life than made by such tactics, common as they are.

On the other hand it is instructive to note the tremendous value, measured in strictly business terms, a man may

have who has never allowed himself to be affected by treatment of the sort and who, furthermore, stands up to his business superiors if he feels he is right, disdainful of any punishment they may see fit to mete out to his boldness. Such a man was young Heffelfinger, I may call him here, with whom I was at one time closely associated. Seldom a knotty problem arose that Heffelfinger could not, and did not—usually, it is true, uninvited—offer a solution. It was Heffelfinger who again and again found the way out of a company jam.

Not that Heffelfinger was thanked for his pains. He was, as a matter of fact, a source of acute irritation to most of the executives above him, who would have dammed—if caustic, though covert, comment could have done it—the fountain of ideas perpetually flowing for their benefit from Heffelfinger's active brain. They could never accustom themselves to the blithe freedom with which he bore himself in their presence. Besides, he was pestiferous in regard to his salary, which he frankly insisted was ridiculously small considering the services he rendered.

"Not a cent more shall he have!" one of his seniors threatened. "Always horning in—that fellow's an infernal nuisance!"

The nuisance, it may be mentioned, shortly afterwards took himself off to a rival concern, and now heads his own company, one of rising importance.

III

A great deal of the fear in business has to do with the question of pay.

There is the executives' fear, shown when business managers—themselves drawing from ten to thirty thousand a year—debate with the utmost gravity whether it may not "spoil" Miss Somebody-or-other to give her an increase of a dollar and a half a week, instead of a dollar. Beneath the surface of this comedy lies, of course, the old fear, notwithstanding evidence to the contrary, that a liberal wage policy must of necessity mean lowered profits.

So eminent an authority as Mr. J. L. Garvin states, "In America . . . high wages are accepted and welcomed as a vital principle of creative capacity." In theory, yes. In practice, to what extent, Mr. Garvin?

Mr. Garvin's view reflects the growing English conviction that in America we have attained business paradise—a very wholesome conviction for England to cherish; a dangerous one for America.

Recently I was making my way up Wall Street at the lunch hour as thousands of office workers were pouring into the street. Remarking some attractively dressed girls we passed, I said laughingly to my companion, a Wall Street executive, "You must pay them better than you used to when I was here!"

"Well," he came back, with a twinkle in his eye, "we pay them just as little as we dare, and they do just as little as they dare, so it's an even break."

This jest expresses perfectly the unproductive policy that still obtains in many American business quarters. We still have, not only our Wall Streets, but our Passaics and Pawtuckets, our Wilkesbarres and Bluefields. Our present Secretary of Labor, with the most sanguine view of our industrial future, nevertheless, admits "there are some ten million workers in this country still getting along on what might be called an existing wage."

The employees' fear in regard to pay arises in part from the mystery with which business enshrouds the subject. It is discussed in low tones, behind closed doors. Salaries are in code; wage-scales locked in the safe. The whole subject—granted it is by no means a simple one—needs to be dragged out into the open, where more light can penetrate it, fresh air blow through it. Its very complexity calls for aboveboard discussion by both management and men, the fearless contribution of their diverse views. As it is, an employee risks severe reprimand in many companies,

if not worse, when he even states, except to the constituted authorities, what he is receiving; while to ask for *more* pay still is, as it has always been, so perilous an adventure for the individual that men have been largely driven to combine in making such requests. One must be indulgent, however, in judging business on this score. Only yesterday, as we count days sociologically, standard practice was to throw workers who asked for more pay into jail.

In this connection, one of the most serious situations the business person has to face is when he no longer hopes for advancement with the house that employs him. There are broad-gauge executives willing to assist a subordinate to a better berth, wherever it may be, and regardless of the inconvenience to themselves. But they are almost as rare as white peacocks. Ordinarily the business person dares not let it be known he is "looking around." Such a charge entered against him on the company books may remain there for years and destroy whatever chances he may originally have had for promotion. In business houses where "loyalty to the company" approximates a fetish an employee discovered applying to another concern is summarily dismissed. Some concerns protect themselves from disturbances of the sort by blanket precautionary measures. I quote, if not verbatim, in substance from a letter I once received:

"Our business will be practically closed down on Friday afternoon to give employees an opportunity to attend the funeral of Mr. X, our founder. Some of them may take this occasion to shop around, and we will appreciate it greatly if you would refuse to hire them. We are prepared to reciprocate the courtesy."

This is the kind of reciprocal business courtesy, one of those gentlemen's agreements, that harks back to the darkest days for the worker in our industrial beginnings.

It is a business commonplace, I admit, that there is always a better job for a man with his own company. And it is one of the failures of business management that so inconsiderable a number get this vision or are pointed the way to its fulfillment.

There are the fears which business prejudice creates: those fears that lead so many persons eager to secure or hold a business position to falsify their ages, conceal some early mistake, hide (if they are women) the fact that they are married, hesitate to acknowledge trade affiliation, race, nationality, or religion.

Few of us acquainted with business are unacquainted with the factory manager who welcomes "our new citizens" at a Chamber of Commerce banquet in the evening, and next morning in his own plant shuts his eyes to the iron-clad rule: "No dagoes! No hunkies!"—or whatever it may be.

I cannot forget the officer in a company to which I had recently become attached who slyly interrogated me, "Are you a Catholic?" and who, to my, "I am not. Are you?" returned, "Oh, no! And I hope you won't think I was trying to pry into your private affairs, but—"

Even more vividly I recall the young man, as highly gifted and as dignified as he was winning, whose application for an important business position, for which he was preëminently fitted, was turned down on the sole ground of his being a Jew, while a distinctly inferior man was selected for the post.

It is possible that business itself suffers greater loss as the result of its combined prejudices than do those who harbor the fears such prejudices engender. At all events, there can be no question but that business pays dearly for that terror it has inspired in the rank and file—the terror of the periodic lay-off.

To quote Mr. Garvin again, "One broad remaining defect" (of our existing system) "is failure to recognize that where capital stakes money, labor, taken as a whole, stakes life."

Certainly no one who, in time of unemployment, has followed Joe Wood's or Bill Wilson's lay-off through the foreclosed mortgage, the empty coal-bin, the cutting off of credit by grocer, butcher, and milkman, the sickness from insufficient food and inadequate shelter —no one who has followed the long chain of sinister consequences can doubt that this terror is the root of more ill-will, sabotage, and general evil than any other in our industrial system.

Business has made some efforts to cope with this problem. Unhappily, these efforts are usually made during the period least productive of permanent results, when unemployment is upon us. It takes the sight of the bread line to sting our business leaders into more than sporadic action.

IV

In reckoning losses, the most serious loss to character—if character be rated a not unworthy by-product of the business life—comes, I am convinced, from the feeling among ambitious men that in order to succeed they must shape their personal opinions to conform with the personal opinions of those above them.

This state of affairs derives doubtless in part from what seems the inevitable tendency of business life to dwarf all our other interests. The views of Mr. Parmalee on the floor above or in the next office of Mr. Simmonds—if Mr. Parmalee and Mr. Simmonds are senior to us or otherwise advantageously placed—assume an importance out of all proportion to their intrinsic value. The microcosm in which the business person plays his daily apprehensive part soon becomes the cosmos. He may circle the globe on a holiday jaunt, indulge in such exotic experiences as a camel ride in Egypt, an elephant ride in India, a rickshaw drive in Japan, may disport himself indecorously at three in the morning at Montmartre, but if the "Company" fails temporarily to dominate his conduct, it still orients his thoughts.

Nor is this beyond comprehension. Despite the readiness of business to accept even the most revolutionary suggestions looking to mechanical improvement, there is no sphere in which antiquated social notions cling more tenaciously, nor in which an idea that runs counter to those prevailing in influential circles is fraught with greater risk to him who expresses it. I have heard scathing denunciation follow the mere mention of Henry Ford, Samuel Gompers, and—time was, before her *Life of Judge Gary*—Ida Tarbell.

In such highly sensitized surroundings, self-interest may well lead a man to suppress any of his own views open to suspicion.

From the most trifling matter to the most serious—from bobbing one's hair to backing a senatorial or a presidential candidate—the business person must watch his step.

The other day I rallied a hard-pressed young business woman on her unshorn hair. "Oh," she said wearily, "I'm still in slavery to hair-pins, nets—the whole paraphernalia. But you see Miss Hooker" (her employer) "doesn't approve of bobbed hair. I don't *dare* have mine cut!"

Years ago I read a sign: "If Bryan is elected, this factory closes." There are still factory walls papered with posters that leave no doubt of the political wishes of the owners.

It is a little sickening, nevertheless, to see, as we sometimes do, a man—or it may be a woman—work himself up step by step to real consideration in the business world; to remember him a spirited fellow ready to discuss any public question at the drop of the hat, and enlisted as often as not on the side of the less privileged; and then, when he reaches at last a position which he regards too good to jeopardize, to behold him suddenly turn cautious and subservient.

There comes to my mind a young man

with as splendid a heritage as any New England has had to give, with a name one of his forbears made illustrious through the part he took in the slavery struggle. The young man himself was a professor of economics. Marrying into a family of business importance, he deserted the classroom for more money, and found himself in an environment of completely different values, where, to his dismay, he was looked on as an outlander. At a great monetary disadvantage with his new associates, he set himself to win their approbation. He put all his scholarly resources at their command. He outdid them, after a short time, in specious reasoning to support whatever position their interests seemed to demand. To-day he is regarded one of its most serviceable members by the group with which he has become identified.

But I do not, as a matter of fact, for one moment believe that so high a price need be paid for business success. Without ever losing sight of forces that tend to coerce and intimidate, I maintain that if the business man stands his ground on any question that comes up—not bumptiously, not courting occasion, but refusing to run up the white flag when odds are against him—he will usually win. And men that stand forth here and there throughout the business world—if not exactly popular, yet men to be reckoned with—establish, to my own satisfaction at any rate, the validity of this belief. I might cite a banker of considerable renown, whose idealism has always been a thorn in the flesh of his distinguished business associates, yet he continues to flourish.

For the men that have made modern business are fighters. After all that may be said in qualification, nobody can deny them heroic fiber. They know a fighter, moreover, when they see one, and that even when he is out of alignment. And they pay him the respect, though it may be secret and somewhat grudging, that fighting men do pay one another.

V

But if the man at the top of the business world inspires fear, he himself is not exempt.

Here, ironically, in the bosom of management, resides the transcendent fear of business life—fear of the workers, one that far exceeds any fear the workers may have of the management. This is the fear implicit in words I heard from a business leader, referring to his wages' bill, during the War, "The workers have got us by the scruff of the neck now. But wait! We'll be ready for them!" This is the fear that betrays itself in the stubborn resistance of the average business executive to even the most innocuous form of employee representation; that betrayed itself in the war he once waged against workmen's compensation, and does so now in his present half-hearted endorsement of workers' education, which he "fears," he says, "may unsettle them." It is the fear that has bound him to other business leaders in protective associations of prodigious scope and vast resources; the fear that has made of him a "minute man"; that has spawned Bolshevism and all the kindred bugaboos which unsettle his days and plague his dreams.

In the last analysis these fears that the business leader has of the worker are but the old fear, the traditional attitude toward labor as a competing rather than a co-operating force, an attitude which—despite much fine talk to the opposite effect—is still prevalent, and which only awaits suitable opportunity to be openly revealed.

And if it is not fear (to note another bogey of his, his fear of public opinion) what is it that has made our business leader so sensitive to the least shadow of criticism? Whence this self-righteous assumption of his that it is *lèse majesté* to examine his business behavior? Why does big business, with its tendrils gripping the most remote regions of the globe, have to be treated as if it were a

delicate plant? as if it were one of those blossoms of the *Magnolia grandiflora*, even to breathe on whose petals is to stain their snow?

If it is not fear, what is the source of that savage abuse heaped upon one who presumes to point out even a single business blemish? In Roosevelt's day he was at worst a muck-raker. Now even the most friendly and good-humored critic of business has become the garbage-gatherer, if indeed he escapes the supreme sneer voiced in "uplifter." Quite recently, he is "the human jackal who smells out rotten spots." Only a few, very naturally, elect to enter the lists that lead to such titles.

But business must be rid somehow or other of the fears that at present beset it at every point—fears that damage and destroy in men what is humanly finest.

Much attention has been bestowed during the last decade on the psychology of the worker. Why not lay off the worker for a while and study more intensively, and at the same time less worshipfully than in the past, the psychology of the business leader?

The business leader, I am fully aware, has little relish for frank discussion by a woman of a realm he continues to look upon as distinctively his own. But a million women are in business in New York City alone, and there are millions more throughout the whole country. He may as well face the prospect, gloomy though it may be, that business women are going to discuss business subjects more and more. And he may be willing to acknowledge that women see these things with eyes not yet dulled by long submission to business rule.

In any case, whether man or woman, why should we look upon the business epoch as having reached its apogee? There have been, after all, but five generations of business in its contemporary aspect. Why may we not regard it, far from being sacred, simply as business in the making, susceptible to an infinity of changes, one of which may be the relegation of fear and the substitution of a more worthy business incentive?

FAME

BY LEONARD BACON

AS I came down into the Place of Spain,
Above the motors tooting in the streets
I heard a voice that asked, "Well, who was Keats?"
In the best accent of Nebraska's plain.
A thin but rigid female, who in vain
Perused her Baedeker's close-printed sheets,
Answered, "An Irish Poet," scattering sweets
Of information to the Vast Inane.

Who was he? A voice, forgotten in some quarters
Apparently. The mortal lyric cry
Stilled by the house where the man came to die;
A lost identity of long ago;
Music and love quenched by the many waters.
Who was he? Do the critics really know?

PORTRAIT OF A BENCH WARMER

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE battle of Kenesaw Mountain, according to Rhodes' history of the Civil War period, is generally considered by military experts to have been the one blunder in the drive of General Sherman from Chattanooga to Atlanta. The engagement took place on the morning of June 27, 1864, and was a foolhardy and futile attempt to storm the mountain where the strongly entrenched Confederate forces were blocking the march through Georgia. Sherman was thrown back, lost three thousand men, and later explained that it had been a "moral victory." Eventually, of course, Kenesaw Mountain was taken by a flank movement and the Union commander continued on through Atlanta and to the sea.

The unfortunate battle of June 27th has been but lightly touched upon by many Northern historians. It might actually by now be entirely forgotten had not one of the participants been Dr. Abraham H. Landis, an assistant surgeon in the 35th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Doctor Landis while performing an amputation on the battlefield was struck by a twelve-pound cannon ball, luckily almost spent. About two years later he limped out of a hospital and went to his home at Millville, Ohio. There, in due time, he became the father of a son—his sixth child, but entitled to distinction for being the first since the War. After a heated family debate the soldier-surgeon named him Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Thus was the blunder of General Sherman immortalized.

It is inconceivable—artistically, at least—that an infant christened to commemorate a battle should become anything but a singular, even fantastic, figure in American life. And it is one of the rare perfections of reality that now, after sixty years, the face of Kenesaw Mountain Landis is almost as familiar to the public as that of Charlie Chaplin. Its angular contours, topped by a shock of hair as white as the locks of David Belasco, are seldom absent for long from the rotogravure sections or the tabloids. For the last seven years Judge Landis has been High Commissioner of Baseball with autocratic powers over recalcitrant ball teams, managers, and players. He hands down decisions upon such matters as the ethics of the spitball, barnstorming trips by Babe Ruth, and the degree to which umpires are in peril if soda pop is sold to the sporting public in glass bottles.

Landis first put on the black robes of judicial office when, in 1905, he was appointed to the bench of the United States District Court at Chicago. Two years later he gained national and even international fame by fining the Standard Oil Company of Indiana $29,240,000 for accepting freight rebates. In all the seventeen years he was on the bench, although a few carping critics say he waited eagerly for the opportunity, Landis was never able to duplicate this magnificent judicial decision. It landed him on the front pages for days and formed a background for everything he was destined to do or say. Eventually, the higher courts found that he had made a number of reversible errors, and the Standard Oil never paid a nickel for its sins. The courts were destined, from

that time on, to reverse him with startling frequency; so much so that he once struck back at the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Northern District of Illinois by calling it the "Department of Chemistry and Microscopy." But now those unhappy days are over. As Tzar of Baseball at sixty-five thousand dollars a year, his word is final. Ball players shift their chewing tobacco nervously when Judge Landis casts his piercing eye in their direction. There is no appeal from what he says, and he can fine them any sum they happen to have, suspend them indefinitely from the joys and profits of the diamond, or hurl them into the oblivion of working for a living.

During the years of his judgeship in Chicago Landis became a symbol to the general public for all that was good and noble, honest and wise. It did not matter that his decisions were so often reversed; somehow the reversals were seldom given prominence in the newspapers. Few residents of the city that sprawls by Lake Michigan listened to grumbling by a few members of the Bar that Landis was not learned in the law, that he wasted time in court, often treated them with scant respect, and invariably played to the gallery. He grew gradually to be an object of local civic pride—like the stockyards. Visitors to the city were taken to see him in action on the bench, and rarely missed a performance long to be remembered. Somehow, when Landis turned the crank, the mill of justice never failed to produce some dazed unfortunate who had stolen a few postage stamps, a wealthy bootlegger, or a bankrupt whose wife, seated in the court room, was covered with jewelry. It was then that he blandly ignored the law in the interest of what he conceived to be justice. The postal thief quite likely would be set free or fined one cent. The bootlegger—for Landis was an ardent prohibitionist—went summarily to jail for the maximum term. The bankrupt's wife was stripped in court of her baubles in behalf of her husband's creditors.

"My, my! Such a very hard case for me to decide," the Judge drawled one morning as a youth, charged with having stolen a parcel post package, stood in front of him. Near the boy was a young woman carrying an infant.

"Here's a boy who admits stealing a package of jewelry out of the parcel post," the Court continued. "And here," looking at the young woman, "here's his little wife, just recently a mother and heartsick over the troubles of her husband! What is the right thing for me to do?"

Judge Landis leaned half over the bench and rested his white head on his hands in meditation. Profound silence held the court room, broken only by the ticking of a clock on the wall, an ancient timepiece brought from the Judge's boyhood home. The reporters waited expectantly, it was a typical Landis opportunity. Some minutes passed. Then the Judge straightened up and stuck out his jaw.

"Son!" he said. "You go on back home. Take your little wife and your baby and go home! In one month come back and tell me how you're getting along. I'll not have that child the child of a convict!"

It was while feminine visitors were drying their eyes after some such touching scene that Landis would relieve the tension with what he considered humor. Unfortunately, the judicial sense of humor was hardly subtle. When a prisoner had been sentenced to jail and was in the hands of a burly marshal, the Judge would order that official to "take him up to Mabel's room"—meaning the detention pen. He liked to sentence minor offenders to "sit in the back row of the court room for six hours and repent." He delighted in the exchange of heavy-handed jokes with attendants, attorneys, and reporters.

It was partly his love of practical joking, but also partly a hang-over from his furious war patriotism, that prompted Landis on many occasions to make inquiry regarding the war records of those

appearing before him. In 1919, on one of these quests for truth, he demanded the military histories of several attorneys who happened to be wearing wrist watches. These, it was his belief, should be reserved for men in uniform or ex-soldiers. The offending lawyers, upon being cross-examined, admitted that they had served their country from behind the lines.

Judge Landis looked stern. "Enter an order," he told the clerk, "requiring all attorneys wearing wrist watches to notify you what branch of the service they represent."

The newspaper men present grinned at the disconcerted legal lights and dashed out to their typewriters. But the Judge's quip, published all over the country, fell somewhat flat. A United States Senator even arose from his seat at the Capitol to denounce it as "a clumsy joke."

"Don't it beat the devil," mused Landis when he heard of the rebuke, "what some Senators will do to pass the time?"

As Booth could dominate a stage, so Landis for years dominated the stuffy court room in Chicago. For footlights, he had the desk lamp on his bench so placed that when he thrust forward his shaggy head the sharp angles of his face were cut in silhouette against the gleam. Men stopped to listen when his drawling, back-country voice broke in to question a witness, when he assumed the role—as fancy moved him—of prosecutor or defense counsel or technical expert. Sometimes he would lunge far out, shaking a gaunt finger and twisting his face into a fearful contortion. It was thus that he interrogated some evasive unfortunate whom he suspected of perjury and reduced the man to a nervous wreck.

When Landis presided as Judge of the Federal Court he was the star of his show. His name appeared in larger type than that of any other performer. A curtain seemed slowly to rise as court was convened. The district attorney, the expensive lawyer, and the prisoner at the bar all stepped hastily into the wings, for the star wished to tread the boards alone. An excellent actor of the old school, Judge Landis had one vast advantage over all other actors—every performance was for him a first night. The critics were always in their seats at the press table. Greatest blessing of all, delirious dream of the dramatic profession, they were invariably friendly critics, for otherwise they faced jail for contempt of court.

"His career," wrote Heywood Broun profoundly of Landis in the *World* some years ago, "typifies the heights to which dramatic talent may carry a man in America if only he has the foresight not to go on the stage."

II

Except for the shrewd wisdom assuring his subconscious of the publicity value of the histrionic, Kenesaw Mountain Landis has lived by emotion rather than reason in almost everything he has done. The distinction is important, for by any rule of reason his life has been a confused tangle of notions, prejudices, enthusiasms, and contradictions. In his early years he was a Democrat, because by being so he could serve a politician who had been his father's commanding officer in the Civil War. Having later joined the machine Republicans of Illinois, he eventually shifted his allegiance to the Bull Moose rebels—not because he was much of a Progressive, but because Roosevelt's furious protestations appealed to him. Emotion—a factor not recognized in law and therefore a leading cause of his frequent reversals by the higher courts—sat with him on the bench in Chicago.

After a decade or so, it would seem, the emotional outlook had become a habit beyond control. On the bench, for instance, Landis' salary was only $7,500 a year and, in common with the rest of the honest federal judges, he had constantly been worried by financial

problems. It is no secret that the offer in 1920 of $50,000 from organized baseball was alluring chiefly from a pecuniary point of view. If it had not been for the salary attached to the position of Supreme Umpire it is almost certain that he would have declined the proposal. In accepting it, however, he said little about this feature but rejoiced publicly that through his act the small boys of the nation would be able to keep steadfast their faith in the great national game.

While considering the proposition, he later explained, he attended a ball game with his son, Reed G. Landis. Together father and son grew sentimental. Reed pleaded with his father to accept so that "the old game" might not be taken away from "the millions of little kids made happy by baseball."

"I had been thinking about the game in that light for forty years," concluded the Judge, "and I expect to think of it in that light forty years more. The money means little when the spirit of the game is thought of."

III

Born on November 20, 1866, the boy named Kenesaw Mountain grew up according to the approved pattern for youths destined to greatness in America. His father, again a country doctor after the glories of war, was having difficulty collecting enough bills to feed and educate his large family. "Kennie" attended the public schools of Logansport, Indiana, where his family moved soon after he was born. Before school he delivered papers and after hours did odd jobs. In the summer he worked on nearby farms. For a time he was a reporter for the local newspaper and first came into contact with the legal process when he mastered the mysteries of shorthand and qualified as a court stenographer. The trade of lawyer appealed to him and in 1891 he was graduated from the Union College Law School of Chicago.

It was in those years that the United States was beginning to feel its oats as a world power. It was anxious to convince the rest of creation that it was no longer a frontier country, with Indians ready to swoop down on Manhattan from Yonkers, but almost civilized. It failed to appreciate Rudyard Kipling's fascinated enthusiasm for the new nation, as later expressed in his *American Notes*, because the English visitor had presumed to hold his breath and pray fervently when crossing some of the rickety railroad trestles in the West. The United States, then, was slightly arrogant toward its South American neighbors and was expressing its ego in a highly developed jingo streak. The youthful Landis lived in the official midst of all this, serving as personal aide to Secretary of State Walter Q. Gresham in the second administration of Grover Cleveland. Gresham had been Colonel of the regiment in which Landis *père* had fought and bled.

The Department of State, the young aide found, took itself very seriously. Its underlings referred to it as the "Foreign Office," wore cutaways when there was the slightest excuse, and talked down their noses to the clerks of the Post Office, the Army, and the Navy bureaucracies. Fresh from the Middle West, Landis typified an entirely opposite school of American thought—that which professed to believe that virtue lay in being poorly dressed, in near illiteracy, and honest poverty. He was given considerable authority by Secretary Gresham, and proceeded to make life miserable for the exquisites of the "Foreign Office" by shuffling around in baggy trousers and an ancient hat. He was a plain man whose very lack of ostentation was ostentatious. Sometime afterwards it was said of him that, "he tried to treat a rich man with all the respect that he did a poor one." The period marked the budding of the actor that Landis was destined to become, but he was not yet skilled in the art and he over-played the role. He even uttered homely bromides about the benefits of hard work.

"Necessity," he is said to have been fond of declaring, "is a great teacher."

A year or so later President Cleveland offered him the post of Minister to Venezuela; but Landis had no intention of playing to so obscure and distant an audience. He went back to Chicago and resumed the practice of law with moderate success. Meanwhile a young veteran of the Spanish-American war, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, had been making a name for himself by a liberalism that was little short of startling. Landis was building up his practice when Roosevelt, supposed to have been safely shelved in the Vice-Presidency, became President through the assassination of McKinley. The Chicago lawyer was soon a devoted follower of the man who had a gift for the dramatic greater even than his own. Soon after taking office, it is related, President Roosevelt went to Chicago and was accorded the usual enthusiastic reception in the streets. As the presidential carriage rolled down Michigan Avenue, the story goes on, a young man, whose hair was already beginning to whiten, rushed out from the crowd and waved an American flag in front of the Chief Executive. In 1905 this demonstrative spectator was appointed by the President to the federal bench in Chicago.

No one suggests, of course, that there is any connection between the two incidents. Landis was elevated to the office in the routine way, through the indorsement of the Illinois Republican organization. Certainly Roosevelt, when he signed the appointment, did not recall the excited pedestrian who had jumped up and down with a flag in the streets of Chicago. It was not long, however, before Judge Landis brought himself very forcibly to the attention of the White House. In April of 1907, acting under orders from Roosevelt, the Attorney General brought action against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana for accepting rebates from the Chicago and Alton Railway. The case was called for trial in the United States District Court in Chicago, and Landis, only forty-one years old and one of the youngest judges on the bench, presided. In a few days the New York newspapers were rushing their staff men to cover the sessions, for the Court had demanded the appearance of John D. Rockefeller and other notable oil men. The Rockefeller attorneys protested in vain that their client had no knowledge of the affairs of the Indiana company. In due time Rockefeller went on the stand, and the Government made every effort to prove that the company on trial was controlled in New York.

In August the jury found for conviction. Judge Landis took several days to deliberate on the size of the fine to be imposed and then staggered the financial world by announcing, while the crowds in the court room applauded, the sum of $29,240,000. It was the largest fine in history. The next day, known throughout the country, Landis was hailed as the judge without fear. The New York *World* called his decision "a great event in American political and financial history." He was stopped in the streets of Chicago to be congratulated and was praised as Roosevelt's greatest ally in the "Big Stick" campaign against the trusts. All this delighted him, but he expressed indignation when it was suggested that he run for President.

"To think that I would accept political preferment as a reward for what I have done on the bench," he said, "is to impeach my integrity as a judge and my honor as a man."

In July of 1908 the Circuit Court of Appeals, in a decision which took Landis severely to task, revoked the $29,240,000 penalty and ordered a new trial for the Standard Oil. It was never held. The nation had been rocked by the panic of the fall of 1907, and Roosevelt was soon to go out of office.

IV

During the decade that followed Judge Landis was comparatively quiet.

His hair grew snow-white and his reputation for wisdom increased accordingly. The Standard Oil fine was still remembered, but, for the most part, his flourishes in the court room were chiefly of local interest, and the press associations mentioned him less and less. With the entrance of the United States into the World War in 1917 he again flashed into national prominence, however. He began to typify a country mad with patriotism, and once again his reasoning powers were submerged by waves of emotion. Few men have been as zealous in the suppression of minorities, and his charges to juries were dangerously similar to patriotic addresses.

But in time of war almost anything is possible, and this fire-eater was permitted to sit in judgment upon men charged with disloyalty and conspiracy against the Government. Even if Judge Landis had been the essence of keen, cold intellect instead of a bundle of emotions, it is doubtful whether he could have been impartial. For one thing, his cherished son was flying with the A. E. F. in France, and he lived in constant dread of a telegram announcing that the boy had been killed.

The first wartime defendants to be tried before him were several score of stupid and confused members of the I. W. W. forces, gathered in by energetic agents of the Department of Justice. Even Landis felt sorry for some of them, admitted them to bail, and did what he could to make their lot easier. He felt that, at the worst, they were ineffectual and rather absurd. But he did not protest, in the name of justice, when a brass band that was whooping up the citizenry for the Liberty Loan blared unceasingly under the rotunda of the Post Office Building where his court room was located. Sometimes the patriotic music was so loud that witnesses could scarcely be heard. The chances of men on trial for sedition under such conditions were slim indeed. And upon the inevitable verdicts of guilty, Judge Landis sent the bewildered defendants to Leavenworth Prison for maximum terms. If he had a measure of contemptuous sympathy for the Wobblies, he hated and even feared the Socialists, more intelligent and, therefore, dangerous. When Congressman Victor L. Berger and four other leaders of the National Socialist party were so unfortunate as to be tried before him on similar charges Judge Landis found it difficult to maintain even a wartime semblance of justice in the proceedings. After these defendants, too, had been convicted he imposed ten to twenty year terms in prison—again the largest penalties possible under the law.

"It was my great disappointment," he said in an address before the American Legion some months afterward, "to give Berger only twenty years in Leavenworth. I believe the law should have enabled me to have had Berger lined up against a wall and shot."

Most of the I. W. W. defendants and all of the five Socialists were later liberated by the higher courts. In the latter trial Landis was specifically held to have been prejudiced against the accused men.

It should, perhaps, be said in his behalf that he was no worse than the majority of his fellow citizens and certainly not the only jurist in the United States who did his bit from the bench to help the boys in France. The people of Chicago approved heartily of his conduct, and by Armistice Day he had become a sort of Windy City Solomon. A kindly man, except when torn by patriotism, he could not refuse to listen in chambers to the private quarrels of citizens who came to him. And it is to his credit that by doing so he prevented many a long and expensive lawsuit. These activities as arbiter were, incidentally, excellent preparation for the work he was destined shortly to do in saving from destruction the game of baseball.

Judge Landis had first come into contact, officially, with baseball when the independent Federal League sought in 1916 to bring action under the Sherman

anti-trust law against the existing big leagues. Landis heard the case and dismissed the action, remarking in his opinion that the "Court's expert knowledge of baseball, obtained by more than thirty years of observation of the game," convinced him that the suit would have been "if not destructive, at least vitally injurious to the game."

Landis' claim that he had long been a student of baseball was no mere boast. For years, aside from fishing, it had been his favorite hobby. He had often been photographed attending crucial games. In 1920 the faith of the nation in the game was shattered when it developed that the World Series of the year before had been a fraud and that a half dozen players had been led astray by the gambling interests. There had been rumors, before, that all was not well, but this was the first irrefutable proof of dishonesty. The outcry was agonized and long. Editorial writers took cognizance of the gravity of the situation. Sporting writers throughout the country demanded that something be done.

Eventually even the baseball magnates were disturbed, since it seemed as though the gate receipts might fall off. Finally someone suggested that a Tzar of Baseball, with complete control over every department of the industry, be appointed. William Howard Taft was nominated and then "Big Bill" Edwards, famous as a Princeton sportsman. But the baseball owners reacted most favorably to the name of Kenesaw Mountain Landis. They had come into contact with him during the Federal League litigation. They recalled the Standard Oil fine and his talent for publicity. They knew of his great reputation for wisdom and honesty. So they offered him the job at fifty thousand dollars a year, promised to do without question whatever he ordered, and told him to re-establish the game.

It is an open secret that they wished him to remain on the bench, knowing Federal Judge Landis to be more impressive than Landis, former Judge. For two years he held both jobs, despite a flood of criticism from Congress, the press, and the American Bar Association. Two years later, after even impeachment had been discussed, he resigned from the bench with the explanation that he had not the time for his numerous duties.

V

In his private life Judge Landis has many of the characteristics of the small-town squire. As a judge he loved to be recognized in the street and congratulated for some decision. He still likes to be called upon to attend banquets, sit at the speakers' tables and make an address. He has recently taken up golf, another outlet for profanity—in which art he is said to be more profuse than original.

Judge Landis makes no secret of his eccentricities, nor does he object to being photographed in weird poses, such as eating "hot dogs" in the grand stand or yelping for home runs. He has always been enough of a publicist to know that a good story about him is worth columns of dignified editorial praise. One of the stories he enjoys telling upon himself, which may prove that the incident never happened, concerns a slippery night when he was bound for the opera with Mrs. Landis. The pavements outside of the opera house were very treacherous and the Judge was exceedingly apprehensive that his wife might fall. Just as she got out of the cab he warned her, but a second too late. He lunged for her arm and with difficulty held her up.

"Look out, darling!" he burst out in exasperation. "You'll break your goddam neck!"

He thoroughly relished his job as judge of the federal court; more, probably, than he does his present more lucrative one. Now he presides over meetings that are customarily held behind doors. Then he ruled in the open and gloried in the bowing and scraping of those sum-

moned to his court room. He liked to strut through the corridors in his robes of office, to march into the dingy restaurant and have the waitress scream, "Swiss on rye and milk the cow for the government!" while all the other lunchers stopped eating to watch.

When, in 1922, he resigned from the bench, his last day in court provided an outlet for a sentimental orgy unparalleled in the annals of the bench or the stage. He almost wept as the spectators stood for the last time while he pulled his gown about him and court was adjourned at the end of the day. Back in his chambers, he held a reception. Old attendants, clerks and stenographers who had served him for seventeen years came in to tell him what a great man he was. The newspaper men detailed to the court house called in a body and handed him a testimonial done on parchment. Most of them suspected that he was nine-tenths hokum. Many, having first seen him as cub reporters, had learned from him their first lesson in disillusionment. But all were fond of him and wished him well now that he was to devote all of his time to baseball. Judge Landis looked at them and then around his chambers. Workmen were carting out his personal possessions, among them the propellers of his son's wartime airplane. It was then that his mask dropped away.

"Oh, Hell!" he burst out. "What can I say to you fellows? These people come in and say I'm a great man. But I know you fellows made me. You printed stuff about me and that's the reason I've got a fifty thousand dollar job now. I don't kid myself."

On the whole he has been successful as the first of the American Romanoffs. Most of the sporting writers are his ardent supporters. He was reëlected for another seven-year term last December and his salary was boosted to sixty-five thousand dollars despite grumbling from some of the magnates that he had been more of an autocrat than anyone had intended. The Judge has been subjected to considerable unfavorable criticism since his pay was raised. This arose from his precipitate action in making public apparently uncorroborated charges against Cobb and Speaker, two revered figures of baseball who had retired from the game some months previous. Many fans said that Landis should have waited for proof; some went as far as to insinuate that he had been less than judicial. An editorial in the *World* remarked that—"the 'Czar' who is paid sixty-five thousand dollars a year to keep baseball 'clean' has only succeeded in smearing it up with muck." But all of this, it is likely, will be forgotten and the Judge will return to high favor when Babe Ruth starts hitting home runs in the spring.

COMMON LAW

A STORY

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

THE FARM calendars that Aaron kept—come to think of it, they were the choicest things that he had left. Not that they said much. All winter, save for notings of a blizzard or a loss of stock, there were mostly gaps. But take them day by day in spring. It wasn't only that they told her what to do, so that by studying and looking back she could work out the circle of the crops and farm life. They brought back days and hours—even little minutes that stood out.

"Sprayed for scale." If she closed her eyes she could see orchards with their branch tips running red, and him behind a shower that blew and fell and took the light. Or "Jenny calved." She'd gone with him to look. She must have gone to look. There had been something in the way he handled young. Or take this very day last year: "Fish hawks come. Frost out of the low meadows. Plowed." Nothing more than that for all the to and fro from dawn till dark; the team of horses sweating, shining, plodding slow, and Aaron coming towards her, scooping out a furrow straight and clean, his body braced as though to a high wind.

Yet those calendars—she'd used to tell him they were foolish things. If it was spring and time to plow you didn't need a date. You felt it was. How? he'd asked. By lots of ways. The way the sunlight traveled round the house, not slantwise—beating down. The way the cats would let the wind blow ridges in their fur so long as they were squatted in a patch of light. The way the pigeons took to strutting on the roof. The way the hoof marks in the barnyard churned to muck. So many ways. But mostly by the way you felt inside. And he'd admitted she was right. Pretty much, things happened so and so on such a date what with each season tending to its own. But he couldn't get warmed up for summer work, he'd said, not until the fish hawks had come back.

The fish hawks—curious she should be missing them for the first time to-day. Stepping from the kitchen door, she'd sought to find them settling on the buttonwood that they'd half killed. They ought to be there crying shrill. Not that there weren't sounds enough: sounds, no matter what, that it was good to hear—the shout of men sent back again to open fields, the plonking of the horses' hoofs, the squeak and jingle of the plowshare, and nearer by the whinny, new and small, of colts put out for the first time to pasture, the lowing of the bull, the hidden grunt of the old sow. But with the world all ready once again for things to happen and shine out, the warm sky needed wings. They should be coming from the river with the beat of time between each stroke. They should be cutting dark against the blue, circling, tilting white, and flashing through the air.

With all she had to do, she hadn't time to stop. But listening for them—that was why she hadn't heard the throbbing of a motor up the lane. A car was turning in her gate. A man, a

gentleman was getting out. She'd got to tell him he was miles from nowhere off of the main road. He must have thought to take a short cut at the turn.

But he'd shut his motor off, was walking up to her.

"Was she Amanda Slade?"

"No. Yes. She guessed she was."

The neighborhood had fallen all away and left just him. There was something in the way he spoke that made the blood come scorching to her skin.

All the same he must be one of those who once a year or so came nosing at the kitchen door—sleek young men who'd tell you if you listened all about a woman's lonely life upon a farm, of what new-fangled things would limber up her spirits by saving of her time, of easy terms, five dollars down. . . .

Short and firm—that was the way to make them go.

"She wasn't buying. Not a thing."

But he was smiling at her thinking that he'd come to sell. He was saying that he'd come to give her good advice. His smile was like the whet edge of a scythe.

"No more was she asking for advice."

As though it hadn't seemed, these weeks, that there'd be one who'd set her straight about the farm; who'd show her what to plant and where to get the biggest yield; which fields would stand the growing strength of fodder corn, and which were running poor and needed sweetening of red sorrel with a crop of rye.

Only such a man would look as though he knew the feel of earth between his hands. This man—he didn't seem to know it was a part of all you had to do. It wasn't earth to him—just dirt. He was stooping down by the back steps to flick it off his boots.

And now she got a look at him—what faces people sometimes had. He should be turning, twisting in the darkness after something fleeing, not sitting out here in the open. He was like a weazel, like a ferret. Mean little eyes that watched which way you meant to dodge or double. Mean little jaw that would know how to clamp and bite.

But if her heart would only stumble to her throat, why then the quick of her was still alive. . . . Save for holding back her work, this man could go or he could sit. She hadn't heard him really till he asked how much she'd take.

Take, indeed! So that, then, was his business. Buying up. Hunting out lone women left with likely land, coaxing from them acres that they feared to wield, cutting off for money down the meadows farthest out, then coming nearer to the farmhouse till, by lopping off green pastures, he had left it standing at the heart.

Not to tell him that it wasn't only faith you kept with people living; that you kept your faith as well with land they'd tilled; that as the farm had come to her, so would she pass it to her son and Aaron's son. Yes, field by field and every inch. . . .

Her voice could chip out words.

"She wasn't selling, either. Her stone walls weren't for looks."

But he was asking, "Now that Aaron Jencks had died?"

"Even so, that made no difference."

Not meaning to, she'd lied. She'd lied against the days and nights of these last weeks. No difference—what with always thinking she remembered, then glancing up—forgetting—at a shape, a shadow. Or looking out at noon across the wide sweep of the pastures, or at milking time to where the bars let down—sometimes the whole length of the lane. No difference—then what about the feeling which at a step, a shout, a call, could still come swinging through her? Or that other feeling when she had to make quite sure, when lying in her bed, she still put out a hand to touch.

Someone was trying hard to make her hear. He was telling her things weren't so simple. And his hard bright eyes were taking in the fields as though the clods had turned themselves for the spring planting. He had seen nothing

of the toil of mind and body, hands and feet that had gone into them.

"No, things," he said, "were not so simple as all that."

"On the whole he thought she'd better take his client's terms and not attempt to make a claim as common-law wife. Otherwise she'd have to take her case to court. And there with lawyer's fees and costs, with not a thing to go on, she'd be bound to lose out altogether. Wiser far to settle, to settle and clear out without a bit of fuss and trouble than to make a losing fight."

Client, lawyer's fees, and costs—court and common law. Say them over in her mind and they meant nothing. They were town words. It was different—something tightened, something sprang on guard when he'd said "fight."

But the things that she knew how to fight were acts of God: blizzards that could get their backs up in the north and sweep up drifts man-high between you and the cattle; hail storms that of a sudden, out of nowhere, ribbed the fresh, young green; drought that dried up sap and turned the stalks to wires; blights and pests and murrain. Not that they weren't bad enough what with the profits of past years drained out or wiped out in a twinkling. But she and Aaron, they had faced what they had had to face alone, taken it in silence. They hadn't had to harness up and drive ten miles to any law court. What's more, they'd faced what they had had to face with everything they knew about them. At least they'd had their feet on their own earth.

And now that earth itself—when she looked out at it, it hadn't changed. How brown it was, how smooth, and curved, and clean. How still. It lay there waiting to be filled, to yield as it had always yielded. Yet since she'd looked at it a threat had come upon it—worse than any blight because she couldn't see it. She only felt it by the way the man was watching. His eyes were secret, cunning, like a ferret's when the thing it means to catch, it holds at bay.

"Settle and clear out," he'd said. With that her mind went turning round and round in a black circle. What claim had he? What right? Still it was through her he meant to hurt the farm. So long as she was there he couldn't touch it. Her voice was steady.

"She was staying where she was. She'd like to see the one who'd put her off the place with Aaron's men about her."

He knew, he must have known that she had but to call; and yet his sureness of her hadn't slackened. Between his words his jaw shut with a bite.

"All right. She could try it if she liked. The law had ways of taking things in its own hands."

Then of a sudden he was going slow and careful, almost friendly.

"Look here; he'd show her how things were. If Mr. Jencks had made no will . . ."

A will? Aaron ever thinking of a time when he'd be dead; Aaron ever thinking of a time when he'd be old, ever thinking farther than to-morrow? And to-morrow—what was it to him but just a day to use upon the land? She could see him still a hundred ways, but always with his body braced against the wind, and always in the open. Not hunting out the pen and ink, not planning out on paper, not sitting down and keeping quiet long enough to make a will.

"All the same he meant the place for her. Until the boy was grown he'd meant the place for her. . . ."

She heard herself shout and claim it.

And she knew that there was that in proof that she could tell: Aaron brought in from the stockyard with his body trampled, giving way and slack; lying with her arm beneath his head as he had never lain, not in the daylight; getting her to listen, getting her to promise what no longer'd seemed to matter. "Oats this year and clover next. After wheat, then swedes." Those were the words he'd kept on saying. "After swedes, then vetch." Like a command which she was never to forget.

Her lips had opened and then closed. If she told this man he'd never understand. Besides, she must have told him what he wanted. He wasn't hesitating now.

"Since Aaron Jencks had left no will . . ."

His voice was coming from a long way off, yet sounding sure, and loud, and dreadful.

"Since Aaron Jencks had left no will, what rights he might have given her were forfeited."

So that was what she hadn't understood—Aaron turning to her at the last, not scared of dying—but the tight, drawn look about his face. He'd been worried over something that he hadn't time to say or do, troubled over something that he hadn't said or done.

She must rid him of all blame.

"A will was only words, only feelings you set down."

The man had snapped her up:

"Just so. Then when they weren't set down, who knew—? That being so, the law stepped in and passed things to the next of kin."

Why, then, she wasn't beaten yet. The voice rising in her now—it was the voice that she had always had to hear in spring, that part of spring that she had always had to shut her ears against.

"Next of kin. Then what about a son?"

Her voice, she knew, was like a creature's fending for its young.

However, in a court, it seemed, it wasn't as it was upon a farm. A foal was just its mare's. Stock wasn't valued by a likeness to the sire. Son and father, you could set them each by each and not a soul would take the truth of his own eyes. Her son was only hers. The man had made it clear by putting it in her own tongue.

That was the reason she was answering questions now—they hadn't any sense or point to them.

"No, the boy was called young Aaron—that was all. Whoever'd call a baby but by his first name?"

And she was answering questions all about herself, before she was herself, before she had been Aaron's.

"Yes, she had come when Aaron's mother was alive. Yes, come as the hired girl. And no, when Mrs. Jencks had died, she hadn't thought of leaving—less than ever then. A man left by himself—why, let alone the cooking, he didn't even know when it was time to eat. What good was he at tending to himself?"

"And why they hadn't gone to town, got married right and proper—that she couldn't say. Only that it wasn't easy turning matters over to the hands, locking up, and driving off, the two of them, both going off for the whole day, not caring what should happen on the place."

Yet, looking out across the fields that lay there bare and honest in the sun, she knew that wasn't why. Those fields made up of squares and bands and pie-piece cuts were real. Every hedge and every thicket, every gap in the stone walls, every path that skirted or ran crosswise—each of them was real. Every tree was real by being where it was, its shine and shadow thus and thus at such a time of day. But real life ended where the willows bristled and the water meadows widened out. Ten miles beyond was town, known, needed only for the things that Aaron had brought home. But as for going down herself—some day maybe, not to-day. Aaron had pestered her at first, but later he had understood. "Rooted like a tree she was," that's what he'd used to say, "save that her roots went reaching out beyond her spread and stopped where her own pastures stopped."

Town and its marriage laws to bind and hold. A farm had its own ways—right and proper who should say? Those ways—they had to do with giving, not with promises and holdings back. They had to do with seasons, with summer in full leaf, with long cut swaths all smelling sweet and hot and glistening in the sun, with fish hawks

wheeling overhead, with hay that rose on either side and shut the world off by two stiff, straight walls. And more, they'd had to do with Aaron and herself meeting there between the walls at noon. Mating you could call it, but that didn't make it shameful. Once knowing how things were between you, what was the use of laws to bind and hold? Not when you knew that what must come to one must always come to both.

And taking good or ill and sharing it alike—what was that if it wasn't marriage? The pride they'd had not only in their child, but in their bins filled up, hay in before the rain, crops swelling in the ground or filling out the sheaves had been a part of something that was binding. So had the drag and silence when the cows went dry from drought or smut came black upon the wheat. And the record of all that . . . Maybe Aaron hadn't left a will. But day by day he'd set the record of the life they'd lived upon his calendars. This year bad, and better next—or worse. You could look back and see how they had stuck it out together, the seasons that they'd shared.

To get the calendars . . . But even when she'd put them in his hands, this man would scarcely look at them. "Frost out of the low meadows. Plowed." How different he could make them read. And "Farm doings only," that was all that he could see to them. As for her, he couldn't find a reference. No reference when no matter what had been set down, she knew in Aaron's mind she'd been a part of it—there in every little square on every page.

Instead, it seemed that she had got to know that Aaron meant to put some slight upon her.

"Witnesses?" the man was asking. "The neighbors for example . . . ? Had she and Mr. Jencks admitted to anyone their intention? No, of course they hadn't. Nor could she say that Mr. Jencks had once acknowledged her to anyone—not as his wife."

"They had no neighbors, no one but the hands."

"Well, then, the hands. Come, now, what title had he used when he had had to speak of her?"

Aaron had to speak of her? Put that way, she couldn't answer. But time and again as she had gone about her work, how she had smiled to hear him booming out there in the barnyard. "Ask her. Fetch her," he was always shouting. And Manuel or Jean—straight to the kitchen door it sent them scurrying. They hadn't stopped to question whom he'd meant. Or other times when setting off for the whole day, he'd turned to give them their last orders. "She'll tend to it if anything comes up." There had been pride in hearing that, and thankfulness. "She" and "her." Just "she" and "her," as though there was no other woman in the world.

But thinking back about those days, her ear had caught a strange, a different stillness. Surely it wasn't noontime yet. A little to the east the sun was sloping. All the same the farm had lost the noisy sounds that were its heartbeat. Why was it that she couldn't hear the squeak and jingle of the plowshare, the calls of men, the soft, slow plodding? Nothing but the lowing of the bull, the whinny of the colts, the grunting of the sow?

The man was saying that he couldn't wait all day. "What did she mean to do? He'd got to have an answer."

"He could wait or not, she'd got to know the trouble."

Silly for her to feel like this when everything had happened that could happen. No concern of hers if, standing up, she saw the horses with their heads hung. What did it matter now to her, if, instead of working back and forth across the sun, the men were idling in a patch of shadow? What did it matter now to her if, instead of idling, they were shouting for her, running for her up the lane?

The soft, dark eyes of Aaron's Portuguese—if they would only speak and make things clear, not look at her and beg so, trusting her to help whatever

was the trouble. Why, it was she who needed help in such a way they couldn't help her. Yet there was pleading like a dog's that made you know that you had got to follow. There was leaping gladness like a dog's that ran ahead so certain things would come out right if you were following behind.

The men had dropped below the hill, were cutting down to the low meadow. This path—how many times she'd taken it in spring, letting her work go to watch the start of plowing. How many times along the flank of that brown earth below she'd stood beneath the buttonwood, wasting time—and yet not wasting it, while watching. Her way of getting winter over in her mind. And this morning wasn't different from those other mornings. Real life hadn't stopped. The soil, gnawed free of frost, was clinging to her feet. The breeze was going down her throat as mild as milk. The sun had found a way again to warm as well as shine. Only Aaron, looking down on the ribbed field, the first he'd turned to in the spring, she couldn't leave him out of it. This very day last year. . . . "Frost out of the low meadows. Plowed." Almost she thought to see him coming towards her with his share held steady, its nose deep burrowing along the warm, moist soil.

No time to think of that. The men had taken down the bars, were waiting eagerly to let her go ahead of them. Whatever it might be, it must be something that she had to face alone.

A sense of quiet first—and peace. The sense of everything she knew about her. There in the center of the pasture stood the buttonwood. On such a day its bark was blinding white in sunlight. Its boughs were crooked and leafless, reaching up and swaying stiffly in the breeze. It couldn't be that from its crotch the nest . . . No, there it was spilling out along the brace that Aaron had once nailed beneath it. And there above it were the fish hawks circling. But why were they so still? They were curving to the right and left. They were skimming the whole field in a low flight and wheeling back again. From who knows where they had come homing and now, with heads stretched out between their pinions, they were searching all about in silence. Before they dropped their wings, why there was something, someone whom they'd got to find.

So that was why the men had stopped their work and run for her. They'd been afraid because of all that Aaron used to tell to scare them: how every year the birds came back; and how their eggs weren't laid for climbing up and stealing; how if he caught the man who dared to scramble up, he'd settle him. And more than that, he'd known the way to deal with Portuguese, to reach the foreign frightened souls of them. These, he had made clear, weren't ordinary birds that roosted here and there on any crotch. They stood for what was safe and friendly, what was lasting. Let them be scared away, a pest would come upon the field. Not only on the field—on every man who worked in it.

How he'd laughed to her, saying that he'd liked to watch the fellows' eyes grow big. All the same—though silly like it was—he'd said that he had come himself to mean it. Yes, honest, when he thought about those birds, keeping somewhere in their heads, his field, his buttonwood, her standing underneath and him about his work below—holding to the thought all winter—he knew that if they ever felt the need of flying off there would be something wrong about his place.

Aaron had said that. And back the birds had come, as sure of finding him as they had been of finding their own nest in their own buttonwood. Not finding him they would fly off unless . . . Never mind the soil that clung at every step, she'd got to reach them, hadn't she? She'd got to get up close and make them understand that she was there instead of Aaron; there as he had been to watch and fend.

But, as though she wasn't hurrying with every breath, the birds had given

up their search. Call out to them, they didn't heed. They were beating out one circle, then another higher. They were rising, hanging for a moment with the wind beneath spread wings, then catching it with a great clap that sent them soaring. Up and up and up they rose. Braced at last against the tree she could just see them through its branches. And now she'd lost them in the core of light.

From way up there, they'd never see her. Never. Not her standing as she'd used to stand beneath the buttonwood. Or maybe they had seen her and had sensed the fact she couldn't guard them. With Aaron gone, she couldn't. She couldn't even stay to plant the swedes, the vetch that she had promised. She hadn't any right there on the place.

Suddenly, so suddenly that it had made her heart leap, she heard a call all mixed with whistling wind and thin with distance. Shrill and sure and nearer now there came another call that answered it. The sky was ringing out with cries.

Pin points dropping to blurred shapes —the fall of them could turn you giddy. Spread black, they cut the sun; they drifted with the wind, struck back against it lower. From overhead they were already casting shadows that grew longer and more pointed. The sweep of them across the field. The steady beat, the rustle, and the whir as they came close above her. And now as she looked up, the sheen, the gloss of plumes laid one so close upon another. A great awkward flapping in the boughs. The quiet droop and fold of wings.

And the strange thing was that, with the fold of wings, something, something fierce and reckless, had come back to her. Witnesses! She had them at this very moment. Aaron's fish hawks—no matter what had been set down or hadn't, they showed that habit, custom, being there year in, year out could make as deep a right. And more than that, they'd proved it wasn't only faith you kept with people living. You kept your faith with land, with all that was a part of it. Those birds, they'd known her. From clear above they'd seen her and come back for her. They trusted her as they had trusted Aaron. Then she would have to try and guard them just the same.

"Settle and clear out." That man up on the porch—if he was waiting there, well he could have his answer. Only that it wouldn't do to leave at once. Manuel or Jean would have to take it up to him. She was staying where she was until the birds had made themselves at home.

The happy voices of the Portuguese as they came soft to her across the meadow. And now as they stole up their eyes were shining clear; between wide smiles their teeth were gleaming. And yet they didn't seem to sense that what they'd seen was wonderful. It was no less than they'd expected when they ran to fetch her. So much she could make clear from words that ran together.

"Meester Jencks, he say those birds they know him, know him like one tree. Same way he always say those birds, they know his wife."

"His wife." It was only now that they had left, that she remembered what they'd called her. But what she had already said to them, she kept on calling after them. "That man up on the porch . . ." The wind took off her voice. Mixed with the fish hawks' cries, she heard it flying after them. "They were to tell him that she'd fight. They were to tell him that she'd fight."

WHY MUST WE BE CONSTRUCTIVE?

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

THE gentleman was plainly not a rabid one-hundred-per-center. His voice, suggestive rather than authoritative, the way he wore his nose and spectacles placed him as one who tried to weigh things judiciously and be tactful. I knew, too, how proud he was of the sort of intellectuality he had managed, through no little ambition and sacrifice, to graft upon his heredity and his aboriginal nature—the kind which serious-minded farm boys, the sons of impoverished and sometimes dissolute parents, get by listening with uncritical reverence to the lecturers at the small Middle-Western colleges, and repeat with parrotlike persuasiveness forever afterward. With such the summit of cultivated discourse is reached by the quotation route: "Now on that point, you know, William James says," . . . or, "I've just been reading up on that idea in a book by Bruce Barton."

If there is little courage or originality in him, he is not altogether to be blamed. He must make a living, and likes a good one. He is earning it just now as the fairly liberal pastor of a church acridly divided between fundamentalists and modernists. As he sees it, both his comfort and his pastoral usefulness are facilitated by a benevolent side-stepping which attacks nothing and hurts no feelings; and by resorting, in the pinches of controversy, to nobly inspirational generalities which all sides can indorse, but which, if the indorsement ever fails to be forthcoming, can be laid to the responsibility of the original authors.

So quite naturally, when the Ku Klux Klan swept down upon his community, capitalizing racial and religious prejudices in the interests of the hitherto unsuccessful office-seekers, he passed weeks in benevolent evasions. But finally they heckled him into a public declaration, and it was this: That while men might differ as to the means of realizing their loftiest purposes, no group cherishing a "white hot" ideal of a purer Americanism was rightly subject to contempt and abuse. Any enthusiast, he swellingly quoted a minor newspaper inspirationalist, was better than any cynic; any builder better than any destroyer.

His good nature and up-to-date pastoral technic lead him to encourage a teasing persiflage in his acquaintances; so a few months later I sat in his study, expressing righteous horror at so craven an effort to terminate Armageddon with a diplomatic formula. And as I suspected, another formula was ready—for his answer.

"I'm not a klansman now, and I never could be," the good man insisted disarmingly. "But I didn't have a right to jump on the Klan unless I could make my criticism constructive. The Klan is trying to build a good thing the wrong way. Then how could I help them by tearing it down?"

Thus encouraged, I resorted to constructive innuendo myself. "This means," I suggested, "that the last harsh word has been spoken from your pulpit about those builders of bigger and better recreational facilities, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment?"

"The Association Against the Prohibition Amendment is purely destructive in aim and methods, and must be fought with its own weapons," replied the reverend philosopher a little snappishly. After all, when you have used a benevolent generality that ought to justify your conduct against criticism, and have led your critic to a higher and better wisdom, it is irritating to be carped at.

II

In common with various millions of his fellow-citizens, my clerical adversary suffers, I suspect, from a residual pioneer complex. Indeed, from certain reasonably detached viewpoints, the whole nation appears at the moment to be suffering from this psychological malady rather badly; and to be laying up, through the writhings and the physical and emotional by-product of the confusion, equally painful sufferings to come.

The name seems justified because the obsession arose out of the pioneer's legitimate necessities. The pioneer had a continent to conquer and exploit to his profit. Whether he landed in Plymouth in 1620, or in California in 1850, or in some Texas "oil strike" town in the 1920's, his function was to build, to build quickly, and if possible to build big.

He had to build his city earlier and bigger than its rival, so what difference did it make if at first it was drab and hideous, and predestined, in its later handsomeness, to a depressing standardization? What if the politics of his state and local government were melodramatically sophomoric and crooked? He had to have government, didn't he, and have it in a hurry? When the railroads came, what difference did it make if they were built in corruption and often with dangerously flimsy roadbeds and rolling stock so long as they were built through his town?

And religion? He had to build a faith, too—or thought he had—as quickly and effectively as he planted his crops. So if the "great revival" of the early nineteenth century in the pioneer states plunged him into hysteria and maudlin superstitions, and produced perhaps the largest crop of ugly temples of worship ever known to pagan or Christian history, at least it built faith almost universally, and built it fast.

With the ingenuous egoism common to all of us, the pioneer sanctified all these feverish constructive activities. In this his was simply the spirit of the technical specialist who naïvely regards his calling as the noblest work of human service, or of the manufacturer who regards a lowering of the protective tariff on his product as a hand on the ark of the covenant. But because the pioneers' labors were not specialized and were being carried on, and participated in by the bulk of the population, this sacrosanct standing of his physical building processes came to have broadly national consequences.

We set up, for example, such a taboo against criticism of the quality and result of our constructive operations as orthodox prelates set up against blasphemy of their gods. By Jackson's time we were the greatest, the most virile, the most moral, the most politically capable nation on earth; and, native or foreigner, no man spoke against this article of faith but at his peril. Half-wit political ranters, coarse and sharp-trading captains of local industry, corrupt railroad magnates were demi-deified and, save by a few mad and bewhiskered eccentrics, evil could not be spoken of them, or even imagined. They were the high priests of the building cult of which the whole nation were the fervent lay worshippers.

To all of us doubt was a crime and a fit cause of damnation, satire a Satanic abomination. A Dickens ridiculing the mannerisms, the pretenses, and the ugliness of the raw civilization we had built was replied to, not as a man who had stated a debatable opinion ungraciously, but as an iconoclast who had defiled the Holy Ghost.

During those years almost the only physical thing of their creation which the American people permitted to be destroyed was the United States Bank. But first they let their maudlin politics persuade them that the bank was a check on the unrestricted flow of their constructive energies in the local fields. True also, the Southerners once made an effort to destroy the Union. But they did so in the conviction that the constructive labors they were engaged in could not be successfully finished without state rights and slavery, whereas the Northerners, who defeated them, were equally convinced that the building work they had undertaken could be finished only with freedom and intensive nationalism. The Civil War itself was, in this aspect, a clash of creeds between two fervent sects who regarded building as the holy purpose of their lives.

But inevitably, without entirely vanishing, the emphasis on mere physical construction declined. The continent was occupied, its political institutions, local and national, were stabilized. It was networked with railroads, it bristled with cities, industries, schools, and churches. With such needs we caught up so well that by the dawn of the twentieth century we had begun to regard some of our achievements in material growth critically.

Sometimes we were fairly mild about it. We altered our standards of architecture and interior decorating away from the horrors of the Tyler-to-Cleveland periods by the genteel pressure of a rising and more standardized public taste. We "improved" education, public and private, by extending to it the blessings of a more rigid and autocratic organization.

But again we were ferocious. We muckraked our politics and our industries almost into the rogues' gallery of popular mental imagery. We regulated our railroads with a semi-penal espionage and discipline which practically prevented further expansion for the better part of a generation. Thus in a measure, the pioneers' old obsession that all physical growth, good or bad, was sacrosanct, blew up. With numerous inconsistencies and lapses, with numerous applications in hot blood and bad judgment, we began to cherish the principle that physical growth had better be of fair quality and in the right direction.

But just here the pioneer complex left its hangover. Into the realm of ideas and morals, of reform and organization we transferred the building cult bodily, with its fetish worship of achievement and "positive" programs and its taboos on criticism intact. It had become good form to muckrake Wall Street, the trusts and the railroads as sinister powers of corruption and oppression. It was almost fashionable to lament with Hebrew prophet's ire that Boosterburg's city hall was an æsthetic offense to civilization and to call its council a bunch of grafters.

But if we became vaguely critical of the pioneer's building processes, the new processes which we devised for improving upon his work became instantly sacred to ourselves, and we protected them against taste, honesty, and common sense with the same blasphemy statutes. We scorned the sprawling jerry-built ugliness of the pioneer's cities. Yet when we enlarged them by the ballyhoo and cheaply standardized prettiness of fervent realtors, by the misrepresenting blurb of Chambers of Commerce, and by seducing new industries to them that would have done better to stay where they were, we called our labor holy and all detached commentators by the anathematizing epithet of knockers. We glanced with pious horror on the moral corruption and the sloppy inefficiency of the pioneers' institutions. But when two or three of us, or as more often happened, two or three million of us gathered together and organized a "movement" to reform their sad deficiencies, we outfitted our effort in the panoply of a celestially inspired crusade and assumed to ourselves and

our good intentions a priestly infallibility.

We who united in such activities and daily invented new ones were the only doers, the sole positive and constructive forces in the civilization of the republic. It was so because we admitted it. Furthermore, ours was the sole orthodox form of behavior in American society, and all other activities were destroying heresies. The critic, whether rational or eccentric, honest or dishonest, even the innocently reflective but non-participating spectator, was a drone, a negation, an iconoclast, and a foe to the civilization's divinely appointed progress —and, doubtless, secretly a designing bolshevik.

The worst constructive work, as my pastoral adversary instructed me, was superior to the sanest criticism; the maddest project for bigness and betterness was of God, whereas the most rational obstruction was out of hell via Moscow. The sole objections which the constructive evangels tolerated were those which proposed to substitute even more fanatic building and remodelling labors for those already undertaken. The conventionally minded worshipper was licensed only to make the delusions more frantic.

In the first two decades of the century the multitudes were proselyted into this revised faith of the fathers. It was easy. One rarely flicked a cigaret ash on Main Street without a flake landing on someone actively and organizedly building or reforming something. It was agreeable for such to persuade themselves that their aspirations and labors partook of divinity, while opposition suggested the subtle serpent out of Sheol. It was natural for those not constructively or reformatorily minded by nature, but congenitally allured by herd slogans and superstitions, to rush after baptism. So, in spite of the late Mr. Bryan's insistence that it cherished Yahveh of Eden and the Exodus, the nation really united in worship of the Constructive Fetish.

III

Such a cult has inevitably produced disastrous consequences, foremost among which was the vast stimulus it gave to the nation's already flourishing organization mania.

We have been, of course, more or less aboriginally a nation of "joiners." But hitherto our joinings had been mainly a matter of personal predilection. We united with the Methodists for our private spiritual edification, with the Elks or the Old Settlers' Whist Club for our social pleasures, or with the Bricklayers' Union for what we could get out of it. But, except with the unions in times of taut economic struggle we were equally at liberty to stay out. Joining or not joining was a good deal like choosing or not choosing meat for breakfast. In those years of valiant gastronomy most of us did, but we did not regard the matutinal steak and onions as a religious means of building ourselves into better go-getters. Neither was there a religious stigma on refraining.

But with the adoption of the constructive fetish as the national idol all this was changed. Once the joining act became holy, all sought consecration. To refrain from memberships in half a dozen of the more obvious improving organizations that lay athwart one's path became the hallmark of the social infidel, not to say the religious heretic. Certain organizations were recognized as working at cross-purposes, but the main thing was to be organized. Masons themselves came to look with suspicion upon the Catholic neighbor who did not belong to the Knights of Columbus.

And the joining act became doubly sacrosanct when coupled with some noble and flamboyantly expressed constructive purpose. Hence, the organizations that one joined ceased to be interested solely and naturally in procuring the pleasure and profit of their members, but set out, each in its peculiar way, to confer self-

defined constructive benefits upon society at large. The Methodists—to recur to one of our random examples—began to push, along with the old program of private salvation for the initiate, prohibition, and the gorgeous array of reform projects of their Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. Between wage conflicts the unions began lecturing the government on its duty to Mexico and the League of Nations.

Even those former organizations of mere sociability, the clubs and the lodges, instituted programs for extending the blessings of good cheer and sentimentalized Americanism to the whole republic; marshalled their tightly organized and more and more constructive-purposed bodies behind a thousand and one local projects for the home town's holy enlargement and sacred improvement in virtue. Those which found no room in their titles or traditions for constructive purposes were placed in an awkward position. The Old Settlers' Whist Club was lucky if it did not find itself merged some sorry evening with the Good Government League or the Chamber of Commerce. Even the Country Clubs barely managed to escape helping those outside their membership onward and upward, and frequently did lend themselves cautiously to the constructive raptures of town boosting.

And in spite of their occasional mergers and the efficiency clauses in the constructive creed, there were always more, bigger, and more appalling organizations. People of like ideas and interests were evangelized into banding together because they had common objects to advance. People of vividly diverse, even clashing ideas and interests were evangelized into banding together because in their variety they had so much to "give" one another, and might, by straining hard enough after it, discover a common objective.

It became virtually impossible for two pickle manufacturers, or two men of light and leading who agreed about the smoke nuisance, to meet each other on a train leaving Chicago, without drafting in the next three hours plans for a national alliance of true believers which would only too quickly be made good. Then next year, after wild flurries of correspondence and one or two strategic regional rallies, there would be a national convention, to deluge some fair metropolis with war whoops for bigger pickle helpings or more smoke nuisance abatement, as the case might be. The year later there would be a large publicity staff coaxing one hundred and fifteen million people to believe in the nation-building efficiency of pickles, or smoke elimination; and a formidable legislative committee in Washington and the more important state capitals to see that statesmen were kept informed as to how government could be helpful.

And when government had done its bit by outlawing smoke, or taxing foreign-born pickles into the discard, would these vast associations of achievement retire from the field with their laurels, and disband? Not exactly! Now was just the time to begin seriously worshipping the constructive fetish. So, with the wheels of propaganda and lobbyism whirling more ostentatiously than ever, behold the pickle association establishing a public diet foundation to improve the calorie ratios of New Yorkers, the Mid-West peasantry, and the Filipinos; or the Smoke Abatement League joining with three million federated feminine orders to bring better houses to the Shoshone Indians. In time they might come to dictating Japanese policy to the President or prescribing federal departments of education to Congress. But meanwhile one could be sure that great cities would wrangle for the honor of entertaining their conventions and executive conferences, and that great newspapers would wrangle for reports of their purposes and their goings-on. One who undertook to inform them that as pickle purveyors or smoke limiters they were sadly out of their province, and that their province was

of doubtful importance anyway, must expect to be informed more in anger than in sorrow that he was an alien to the true American spirit.

But, reflects the critical reader, pickle manufacturers and smoke-abatement enthusiasts do not invariably meet their kind on trains emerging from Chicago. The world is such a large place after all that the Pullman sectionmate of the pickle manufacturer may be the professor of Homiletics in a Pacific Coast theological seminary, and the foe of smoke nuisances may breakfast in the dining car with the torch-bearer of some new scheme for co-operative farm marketing. Alas, such diversity no longer affords security. Bitten sufficiently by the constructive impulse, pickles and homiletics are predestined to form a new luncheon club with the slogan "Every high school boy a military bugler." Smoke abatement and co-operative salesmanship are celestially appointed to form the World League for Compulsory Adult Sunday School Attendance. Or it may be that the whole foursome is fused by the melting influence of the popular divinity into a cult for improving and standardizing the melodies of hog-callers.

In any case, whatever they attempt is sanctified by its constructive intentions. Let the detached spectator laugh at its whimsicalities, or yawn over its tiresomeness; let the critic proclaim the noble work to be poppycock and nobody's business, and he is listened to, not as a reasonable objector, but howled down as a criminal committing sacrilege. What right has he to criticize if he isn't "constructive" himself?

IV

As a result we have in the land what may be described as the Constructive Babel. The Constructive Babel is an orgy of organized pulling and hauling in contradictory directions, a comedy of waste effort and idealism, a sentimental romance of mutual indorsements and log-rollings, an acrobatic farce of bootstrap levitation, and an extravaganza of exploitation—the whole signifying chiefly confusion and nonsense.

Each and every organization automatically creates a more or less equal and opposite anti-body, itself professing the noblest of constructive purposes. The Anti-Saloon League creates the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. The Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals inspires the flow of a caustic life fluid in the veins of the Friends of the Saloon. Constructive prohibition enforcement creates the constructively organized bootleg traffic and the most systematic regime of domestic drinking known in the republic since the passing of the sainted Revolutionary generation. A rational prophet must expect that if our four protagonists of the Chicago Pullman united for the improvement of hog-calling technic under federal experts, the inevitable result would be the formation of a league for the legal suppression of hog-calling by federal policemen in the interests of the countryside's constructive quiet.

A vast amount of useful constructive achievement which might be accomplished quietly through the common sense of individuals is negatived by these conflicts. Either the contending organizations become locked in permanent stalemates so that nothing is done, or specious accomplishment is nullified by the awakened resistance. Anti-evolution laws which safeguard the constructive yeasting of orthodox Christian theology make confirmed evolutionists of the *intelligentzia* in rural Southern high schools who might otherwise have fancied that the subject had something to do with chemistry. The Lord's Day Alliance stimulates the constructive activities of organized Sabbath athletics.

Furthermore, a vast amount of self-admittedly constructive labor is essentially destructive. Grasping industrial associations in the eastern manu-

facturing states do not care how many agricultural customers they ruin in the corn belt so long as they protect their own beneficent operations for progress with prohibitive tariffs. Agrarians have no scruples about building a bigger and better prosperity for themselves by taxing industry near to bankruptcy in order to pay for their own reckless improvidence in production. To reconstruct the racial purity, the religious prejudices, and the surly provincial patriotism which it fancifully associated with the nation's founders, the Ku Klux Klan was cheerfully ready to ruin the nation's peace with scandal-mongering and billingsgate, the nation's business with boycotts. In many cases "constructive" is simply a trick adjective applied to a cantankerous and short-sighted selfishness to make it holy and place it above deserved reproach and rational criticism.

Even the noble and peculiarly sacrosanct process of city-boosting often merits this harsh description. The community which honors me by permitting my residence is, for example, situated in the middle of a vast desert on a remote border of the republic. For 250,000 square miles of this sparsely populated region it is a natural trading metropolis. Irrigation affords it certain profitable, but definitely limited, suburban opportunities for cotton, alfalfa, and melon culture. It is the logical headquarters for division and repair work on some trans-continental railroads and for some regional trade back and forth across international boundaries. It has a fair-sized military post. With such assets it might support 50,000 people in abundant prosperity and aided by its remoteness, create for itself a community life of piquant individuality.

Actually it has lured more than 100,000 souls to its bosom in the name of constructive progress. That these 50,000-odd "extras" might do us more good buying our melons, our alfalfa, and our cotton back in Iowa, Massachusetts, and Georgia never occurs to us. Instead, we strain our energies, our bank accounts, and our list of seductive advertising adjectives trying to lift ourselves by our hard-worked bootstraps to 200,000; toward, if we may believe our more fervent "builders," half a million. To attain either end we should, if it were possible, depopulate Kansas overnight, even though a prosperous and populous Kansas were our choicest market.

The result of it all is, of course, a vaguely discontented and rather indigent population whose chief means of self-support is swapping the quarters we make by repairing one another's secondhand Fords at heavily mortgaged service stations. In spite of the population increase, property will rarely rent for what it costs to maintain it. Hence the pressure of the "own-your-own-home" movement—another of the "constructive" cults—is almost irresistible. Every few years we all swap houses again, usually to the tune of considerable losses. Meanwhile the newcomers, the readier to reform things because of their economic disappointment, spend most of their left-over constructive energies seeking to alter the town's ancient free and easy customs, its once tolerant morals, and mildly distinctive architecture into the patterns held sacred by every standardized ten-county metropolis of the corn belt.

With hardly a doubt, we should be a happier, a wealthier, and a more interesting community if some violent cataclysm of nature would deflate us to 50,000 population, or if we had never, with our go-getting organizations and our city-building literature, pushed ourselves to a point of fallacious growth where deflation became desirable. But mention these possibilities to even the milder worshippers of our local constructive fetish, and the answer will be that if you feel that way about it you either ought to shut up or move out. Unfortunately, some of us who happen to like the climate, or to have a frivolous critical interest in the course of the

experiment, insist on staying to see the finish.

For on to their logical—and illogical—conclusions such ventures must go. Being from beginning to end in the nature of a religious infatuation, our worship of the constructive fetish is without a rationalism to tell it when to stop. Its sacred taboos have deprived it of the wholesome benefits of destructive criticism.

It is building with the brakes off. And, most fatal of all the cult's destiny signs, gentlemen—not to mention ladies—are committed. Are not the woman's clubs, formed originally for the appropriate and highly needful purpose of improving the private culture of their members, now enlisted by indorsements and special-committee labors in half the projects for social and moral reform, biggerness, and betterness with which the contemporary republic is afflicted? Are not scores of special-aims organizations allied with one another and the woman's clubs, and a host of equally pervasive national bodies of the masculine gender, in binding agreements to log-roll mutually?

Thus even when the sacred symbols of constructive labor—Results—have been captured, the noble work hardly slackens. Once having taken on the dignity of priests and priestesses of the popular worship, it is painful to renounce such pomps. Prohibition has been achieved by law on the national scale? Very well, constructive prohibitionists must prove their everlasting "constructiveness" by proceeding to demand and work for more and more ardent means of enforcement, while ex-Congressman Volstead lavishes constructive reproaches on the alcoholic content of buttermilk.

Prohibition is successfully nullified by the bootlegger's customers? Nevertheless, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment must proceed to the constructive labors of perfecting an organization which, to at least one of its leaders of my acquaintance, seems just now more important than destroying the prohibition amendment. Woman suffrage wins, but does victory produce the disbandment of the little group of able bloc-politics players who served the vote on silver platters to the hosts of the indifferent? They must proceed with their constructive labors of everywhere removing statute differentiations, advantageous or otherwise, between women and men. When the union for better hog-calling has triumphed, doubtless the still nobler work lies before it of drafting and enforcing a code of ethics for hog-callers. And after that the adventurous uphill task of seating a secretary of hog-calling in the President's cabinet.

For, once the mediocre citizen has clothed himself in the sanctity of constructive endeavors, he—or she—will never forsake the holy office's prerogatives and perquisites. Once he has held a job as the well-paid and universally admired secretary or organizer of a constructive movement, honest farm work or newspaper reporting will never make him happy again.

V

The cult of the constructive fetish is so rooted by tradition and historic habit in our bones and nerve centers, so many of its high priests and vowed laity have an interest, financial or emotional, in proselyting it farther and more fervidly, so many of the conforming herd are terrorized, like my pastoral friend, by its dogmas and anathemas that the hour of our sane deliverance still seems infinitely remote. Nevertheless, iconoclasts cannot yet be imprisoned or burned at the stake, and an intelligent—or must one say "constructive"?—iconoclasm can hope to accomplish something.

It can begin with the uphill task of debunking the holy adjective "constructive" of its sanctity. It can insist that the mere act of construction, even when desirable and ably executed, is

not a mystic rite, but a practical application of every-day horse sense.

It can, moreover, flaunt with heretical malice before a shocked society the fact that simply by calling itself "constructive" no enterprise becomes so; that, far from acquiring a divine immunity from criticism and ridicule, it actually may be a fallacy as ludicrously subject to correction as the insane patient's fancy that he is Noah building his ark. Every small fetish-worshipping city in the republic would enjoy greater economic and social stability if it encouraged its minority of quick-on-the-trigger mockers to point out that the *quality* of constructive achievement is more important than the noise of hammers and the shouts of foremen building industrial card-houses, and that fallacious construction brings satirical joy to the destroying angels. With the help of their sane ridicule, we might hear less of these frenetic projects for luring factories thousands of miles from their raw materials and markets to enjoy the doubtful benefits of site donations from the Boosterburg Chamber of Commerce and of increasingly expensive power from the impounded waters of Lost Creek.

It might then become a more natural and less lonely process to take uncompromising issue and do gay destructive battle with the day's innumerable "movements" for effecting constructive social progress, not through the slow, solid building up of the individual's self-control and intelligence, but through organization, resolution, regulation, law, and primitive taboos of ballyhooed prejudice. The laughter of alert intelligence might, in time, even explode the most convenient taboo of them all, the dogma that the only tolerable criticism of foolish construction is a proposal for more foolishness. Thus sane but timid observers like my pastoral friend might be led by sufficient observation to glimpse the truth that the only satisfactory substitute for Ku Klux Klan patriotism is its destruction by a satirical sense of proportion; that the only substitute for a fundamentalist theocracy in the school board is to let educators alone.

No doubt the dervishes of the constructive cult are beyond suppression. But a generation of courageous and articulate mockery can with due diligence shear them of their priestly immunities. Two or three generations of it might even force them to their last unsanctified joining act—their union, wild-eyed and still protesting, with the hordes of detected impostors in the limbo of history's vanished medicine shows.

As their passing approached, we might, as a people, shake ourselves free from the pioneer complex, and overthrow its last residual fetish. Some intimation might even dawn on us of what valid construction means: that better nations are built of the tolerance, the self-reliance, and the sense of proportion of the individual citizens. That better cities are built on the quality of the community life and on the adjustment of population and enterprise to rational opportunities for self-support. That better business is built, not on shoddy ballyhoo and organized exploitation of opportunities to destroy competing interests, but through scientific apprehension of intricate resources and a gentleman's love for the honor of fair dealing. That better morals and a better society are built, not by the legal enactment of taboos, prejudices, and hypocrisies, or the strutting parade of our organized ethics, but, like culture and ripe judgment, within ourselves.

If, then, our chastened construction industry still insists on maintaining a religious motive, its new leaders might be induced to hark back to the cathedral builders; who, after their humble medieval fashion, got Results even if they did follow the plans, take time enough to use their artistic judgment, and quit when they were through.

THE SON OF LEHSEN

A TIMBUCTOO PORTRAIT

BY LELAND HALL

ONE afternoon, coming out from the store into the blinding sunlight of Timbuctoo, I stumbled on a group of Arabs. So far as my dazzled eyes could see, all were strangers to me; but hearing an urchin near by address me in Arabic, the men took an interest and, gathering round, tested me with one phrase after another till we were all laughing together. The confusion would have been hopeless but for the aid of one man, who, I gradually became aware, had taken a stand close to me and who, by speaking slowly and clearly, could make me understand.

He was a young man, still beardless, somewhat fairer of skin than most of the Arabs of the region, without turban, though his hair was clipped close and the sun was blazing down. His gaze, very steady, was undarkened by the slightest shadow of suspicion or distrust. On the contrary, there was a light in his eyes which the Arabs call golden, and which I had seen before only in the eyes of men drugged with *keef*, who are dreamers and great story tellers. His animation denied any possibility of his being drugged; and I do not know whether that luster was owing to the way the sunlight fell on his eyes or to their color, which, in keeping with his complexion, was lighter than the deep, somber brown of those of his companions. I did not recall at the moment, when I was trying to talk Arabic with real Arabs, the topaz glints in the eyes of the Berber Touaregs. Well, this was Mohamed ould Lehsen, that is, Mohamed son of Lehsen. Of who Lehsen was I had not the remotest idea, or of the story of Lehsen's father, or of the pleasant relationship which was in store for me with Mohamed his son.

There was one sentence I could say in Arabic with the certainty of its being understood; so I pointed to my house near by and said, "Come to my house when you will, all of you, and we'll drink tea."

Mohamed came that very afternoon, bringing with him another young man, also Mohamed, who brewed tea excellently well, which we three drank, sitting round the pot on the floor. After that we sat in chairs at the table, where they taught me, laughing heartily, to say many words of the kind most of us the world over learn very young and never speak in drawing-rooms. At least, I suspect they were of that vigorous kind, though unhappily I could never find out the meaning of them.

When Mohamed caught sight of the typewriter his mood changed suddenly. He fingered it timidly, startled when a type-bar moved. After a while he said with the utmost earnestness, "I want to learn to read and write French. Will you teach me?" Of course I said yes, and quite lightly, for I never dreamed but that it was a momentary curiosity about the machine which had created the ambition in him, and that the first struggle, even with the letters of our alphabet, would exhaust his patience. But he insisted on having the alphabet typed then and there; and while the

other Mohamed, having taken to the floor, leaned dozing against the wall, the son of Lehsen mastered the mystery of shift keys and copied many times the alphabet which had been typed for him.

However I doubted his patience, I soon ceased to have the slightest doubt of his intelligence. I do not remember even having told him that the typed capital letters corresponded to the letters on the keys of the machine; yet this relationship is far less self-evident than you might think, unless you bore in mind that the machine itself was not stranger or more complex to that young man than the lines and curves in the twenty-six combinations which are the letters of our alphabet. For Mohamed knew not the sound of one single French word, much less the look of any of the letters which spell it. Later I suspected, and later still was given good reason to believe, that he had not only never been in the house of a European before, but had never willingly spoken with one.

Unerringly, his eye discovered the key which fitted the letter. Never did his finger hover. He kept his hands tight between his knees and looked from the copy to the keyboard and back until he had found the proper correspondence; then only, and without hesitation, tapped the key. If I tried to help him he waved me aside. As he learned to recognize the form of the letters he learned the order in which they had been written for him; and in a short time, that very afternoon, put the copy aside and began typing the alphabet unaided.

Meanwhile, I was so fascinated by the intensity of his study as not to notice that the light reflected in from the terrace had softened through amber to violet and to clear gray. The sun had set. As I watched him, wondering if he would now remember the N which must follow the M, abruptly, without a word or look to me, he stood up and, going swiftly to the dozing Mohamed, took his hand, and they went together from the room. It seemed strange that he should so rise out of his work without warning and silently. I wondered if they had stayed later than they had meant to stay, what sort of engagement they might have forgotten. But when in a minute or two I went on the terrace, I discovered that they had not left the house. Facing the east, where the first stars shone, unconscious of me, they were standing side by side, erect with uplifted heads; and I did not wait to see them kneel on the turban spread before their feet or strain my ears to catch the low sound of their voices in prayer, but stole back to light the lantern in the darkened and spiritless room.

Presently Mohamed returned to the typewriter, swift and silent as he had gone from it, and, as if there had been no interruption, typed the alphabet to the end. In this final essay he had made but the small error of putting the T before the S, and with a smile he promised that that should not occur again. He then took a pencil and over each letter wrote down the name and sound of it in Arabic letters. So the first step was taken in his firm and never once weakened determination to learn to read and write French in a few days, a determination which, it may be fairly said, was not defeated.

No difficulty put him off, not even perhaps the most serious one of my own ignorance of the language in which perplexities could have been explained to him. He came every day and sometimes twice and sometimes three times a day; and little by little the list of words grew. It began with "camel," how well I remember; but soon twisted into the household and picked up "tea" and "sugar" and "milk" and "water," "yours" and "mine," "there is" and "there is not"; until, before a week was gone, he could read such sentences as, "I am very hungry." "Is there bread in your house to give me to eat?" "Yes; there is bread in my house, and if you are thirsty, I will give you tea to drink with lots of sugar in it." And he could write such phrases at dictation.

Had I been able to speak Arabic fluently with Mohamed, I should have argued to dissuade him from his purpose, not wholly to convince him, perhaps, but to open his eyes. So long as he was unable to speak a Western language he was in that measure protected from Western influences and the corruption which everywhere follows them: not such lamentably simple failings as drunkenness and debauchery, which our civilization merely aggravates, but more subtle contaminations of mind and spirit—in a phrase, from all the sophistry by which we convince ourselves (for convinced we seem to be) that we are nobler than other races, while we are surely only more grasping. As for his broadening his understanding by a look into Western history and Western literature—we have taught foreign languages in our schools and universities for generations, yet recent catastrophes seem to prove that we are unable to arrive at a comprehension of a point of view so little different from our own as the Teutonic or the Latin through any study yet defined. By learning French or English or German Mohamed could perhaps do business more directly with Europeans who were developing his country commercially and make, or lose, more money; but this was not worth risking the freedom of his spirit for. At any rate, we are constantly warned against dabbling in the East, against subjecting ourselves to its manifold seductions, and is the warning all to be on one side? Is there nothing in the West against which to warn the East?

Mohamed's spirit was dauntless and free, and his will could not have easily been changed. If I regret my inability to have talked with him thus, it is because I missed thereby the answers his keen intelligence would have found.

The gestures and pantomimes we had to devise to make ourselves clear to each other meanwhile were a greater tax on our minds than the purely linguistic efforts; yet such a jolly one that, but for Mohamed's steadfast determination, we might have lost more time in laughter than ever we did in being truly balked. My triumph was with the word "donkey," for I startled myself with the verisimilitude of my hee-haw, and Mohamed laughed aloud a moment, and Boujma rocked back and forth on the floor, and even the sulky Abdullah smiled.

Boujma and Abdullah were men whom Mohamed had brought to the house, and who came frequently. The former, older than the others, was stranded in Timbuctoo; for on the way here across the desert, with two other merchants and a small caravan of dates, he had been attacked by a *rezzou* and robbed of every thing. I have never been clear as to what happened to his companions, though I think they were not killed; but Boujma himself had wandered two days afoot without water and three without food before being rescued. He would come often for tea, and after we had drunk it, would eat all the tea leaves; but rather, I fancy, because he liked the taste of them than because he was still starving. He would sit hours against the wall while Mohamed worked at his French.

II

Strangely enough, I learned more about Boujma and Abdullah than I ever learned about Mohamed, though he was the closest and surest friend I ever made in Timbuctoo. We never happened to speak of the caravan, but I know he came in with it. After he had gone and it became certain I should not see him again, Abdullah, who, though a native of Arrouan, spent several months of the year in Timbuctoo, said, "You may leave any messages for Mohamed with me. When he returns, he will come at once to see me, for he has left his salt in my house."

Where he lived and whence he had come in with the caravan I do not know. His white robe though full was simple; and there was in his dress no suggestion of even such elegance as marked that of the more urban Boujma and Abdullah.

In the slender sheath wallet he wore hung from his neck on a fine leather cord he carried, besides his money and a small knife, a flint and steel. He found the drinking water in my carafe, cooled only by evaporation, too chill to drink fast.

I tried to ask him about his family. He told me that his father was dead, that he had been shot by raiders; and the gesture of his arm, which summoned up vividly the scene of a man encircled by his attackers, gave me the impression that the tragedy had occurred at some place far off in the desert, where no man could hope for aid. His mother was still living, together with three of his brothers and himself. Where? In the desert.

Once, looking at me intently, he said something about a relative of his and Christians. If his manner altered a little on that occasion, I felt it only as vaguely as I had understood what he had said—which was vague as idiocy. Thus his disclosure of a terrible event met with the fatuous smile of a person who has hardly an idea of what has been said and who babbles, "Ah, yes, is that so?" —which is no response at all.

It is curious, considering how little I really knew of Mohamed and how difficult it was for us to communicate, that he stands more sharply defined as a personality than any other Moslem or Christian I met in Timbuctoo. Everything about him was clear cut, his features, his conduct, his purposes, in so far as I was informed of them. Those of my own color who chanced to call when Mohamed was there invariably took notice of him and kept of him the same impressions as I had, which is the more remarkable in view of the fact that with his close-clipped hair and his perfectly simple garments, he had not the striking picturesqueness of other Arabs.

How he regarded me I can scarcely know, save that it was without distrust; but by his confidence alone, so often implied though he had reason to withhold it from any Christian, I felt from the first honored.

III

On the second or third morning of his visits he showed me an ugly wound just below his knee, the wide gash from a stone on which he had fallen in some rocky part of the desert, already grievously inflamed. In his keen eyes I read clearly: Your people are full of hatred toward my people; you and I are friends. I trust you to do what you can for this. . . . We bathed it in a solution of permanganate freshly prepared and bandaged it; and every day up to the time of his departure we repeated the treatment. No detail escaped his notice, either in the condition of the wound, which was slow to heal, or in the steps taken to cure it. Every day there was the same sharp question in his eyes: Do you agree with me that it is better? But I never saw in them any sign that his confidence, once placed, no matter how ignorantly, was withdrawn.

Late one afternoon he brought a man to the house, whom he introduced as his brother Hassim, just arrived from the desert. Hassim was taller than Mohamed, who was himself tall, older, swarthier, lightly bearded, but with the same close-clipped hair and something of the same steady look in his eyes. He was dressed in a short blue tunic, very dusty, as well it might be after his long ride in over the sands. One of his cheeks was slightly swollen and he was evidently, for all his stoicism, in pain. Without any loss of time Mohamed made his brother kneel and pointed out to me three deep gashes in his scalp. Hassim, he explained, had been thrown from his camel in a stony place. Mohamed now knew well that my judgment in such things was no more authoritative than his own; that I merely happened to have bandages and disinfectants. And so he himself prepared everything, supervised the treatment with the watchfulness of a modern surgeon, and put in a

touch here and there with a hand lighter and more skillful than mine.

He, and Hassim likewise, were far less worried over the ugly gashes in the scalp than they were over the slight scratch round which the cheek was swollen. I knew that terrible infections may follow the bite of a camel; but as both men insisted that this scratch was not from the camel's teeth, but from a thorn or a sharp pebble in the sand, I conceded only another daub of iodine.

On the next morning they came early, and the whole side of Hassim's face was shockingly swollen, hard, and hot as fire. The only thing for a layman to do, with a modern dispensary not a mile away, was to keep his hands off such a wound and take the man to the doctor. But there was as little chance of leading Hassim to the Christian doctor as there was of prevailing upon him to eat pig. Mohamed and he, therefore, found me sadly wanting.

Now, Hassim, seeing the small steel mirror on the wall, went and took it down; and seating himself on the floor again beside his brother, studied his grotesque cheek. The sight struck both him and Mohamed as laughable. The object of his scrutiny then seemed to change, for he took to pulling his light beard and his mustache and eyeing himself from various angles. The two brothers said a few things rapidly to each other, and Mohamed, without a word to me, fetched a small pair of scissors, which had cut thread and paper and films and Alfa's fingernails and Ibrahim's mustache and were proportionately dull and dirty. With these and the mirror, Hassim retired to the terrace, ostensibly to trim his whiskers.

To my every plea that Mohamed should take his brother to the doctor, he answered, "To-morrow, to-morrow." Then Hassim returned, and it was plain at a glance that he had not trimmed his beard, but had gouged a hole in his cheek, from which matter was still oozing. It was a small hole, but it had opened up a pocket in the cheek as extensive as a silver dollar. The swelling was much reduced and he seemed relieved of pain.

Mohamed instantly asked for hot water in the basin, and broke a bit of the permanganate tablet into it. He took matches and, with the small knife he carried in his wallet, whittled down the ends, round which he wound bits of gauze, making perfect swabs. Then, when he had sat himself cross-legged on the floor, with the basin and swabs at hand, he called to his brother to lie down, which Hassim did, his whole great length along the floor and his head on Mohamed's knee; and Mohamed bent over that dark head with the same intensity of purpose with which he had set to learning the alphabet, and with a swift unfaltering hand washed out the wound and left in it a small wick. During this time nobody spoke and nobody heeded, perhaps, the clear colorless light which came from over their desert through the north window of my room and fell upon a scene so profoundly human and so strange. And I remember wondering if, despite all the modern science of medicine and surgery on which we Westerners so fearfully depend, one of us wounded in the desert might not trust himself without reserve to Mohamed. Hassim never came again, unwilling, perhaps, to risk being taken to the doctor; but Abdullah reported that the cheek had healed in a day and that Hassim, his business done, had returned to the desert.

Somewhat later, Mohamed brought his two older brothers to see me. They were tall dark men, with masses of black curls which set off the beauty of their brows and eyes, and silken beards which did not hide their lips; and they were humbly dressed in dark-blue tunics. One was called Ismaïl and the other, Ibrahim, and they sat down by the wall just where the light would fall upon them, immovable and reserved, yet responsive. On that same afternoon two white men came to call while these two men from the desert were there with

their brother Mohamed, and one of them, who said he would have been an artist had he not failed at everything he put his hand to, looked hard at Ibrahim and said, "That is one of the noblest heads I have ever seen." And the other, after he had been silent a long while, cried out, "But you must tell about this. These are things to be told." Yet it was merely two men of the Sahara, who had never read a novel or ever been to the cinema or ever had their pictures taken, sitting on the mats against the wall, with their tea before them.

"Ask that big fellow there if he knows his way across the desert."

A little proud of my Arabic on this occasion, I asked Ibrahim if he knew his way from Timbuctoo to Colombe-Bechar. Ibrahim answered, simply, "*N'aarfhu.*" (I know it.)

"Then, for God's sake, ask him how he knows it."

And when the question had been put to him Ibrahim answered with a smile, "The sun by day, and by night the stars."

IV

Not long after that an Arab named Bouka stopped me in the street.

"They have signalled a *rezzou* to the northwest. The government is sending out seventy-five partisans. Mohamed ould Lehsen has got to go."

"When do they go?" I asked.

"Fifty this afternoon, the rest in the night."

He then told me that if I should like to see them off, he would let me know the hour in time for me to watch them go out from the city and across the sands.

On returning to the house I found Mohamed seated at the table, more serious than usual. Of course, I greeted him with a bluff cheerfulness intended to hide my true feelings, after the best Anglo-Saxon tradition, to which I have fallen heir. Mohamed remained serious.

"I am going away to-day," he said.

"Yes, yes, my boy"—in a ringing voice—"Bouka told me."

He looked at me with curious earnestness.

"I am going away to-day. And when I return you will be gone."

"Yes, I know." But the silence which fell upon my lusty tones was a bit heavy; so, bustling round for bandages, I said, "Let's have a look at the knee."

The wound was now healing fast, and we were painting it each morning with iodine. He took a hand in the dressing, but seemed uninterested, preoccupied, very likely, with wondering whether I had again failed to understand him or if I were really as indifferent to his departure as I seemed. When we were done he picked up the bottle of iodine and asked if he might take it away with him into the desert. This was the only thing he ever asked me for.

On the previous day we had tackled writing in script. One or two sheets on the table were already covered with his efforts at writing by hand, which looked grotesquely childish by comparison with the neat and accurate typing he had done. He showed me a few words, but with a lack of interest; and before we could set to work he pushed the papers from him. They were ended, our studies together.

For a long time I had wished to take some snapshots of him, but foreseeing vague difficulties in the way of it, had put it off from day to day. Now, however, it could be put off no longer. A devout Mohamedan will not consent to make an image of man; and I am sure Mohamed had never seen before an instrument by which we do just that. I approached the matter as slowly and as carefully as I could. First I showed him snapshots of sailors, taken aboard the French cargo boat on which I had come to Africa. He studied them, but since he held them as often upside down as right side up, it is fair to say he made neither head nor tail of them. I then tried him with one or two of the room where we were sitting. I had developed these films myself, but so imperfectly

that I had decided not to develop any more. Nevertheless, the prints were recognizably of aspects and furnishings of the room; and when he discovered this, putting his finger on some image in the picture and then pointing to the object itself in the room, we had made a definite advance.

I now delivered the camera to him, a very small one, which he handled cautiously as if it were some strange little firearm; and then by gestures persuaded him to believe in a harmless relationship between the instrument and the photographs. He overcame his suspicion to the extent of holding the camera pointed at his middle and only a few inches off and repeatedly pressing the "trigger," and then peering through the back of it to see if he had caught a picture of himself. But for all this, it was not easy to lead him into the light of the terrace, and once there, it had all to be done over again; and he must catch me in the finder and snap the deadly little thing at me several times before he would run the risk of letting me do the same to him. This timidity, rooted in a deep distrust, was not at all to be laughed at. On the contrary, I was not sure but it might change in a flash to hostility; and he was hardly more afraid of—than I was for—my camera, though he was trembling and I dancing round.

When we returned to the room he demanded to see the pictures at once. I was very uneasy. Desperately as I forced my Arabic, it would not serve to explain the processes of development and printing; yet Mohamed insisted more and more impatiently on seeing the photographs. I finally made him understand, by showing him films and bottles of chemicals, that the roll in the camera had to be worked with a long while before pictures could be drawn from it; and then, as I thought, prudently, explained that I meant to take the films to Dakar for development; which was what I truly intended, since I could not do the work myself. During the moment's thoughtfulness which this produced in him I slipped the camera into its stout leather case and put it out of sight.

I had failed to reckon on Mohamed's extraordinary keenness. He picked up the pictures of the sailors.

"These," he asked, "were done in Dakar?"

"Yes," I answered.

"But this," he said, angrily, picking up a photograph of my room, "was done here and not in Dakar. And you have the waters to do the work."

Suddenly in my despair I felt that he was angry, not for want of the photographs, but because he thought I was tricking him. I asked him to have faith in me. His anger vanished.

He told me he should go either that afternoon or in the night, he did not yet know which; and that he would try to come to see me again before he left, but that he could not be sure. It was all quiet enough. He tore off a small strip of paper and, after a moment's thought, wrote on it something in Arabic; and though I did not understand when he read it, or understand what he said about it, I knew by his closing it up in my hand that it was to keep by me, not till we should meet again, which was a doubtful event, but always. His giving me the pencil was the hint for me to write a talisman for him, which I did, not unwilling to hope that it might stand him in stead as I believe his may stand me. For these things are simple and natural and may have some force.

His mind, so seldom unalert, seemed to wander a moment, but was brought back by the sight of several typewritten sheets, which, on his asking, I told him were a letter to my brother. Under the signature he wrote in Arabic a message to him, doubtless wishing him well. So it is with the Arabs: in greeting you they greet your kin. Whether it is more than a formality I do not know; but ties of blood are strong among them. Then, with the swift decision which was characteristic of him, he bade me good-by and went off about his preparations.

V

At five in the afternoon there was a pounding on my street door. It was Bouka, out of breath.

"Quick," he cried, "they have left the barracks, and if you wish to see them we must run for it."

We ran together westerly through the streets and debouched on the stretch of sand which lies between the city and the pool. Save for a water carrier or two, there was no sign of life.

"We are too late," Bouka panted, "they are gone."

But in a few minutes a small band of Arabs came walking out from the city, not far from us; and they were followed by a file of camels, each topped with the typical saddle, shaped not unlike certain stools found in Tut Ankhamen's tomb, and lightly laden with accouterments of one sort or another. We expected them to turn and pass by us on their way into the desert to the north; but instead of doing this, they crossed the stretch of sand straight west into the almost intolerable brilliance of the descending sun. Seeing which, Bouka led on after them and I followed, with no idea of where we were bound, but wishing a last look at Mohamed if he should be among them.

They did not go fast, and we were soon at the tail of the hindmost camel, and twisting up and over a low dune among the huts and thorny hedges of one of the many villages which encircle the town. And the way over the soft sand led down by the margin of the pool, a little arm of the pool which makes in there, the water in which looked vivid blue against the tawny sands, strikingly so in this land where the blue of the sky, except opposite the sunset in the east, is flattened with gray. Here the men paused, and while the camels went on beyond them, they washed their hands and faces in the water. The sight of them thus at their ablutions reminded one of how dusty and waterless a journey they were about to undertake.

Presently, in groups of two or three and hand in hand, they proceeded. We came up with the camels, waiting by some thorn trees. Near by stood a small building of beaten earth, inconspicuous but in a state of perfect repair. The Arabs, Bouka then informed me, do not go into the vast ancient mosques of the town; but, when they are setting forth on some expedition, come to this little place, their own and not the blacks', as to a shrine, here to pray and to invoke the protection of the saint who watches over travelers in the desert. There it stood, low among the dunes, hot and shadeless amid the desolate thorn shrubs, somehow sacred.

When the men had gone in, Bouka, being restless, returned to town. I knew by now that Mohamed was not in this group. Whether he had gone with an earlier group or not, Bouka had been unable to tell me, and I lingered near the camels, whose retching groans were the only sound in the sun-baked, lonely place. Their light loads fascinated me. Here was a blanket roll, there a bundle of garments, here a curious box, there a sack of rice; but from every saddle hung a short rifle, the butt of yellowish wood, the barrel of bright steel, and a smoked kettle.

Coming out from their devotions, the men did not delay. Hardly did they cast a glance at the camels. One of them, only, took the bridle rope of the foremost beast and so conducted the leisurely file. But the others went on afoot, swiftly through the sand, as they always walk, abreast and hand in hand, with never a look back. They went through the village and down to the level, then to the left and along the margin of the pool and on and on. Low over the city hung the full moon, just risen, like a translucent disk of ice, faintly mottled as if the blue shone through it from the heavens beyond.

Sometimes, if you lie on the beach at sunset time near the level of the water, especially if the tide is out and many shallow waves are running in, you will

see a faint, delicately tinted luminousness over the whole shore. A spray too fine to show of itself, pervaded by the level rays of the sun, has, as it were, absorbed light and faintly glows as if it were light-giving. So it is with the sand dust of the desert, the dust of a sand so fine that it runs through your fingers like water; only the dust is more refulgent than the invisible mist of the sea and more like flame. As these men walked off by the margin of the pool in the sunset, the dust of their bare feet rose high as their knees like flame; and half-blinded by the splendor of light and no longer seeing how their feet trod the sand, you would have thought their shoulders invisibly winged. When the sun had set they had disappeared; before me the last of the camels went by, its flat feet raising no dust, clear in all its long and undulating movement, and even the chill rifle barrel clear by the saddle.

I returned to my house. The terrace was flooded with moonlight, save for the deep shadow of the wall. Out of this Mohamed stood up silently, startling me. His face was indistinct, but against the clarity of the moonlight his head and his shoulders in their white robe were clearly defined. Taking my hand, he led me into the unlighted room and there pressed upon me a little packet.

"Do you like them?" he asked, eagerly.

I could feel with my fingers that they were small circular mats of open straw work common in the town. Mohamed was not satisfied with my saying that I should be pleased with anything he gave me for the reason that he had given it. He insisted upon knowing if I liked the mats; and I said, "Yes, I do."

I desired him to give me an address to which I could send him a line some day; but the words for letter and sending and post and all that would not come. In the end he read my mind.

"A letter," he questioned, "and where to send it to me?"

Easy enough when he said it. Yes; what should I write on the letter so that it would be brought to him? After a moment's silence, he said:

"Write Mohamed ould Lehsen, and then—and then—why, then Sahara."

Boujma and Abdullah, who had remained seated in the shadow, now called out that time was passing. As no ray of moonlight penetrated the narrow stairway, we had the lighted lantern to go down by.

The three men stepped over the high threshold into the street; but Mohamed turned back and with an inarticulate cry, flung his arm round my neck. It did not need this sharp burst of feeling from him, however, to prove to me that between human beings whom historic prejudice might make almost incomprehensible to each other there can exist a tie which is not sundered without pain.

The three Arabs hastened away. In the moonlight the dust of their feet was like a white fog, which veiled them from sight, I think, even before they took the turning.

VI

When, two months later, I was again in Timbuctoo, I learned that Mohamed had returned safely from the pursuit and had gone back to his home in the desert. Monsieur Abd El-Kadir, though Mohamed had been unknown to him, had been kind enough to get hold of him and deliver into his hands a small parcel of tea and sugar I had left for him. The so courteous merchant was curious to discover how I had come to know Mohamed.

"He is not an Arab, truly," he said, "but largely of Berber stock." He added, with a searching look, "You know, perhaps, that he has had little to do with Christians. [A term he applied not contemptuously, but apologetically.] I am surprised that he went into your house." He repeated that Mohamed was not Arab but Berber; which, by the way, explains the light I had noticed in

his eyes on the occasion of our first meeting.

A few days afterward Monsieur Abd El-Kadir had us to dinner; and seeing that he was in an amiable and expansive mood, we got him to talk to us about the country and tell us stories about the men in it, the blacks, and the Arabs. We asked him about the Touaregs, of whom we were desirous of seeing more than we had seen, and whether they were so untrustworthy as they were said to be. We brought up the tale we had often heard of the Touareg chief who, in the Government buildings in Timbuctoo, had treacherously turned upon a French officer and killed him. For a moment Monsieur Abd El-Kadir was silent, looking from one to the other of us.

"I knew that man well. He was a man of proud bearing and tremendous physical strength, noble, and honest of heart. He was thoroughly a man of the desert, the head of his family, highly respected among his own people. Of the life of the city he knew almost nothing, and nothing of the Europeans. He spoke no language but his own, and on the rare occasions when he came into Timbuctoo, was dependent on an interpreter. At the time of his last visit he fell into the hands of an interpreter who was unscrupulous, and who tricked him into buying many things he had no intention of buying and did not know he had bought till a bill was presented to him, together with a summons to pay. This bill he paid, though having no idea of how he had incurred the indebtedness. Knowing him to be rich, the interpreter tried again to bleed him; other and bigger bills were presented to him, but these he refused to pay. Thereupon, the interpreter contrived to get him put into prison pending a trial for non-payment of debts.

"One of the military commanders of the town at that time happened, unfortunately, to be tactless. Never doubting that the Touareg was guilty, and wishing, perhaps, to prevent the delay and trouble of a trial, he sent for the prisoner, and through an official interpreter, gave him a stiff talking to. The Touareg made no reply, except to state that he would not pay money for things he had not bought. Threats brought from him the statement that no one could ever force him to pay money he did not owe.

"'Very well,' said the commander, 'we shall seize your flocks and your camels and sell them.'

"'You have no right to do that,' the Touareg declared; 'and if you do that, I will kill you.'

"Goaded too far by the man's imperturbability and his defiance, the officer said, 'It is already done.'

"Instantly the Touareg tore loose a bolt of wood and killed him. Hearing the interpreter's cries for help, the black soldiery rushed in and clubbed the Touareg to death."

"It is a terrible story," we said.

"Yes. And that man was the grandfather of your friend, Mohamed ould Lehsen."

THE MACHINE AND THE MINER

BY CARTER GOODRICH

"THE colliers are greatly impatient of controul." So wrote an English traveler in 1768. "The miners have been independent since the Year One, and I suppose they always will be." So a mine superintendent told me a short time ago in the non-union coal-field that the union president speaks of as "Darkest West Virginia." That same week, however, and in that same region, another mining man made an exultant prediction of the end of that tradition. "The machines are coming fast," he declared. "It won't be long before we get the mines mechanized. And when we do, the man won't be a miner any more, coming to work when he pleases, he'll be a mechanic"—or an unskilled laborer—"and he'll do what he's told." Even as he spoke, the loading machines and other devices of the new technology were at work in a number of mines digging into the coal and digging away the foundations of the unusual freedom of the miners.

Last of all the great industries to mechanize its basic operations, even bituminous-coal mining cannot resist the onward sweep of the machine process. The isolated mining camps out at the ends of their branch railways are beginning to feel the stir and change of a powerful movement which threatens—or promises—to replace their easy-going ways with something of the rigor and exactness of factory discipline. Of this process new machines are the center and symbol: the face conveyor, bringing into the mines the familiar factory principle of the moving belt; the electric drill, replacing the miner's breast auger; above all, the loading machines that are replacing the miner himself.

It is the conveyor that makes one of the most dramatic changes in the ways of the mines. With it the narrow "room" of the miner often gives way to a great v-shaped opening, along the sides of which men shovel coal all day long onto a knee-high moving belt, and from which the conveyor bumps and jigs the coal along out to mine cars in the main haulageway, or all the way to the railroad cars under the tipple outside. But even this innovation—for all its sudden transplanting into the mines of a bit of the life at Ford's—is only a part-way measure in the mechanization of the mines. Its inventors hoped that machines and not men might finally pour the coal on to the conveyors, and in a few cases this has already been accomplished. More wonderful still, there is now one conveyor which jiggles back and forth and picks up its own coal with the "duckbill" for which it is named.

Meanwhile a number of other loading machines are in successful operation. The steam shovel has abandoned steam for compressed air or electricity and gone underground to load coal in the high seams of the Western mines. An ingenious device that breaks the shovel's motion in half puts the same principle at work in a smaller loader fit for the ordinary seam. Other machines drag the coal along the floor with a snow-shovel scoop. Another teases it on to a moving belt by the circular motion of a

set of blades like those of a child's sand-machine, and the most common of all the machines fights it on with a pair of clawlike revolving arms. All of them slide the coal into the mine cars behind them with a speed no gang of miners could possibly equal. Nor is even this the extreme. One group of machines, the cutters-and-loaders—great battering rams armed with pick points and cutting chains—tear and smash their way without aid of powder into the solid seam itself. The latest of these giants has recently taken unto itself a sort of inverted pile-driver to attend it and to hold up the roof. Here, then, almost the whole job of coal-getting is concentrated in one compact mechanical process.

II

These are the machines; what is their human significance? For the consumer —cheaper coal. For the operator who adopts them neither too soon nor too late—big profits. For many others—bankruptcy. For the disordered industry—in the first instance a threatened aggravation of its worst malady of overcapacity; perhaps in the longer run, a hope of greater stability. What do they mean for the miners? For thousands, the loss of jobs; for some, skilled work driving the new monsters; for others, unskilled work tending them and feeding them with cars to load; but, in any case, an end to the unique and traditional freedom of the mines.

What is this independence that the machines threaten? What are the elements in the customary organization of the industry that make the coming of factory technic appear so startling an innovation? The first characteristic feature of mining methods has been the sheer lack of bossing on the job.

"Why did you come back to the mines from the factory?" I asked a colored loader in his place in a West Virginia mine. "In the mines," he said, "they don't *bother* you none." "Why did you come back from the machine-shop?" I asked a Scotch-Irish miner in Illinois. "There was a boss there," he answered, "that had a most despisable way of looking at you. If there's anything that gives me the willies, it's the boss standin' and lookin' down my shirt collar!"

But what is it that keeps the mine boss from looking down the shirt collars of his men? No unusual tact, no theory of democracy, but rather plain physical impossibility. The traditional lay-out of the coal mine scatters most of a boss's hundred or so workers by ones and twos over many acres of territory. The rounds between them mean miles of tramping over rough footing, in semi-darkness, and often with body bent from the waist in the low coal. As a matter of safety, the mining law usually stipulates that every working place shall be visited at least once a day, but even this brief visit is often omitted; and in any case it is about as reasonable to expect one man to give detailed supervision on rounds like these as it would be to ask the postman to oversee the housekeeping in all the homes on his route. The result is a set of working arrangements that places a very old-fashioned reliance on the "skill, dexterity, and judgment of the individual workman."

Each "place," each narrow tunnel cut into the solid coal, belongs as a jealously guarded possession to a single miner or to a pair of buddies; and to the miners themselves fall most of the countless small decisions of the work as month after month they push these tunnels slowly forward. It is the miner who decides where to place the shots that blast down the coal, how deep to drill the holes and at what angle, and how much powder to use. It is the miner's responsibility to clean the coal by sorting out the slate and "clod" and "boney" that are mixed with it. Sometimes, also, it is the miner who acts upon the theory that a good dosing with tobacco juice would get a light-colored band of impurity past the

inspection of the docking boss above ground. And, on the graver matters of safety, it is still the miner who taps the roof to judge its soundness or decides whether the cracking noises that he hears are signs of imminent danger or just the ordinary "working" of the upper strata. It is he, also, who decides where to place the timbers that support the roof—and "a miner's life depends on where he plants his props." But the most important of all the miner's decisions is a simpler one than these—the decision to quit work. Throughout the greater part of the industry, union and non-union alike, the miner has the privilege of going home when he pleases. When the cars into which he loads the coal begin "running slow" in the early afternoon and waiting grows tedious in the cool dampness underground, or when the older man's muscles begin protesting against the strain of shoveling, he picks up his coat and walks out the drift-mouth or rides the cage out into the open air. It was a typical miner who met an attempt to regularize the working day with the mild question, "That's taking a little freedom away from a man, hain't it? I think a man ought to know when he is tired."

Even this is only part of the story. The miner's freedom is not merely a matter of how rarely he sees the boss but also of how he acts when he *does* see him.

"What is it?" I asked a union official, "that makes miners more independent than other workers?" "It's the gob pile oration," he replied promptly. I was mystified and he explained: "A miner hears the boss bawling out the man in the next place. Pretty soon there's a delay or something and the men get together out on the piles of slate in the haulageways and talk it over." "The bolder ones," he added, "teach the others."

Apparently the subject of the "oration" is properly independent behavior toward the boss; and as I walked the rounds with a number of foremen and their assistants, the actual relations seemed remarkably democratic. The miner in his position as piece worker finds fully as much occasion to kick to the boss over the failure of cars and supplies as the foreman does to warn him on matters of safety or workmanship; and the most controversial business of their interviews, the discussion of payment for "deadwork"—extra labor not covered by the rate per ton—goes on in a manner of considerable equality. Perhaps the miner starts by asking a day's pay for a certain job. "Well, I haven't been working for some time myself," I have heard a foreman retort, "but if I couldn't do it in two hours I'd pay you ten dollars." And so till the bargain is struck. From one non-union mine comes the story of a more dramatic controversy. The miner was demanding pay for bailing out a pool of water which had collected in his place. The foreman declared there wasn't enough water to bother about. "God damn you, there's six feet," said the miner, and proved his point by throwing the boss into the pool. Stranger still, he kept his job.

Coal mining is the sort of industry in which an incident like that can occur. To be sure, many other disputes in the same mine must have ended differently with an "If-you-don't-like-it-you-can-take-your-tools-out" from the boss. Yet in many coal fields, the ordinary miner receives from his union somewhat the same protection that this exceptional one received from his own insolence. If there is an argument over deadwork, or if he is in danger of losing his job, an elected committee of his fellows stands ready to plead his case before the superintendent and, if necessary, to take it up with the arbitration courts provided by the agreement. Sometimes, moreover, the committees push on to questions even closer to the actual running of the mines. The men demand better supplies or a fairer sharing of mine cars. These issues may lead the union into an indictment of the efficiency of operation

or into a sharing of the control of underground transportation. The committees enforce the safety provisions of law and contract. Occasionally this duty turns to the dramatic assumption of authority in time of danger. "The men go to the committees for everything." Their activities not only strengthen the individualistic independence of the miner but add to it the significant beginnings of a collective control.

III

These are the elements of the miner's freedom. What will the machines do to them? There can be no doubt of their effect on the individual's independence. The coming of the new technic means the end of the institution of the "place" and of the curious bundle of rights and privileges that have grown up with it. It means a great increase in the closeness and exactness of supervision. The face conveyor brought gang-work to its first mine in the place of isolation, day work instead of piece work, and the constant supervision of a straw boss in place of the old independence. Machine loading also, as the Coal Commission says, "means that the foreman, instead of making an occasional visit to the miner, is in constant touch with all of the men." And of course it means an end to the coming and going at the miners' will. The machine costs money, and the machine doesn't lay off. The man of the mines, like the factory hand, must begin to imitate its regularity. Some of the proponents of the change, moreover, are laying plans far beyond the present beginnings; and ideals of the "standardization of every operation down to the minutest detail so that no responsibility of any kind will fall upon the worker" and of "Ford methods all the way from the face of the coal" are finding their way into the thought of the industry. Already, reports *Coal Age*, "the last link in the machine-run mine is being forged; henceforth factory methods will rule.

"The loss of individual independence at work is an inevitable price of a mechanized mining industry. If individual freedom is to go, the work of the mine committee assumes even greater importance, for it becomes the one agency by which the worker exercises day to day control over his working life."

But a second revolution in the industry, hardly less striking than the first, intervenes to make it doubly difficult for the mine committee to provide this newer type of freedom. For as the machines are moving into the mines, the mines themselves are moving steadily toward the South away from the union strongholds and into a country very hard to organize. Nor is the difficulty merely a matter of "company towns" and the denial of civil liberties. Certainly there *have* been drastic restrictions of the right to organize, against which the United Mine Workers have fought in vain, in a border warfare brutal on both sides and occasionally flaring up into dramatic incidents like the Armed March of 1921 and that amazing series of crimes and counter-crimes that ended with a union man's widow standing over a body at the top of the grim flight of steps leading up to McDowell County Courthouse and shouting, "You ——, you've killed my husband," to the gunmen who had shot him down on his way to trial. But behind these obstacles lies the fact that the southward migration is a way of tapping for the industry two great new streams of cheap labor, the negroes from the cotton fields and the white mountaineers from the coves and cabins of the Southern Appalachians.

Of the greater docility of this new labor supply there can be no doubt. "They are simple, God-fearing folk, well contented with their way of life." So one writer describes the mountaineers who have begun to work for wages. If there is sentiment in his account, surely there is none in a Kentuckian's picture of the miners in a certain high valley where the sudden coming of the mines had disturbed the eighteenth-century life of the mountain people: "They only know

what the coal company teaches them. The majority of the men is just the men the company made them out of the timber that was here when a mine was an unheard-of thing." Or consider the following announcement of a celebration of a church of colored miners. It is taken from a company camp well provided with company store, its own token money, and its own deputy sheriff on the company payroll; but fear alone could not account for its naïve eloquence:

> 8 P.M. The Hon. Mr. A——, the owner of this beautiful plant and the greatest Negro friend in West Virginia, will address the audience. 8.30 P.M. Mr. B——, the second man in the kingdom, the honored and highly respected superintendent of this town, the man we hope when the mantle falls from Elijah it will fall upon him as it did upon Elisha, will also address us.

Surely the author and his parishioners are spiritual descendants of the darkies who were weeping in the cornfield because Massa was in the cold, cold ground. Surely they are much readier for a sort of plantation loyalty than for unionism and industrial conflict.

The allegiance of these two groups to their employers, moreover, has its roots not merely in their industrial simplicity, but also in genuine economic advantage. The Southern Highlands are a starved frontier as well as a belated and a picturesque one. Coal-mining wages, even at the lowest non-union rates, mean real money for people who rarely handled cash from one month to the other, and a more varied diet than the corn pone of the mountains. So also for the negroes who have come up from the fields. One of them put the case in a single phrase. "What did you use to work for down there?" "For nothin', boss." His grin explained the migration.

IV

The old-time miner, then, is giving way to the greenhorn from the South as well as to the loading machine. What is the relation between the two movements? What effect will the new personnel have on the adoption of the modern technic? And how will it affect the chances of the retention of the miner's freedom under the newer methods? The answer to the first question is doubtful. The greenhorns have little of the stubborn prejudice and pride of craft that makes old-timers reluctant to accept the machine and little power to resist it if they had. On the other hand, their very cheapness acts as a check on its adoption. If you can lower costs by cutting wages, why bother with newfangled machinery? "It's no use trying to sell a machine to a man who can get coal loaded by hand for fifty cents." So far non-union Pocahontas has been the great experimental laboratory of the new methods, but union Wyoming stands at the head of the states in the percentage of tonnage loaded by machine.

There can be no doubt, however, of the effect of the migration on the independence of the miners. Where the machine comes in beyond the union border there is no group-tradition of freedom to mitigate its discipline. And where it comes in the union fields the organization stands at a desperate disadvantage in any attempts to bargain for the preservation of the miner's freedom. Already the United Mine Workers have lost much of their control over the industry. At the peak of its power seventy per cent of the country's soft coal was mined under union contract. A year ago only a third was union. And even the recent British strike has probably contributed less to the tonnage of the American union than it has to its confidence and morale. It is under the cloud of this danger, then, that the organization must make its terms with the new technic. Consider its alternatives. If it delays the acceptance of the machines or sets too high a price for their use, still more union mines will close and their business will go to the South. But if, in order to prevent this, the union offers liberal terms, it means the abandonment of all hope of gain through the increased

efficiency and very likely the sacrifice of standards won by long years of effort. Even in the second case, moreover, and still more in the former, thousands of union miners must lose their jobs. In this emergency, then, the organization's main concern is more likely to be to keep any jobs at all for its members than to determine too narrowly their degree of freedom.

Yet this is not quite the whole story. Something of the freedom described in this article will remain characteristic of the industry wherever the union and the mine committee survive; and certain local unions have already been fertile with suggestions—group-piecework, for example, to get rid of the straw boss on the conveyor—to preserve a part of the miner's freedom under the new technic. Possibly, also, the mine workers may learn from their fellow unionists in the Baltimore and Ohio shops how to offer efficiency to their employers through the very medium of increased group freedom and responsibility. Nor is it quite certain that the union will fail to organize the newcomers on its southern frontier. The task looks almost hopeless, but the United Mine Workers have successfully met similar invasions in the past. The Cumberland mountains have been hardly more remote from the currents of industrialism than the Carpathians or the hills of Calabria. The immigrants that came to the mines from the farms of Poland knew as little of industry as the present-day immigrants from the fields of Alabama. Yet by a sympathetic approach to these foreign groups, by a putting aside of prejudice and the shrewd cultivation of their racial leaders, John Mitchell and the other officials of the union succeeded in "Americanizing" them, and taught them the traditions of organization and the miner's freedom. It is possible that an equally skilled campaign would "Americanize" these hundred-per-cent Americans of the South as well.

Certainly the United Mine Workers cannot go down without making one more desperate and concerted effort to win the Southern territory. The campaign may come this April when the much-debated Jacksonville Agreement runs out in the union fields. Whenever it does come, it will bring a conflict far more bitter than the anthracite strike and far more vital to the very existence of the organization. The quality of the working life will not be among its battle cries, yet on its outcome will rest much of the future of the miner's freedom. It may be that the union will win, as it has won other crucial struggles in the past. Yet it has never before had to face the problem of teaching its tradition to newcomers at a time when its own stability even in the oldest fields was jeopardized by so complete a revolution in the technic of the industry. Perhaps much of the freedom of the miners may be retained or new forms of freedom devised. But never before has the old-fashioned independence of the miner been threatened both by the recoil of a still more primitive frontier and by the confident advance of the modern machine process.

The Lion's Mouth

CONCERNING CEMETERIES

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

I SEEM to have been born that I might live among graveyards.

I don't say this merely because it sounds funny, for it is the gospel truth.

My humble cradle was rocked in a building that stood upon a plot of land which five centuries before had contained the hallowed bones of dead Franciscan monks. (They may have been Benedictines, now that I come to think of it. But anyway they had been monks and most assuredly they were all of them dead before they were moved to that distant part of the ancient city of Rotterdam.)

As soon as I was old enough to be moved with a certain degree of comfort, I was taken to a brand-new house situated on the street which was the shortest main route to the two biggest cemeteries of the Hague. One of these was patronized by the Catholics and the other was reserved exclusively for the benefit of Protestants. At first my childish mind did not understand why those good people were not buried together. It would have made for a greater variety among those pretty monuments behind which we played our delightful game of hide and seek. I was told that I must not ask too many questions and that all this would be explained to me as soon as I should be a little older. Meanwhile I had better just be happy that papa and mamma had moved to such a nice street.

And I was happy, for it was a most wondrous thoroughfare.

The Kingdom of the Netherlands, as anyone who possesses a *World Almanac* may learn for himself, is a great colonial power. Great colonial powers have occasion for a large number of military funerals. Thirty years ago a military funeral was a military funeral. Brass bands, and—if the deceased had been a brigadier-general or better—a scarlet coach with a representative of Her Majesty and most of the officers of the garrison. But best of all, after the doleful strains of the funeral march (either that of Chopin or Beethoven) and the equally doleful speeches of the officiating clergy and the lugubrious salvos over the little mound of earth, the entire congregation returned to town at a double trot, and the band, awakening to the glorious prospect of another day among the living, struck up a merry tune and gave us a concert which made us familiar with all the most recent compositions of Mr. John Philip Sousa.

A few years afterwards I went to boarding school and once more lived next to a churchyard.

Still later I crossed the ocean and landed in a college which was not only built far above Cayuga's waters, but also far above a couple of cemeteries which offered the most convenient short-cut between the library and the late Mr. Zinckie's well-known beer-saloon.

That was in the year 1902. Ever since, with the exception of six weeks spent in Moscow, I seem to have dwelled within shouting distance of a cemetery. Even in Moscow, I did not quite escape my fate, for I resided in a pleasant hos-

telry which overlooked the Kremlin and, although no longer used as a burial ground, that ancient shrine contained enough relics of departed saints to qualify as a full-fledged necropolis.

As for my final retirement into the peaceful wilderness of New England, of course I was foredoomed to erect my shanty between a couple of mausoleums and a sepulcher. Something has to be done with the natives.

I mention these cheerful matters in order that the reader may understand my point of view. From earliest childhood on I have been familiar with charnel-houses, and until I was twelve years old I believed that an ossuary was a place where kids went to play marbles.

Such familiarity in the case of churchyards does not breed contempt (the brutal reality of those plots of ground is forever with all of us. Amen!) but it makes one accept God's Acre as one has come to accept God's hurricane and God's plague and a good many other manifestations of God's rather abrupt exercise of power.

The cemetery, we finally learn from experience, is all in the day's work and, therefore, why be so tragic about something that can't be helped?

Some months ago a very wise and charming woman celebrated her ninetieth birthday. She was the widow of Björnstjerne Björnson, the great Norwegian poet and dramatist. She had been everywhere. She had met everyone. She had seen and heard everything worth seeing and hearing.

The inevitable interviewer presented himself in the form of an intelligent Danish journalist.

"Madame," he said, "you have lived a very full life and you must know an awful lot. Now is there anything you have learned during the ninety years you have spent on this planet which stands out foremost among your observations and which might conceivably be of some use to those who still have their future before them?"

The old lady answered yes, there was something which she had learned during those many years of a very rich and variegated existence. It was this: that every generation must make its own mistakes. That the experience of other people teaches us nothing. That every new crop of boys and girls must go through the same process of suffering and agony as their fathers and mothers before them, and that on the whole this seemed to her a very intelligent and decent arrangement and that she would not have it changed for anything under the sun.

I still have some fifty years to go before I score ninety. All the same, forty is forty, and even at that tender age one begins to take stock of certain changes that are rapidly coming over a world which only a short while before seemed definitely "set" for the rest of eternity.

There is this little matter of one's own infants. Those children who chased hoops day before yesterday and howled for lollipops only a few hours ago have suddenly taken to long and ample pantaloons and they return from boarding-school with an assorted collection of ideas and principles which make papa's well-known radicalism look a pale pink.

When asked where they picked up these strange notions, they answer with a vague gesture of the right hand, "Oh, anywhere. Just everybody is talking about it." This makes us think. Not so long ago we, too, knew what "everybody was talking about." Can it be that the procession has left us behind? . . . That is exactly what has happened. We are stragglers.

The main body of pilgrims is still well within sight. But occasionally we pause to contemplate the landscape, to say to one another, "Do you remember when Clark Fay got his first radio? Do you recollect the day when Bill McFee bought his first flivver?"

Old stuff all of this, and of no earthly interest to a generation that has come to accept radios and flivvers as necessities of life, but of tremendous importance to

those who have their future behind them.

And when we have reminisced to our heart's content, we casually remark, "Well, it is about time we caught up with the rest of the procession," and we jog along as best we can; but the others are fleet of foot and by and by they have disappeared behind a turn of the road and we are getting all out of breath and so we sit down by the side of the road and soon we are fast asleep.

Now and then some enthusiastic youngster will vaguely wonder what has become of the old people and he will drop in on us to ask, "Everything all right here?" Then we hasten to assure him that everything is fine and dandy and that early in the morning we expect to catch up with the others, but we know that we never shall be able to do it and he knows it, too, and because we are both kindly people and have some regard for each other's feelings, we don't shout it from the hill-tops, but our day is slowly coming to an end. The sun is still shining, but in the distance we see the first faint shadow of our last home.

There was a time when I firmly believed in the idea of progress. I felt that on the first day the Good Lord had set this world a-spinning, had bestowed upon Adam the gift of knowing right from wrong and had left our little planet to its own fate, fully convinced that Man, created after so sublime an image, would make the best of his opportunities and would ceaselessly strive after an ultimate ideal of absolute perfection.

To-day that noble belief lies underneath five feet of sticky clay in Flanders' fields, where the poppies are supposed to be so very red.

Man, as I have since had occasion to learn, is built along the lines of Mr. Ford's well-known product.

Provided he is allowed to go somewhere, he will as lief go backward as forward.

The final direction does not interest him particularly. He wants motion. He craves activity. But while he is on the way he wants the companionship of those whom he recognizes as his contemporaries. Occasionally he may like to take the old folks for an airing, but as a good steady diet, give him the kids with whom he grew up, with whom he played marbles, whom he tried to kiss and actually did kiss—in short, the strange creatures who speak his own language, share his own ideas, whom he respects as members of his own gang.

I don't think that we older men and women ought to be relegated to the cemetery because we fail to understand the profound lucubrations of the younger generation and because we stand between our children and the future progress of the world. Just as often we really protect them from a severe spell of backsliding.

No, we ought to be removed because we stand between our children and their fun. I am not using the word in that horrible modern sense bestowed upon it by our professional uplifters as indicating an exaggerated love for booze, jazz, and petting parties. As far as I can understand the strange creatures who are clamoring to be my successors, they are just as good or as bad as we were thirty years ago, only they are good and bad (and sometimes indifferent) after a slightly modified pattern.

But this much I know for certain: that they are entitled to their own idiocies without being reminded by my mere presence of the fool things I did when I was their age; that they have a right to dance the Charleston as I danced the one-step; and that, if perchance they feel the need of a quiet little howl, they should be allowed to bite their fingers in silence and without the well-meant but futile consolations proffered by a man with grayish hair who only yesterday vowed that no such grief as this had ever wrung the heart of mortal man.

I have listened all my life to the glowing tales of my neighbors who profess to have private information upon the subject of life everlasting. They are some-

what vague about the details, but even if they could give me the exact address, I would only note it down that I might avoid so ghastly a place of abode.

I accept life as I find it, but I know when I have had enough. And I am willing to give the other fellow a chance.

Ten or fifteen, or at most twenty, years more and I shall be of as little use to anyone as grandmother's old shawl or grandpa's potted palm. Then take me quietly and unobtrusively to the cemetery and bid me farewell. If perchance you feel that that is not quite enough, I will tell you what you can do.

Wait for some fine and glorious afternoon in May. Gather your own brood of urchins and take them for a walk. Don't tell them about skulls and skeletons. Let them catch butterflies and let them roll down the grassy slopes with the funny little square stones until the drowsy air is full of their laughter.

Then I shall truly know that I have done the decent thing. I shall have made room for others with a better claim to life than mine, those possessed of the brief but inalienable privilege of youth.

MEDITATIONS OF AN OLD HOUSE

BY PHILIP CURTISS

WHEN I was built, just after the first war with England, I was an average, self-respecting farmhouse, suitable to the climate and the building facilities of our region. The only things that were plentiful at that time were trees, common stone, and the willingness to work. All metal, brick, white lead, and finished hardware had to be brought forty miles through the woods by ox-cart. Thus I was given a chimney of hewn stone and timber in alternate layers with just enough brick to build in the fireplaces. My outer walls were clapboard, and my inner walls were hemlock boards matched and planed by hand. Some day my owner hoped to plaster my best rooms and even cover my outside walls with real paint, but in the meantime the best he could do was dress down my inner walls with a red-powder sizing, put on like whitewash.

On the whole, those were pleasant days, those thirty years when I sheltered my first owner, his wife, and his boys. They were all so happy at having a house of their own that they didn't trifle with me much, which gave me a chance to settle down into my bones. But when the oldest son was married and brought home his bride they began to feel that I was getting a little out of date. You see, there were now some five or six people living inside me, the widow of the first owner, her son and his wife, two brothers, and one or two maiden aunts. This meant that they needed more rooms, so a little chamber was partitioned off at one end of the kitchen. Then the long, unfinished space in my second story was divided into three more little rooms, set at odd angles to follow the chimney and the stairs.

As long as the old lady lived she grew more and more set against further changes, but as soon as she died young master and mistress began to clean up all the things they had had in mind since they married. My front rooms and bedrooms were lathed and plastered and my rough-hewn beams, which still showed the marks of the adze, were covered up in neat carpentered boxes. I was painted red on the outside with real lead and oil, but the biggest improvement came after another ten years when a cookstove was carted all the way from Troy. This meant that the kitchen fireplace had to be closed and a fireboard put in its place, but after the board had caught fire two or three times the village mason came and bricked up the whole opening.

In twenty years more the family was still more prosperous. They were not

merely farmers now but cattle traders as well, and when they saw a demand they set up a little water-power mill for making cheese boxes. My next young mistress came from the countyseat and she was quite citified in her ideas. Most of the houses in town were now painted white with green shutters, and so of course she must have the same.

For another thing she was a great hand for wallpaper. In my front, plastered rooms she put on a fresh layer every two years, all roses and pinks, until in some places I had an inside lining of paper nearly half an inch thick, but the back rooms, which had still the old match-boarding, troubled her a good deal until she got the idea of gluing cloth over the joints. Then she could paper them also, even the beams. After that they were always papered as a matter of course. When master had a good year with his stock be bought a fine parlor stove with raised figures of hunters and daisies and tombstones. The man who sold it showed also a nice ornamental iron fireback to match, so the mason came and sealed it in over another fireplace. In fact as the years went on people seemed to forget that my fireplaces had ever been there. By this time I had also white-china knobs on all my best doors, but I forget just who put them there.

The son of this mistress grew up and went to New York and he must have done well, for each time he came home to see his old mother he was fatter and jollier and had finer clothes. In the summer he would bring his beautiful city wife, all dressed in silks and bustles with feathers in her hat, just like the pictures in gilt frames that now adorned by best rooms. When his mother died he did not come back any more and for several years I was cold and empty. My shutters began to droop off and my sills to sag, but towards the end of his life this city son decided to come back for part of each year and be a gentleman farmer. He had a regular builder come up from Portland, but when they looked me over they both shook their heads. The builder said that it would be cheaper to tear me right down and put up a new fine house like one he had seen at a place he called Saratoga, but my new owner sounded my beams and found them still solid. So between them they laid hardwood floors in marquetry patterns over my old ones. They put in a furnace and a carbide-gas plant with handsome gilt chandeliers, a bathroom, and marble washbowls with running water in all of my bedrooms. On the outside they threw out a big piazza with ornamental scroll work and built one entirely new wing with everything right up to date, just as it was in New York.

But with all his money this owner of mine had no children, and when he died the place went to a niece who lived in Paris where she was learning to be an artist. She had not seen me since she had been a little girl visiting her great aunt, and I thought she would be delighted to find me so new and so modern. On the contrary she gave me one look and exclaimed, "This is criminal! Positively criminal! The first thing that's got to come off is that horrible modern wing."

So down it came, and then the piazza, and on went a little doorway in front. She ripped up the marquetry floors, tore out the partitions, pulled down the chandeliers, opened all the fireplaces, and covered my inside walls with green burlap divided into panels by narrow white strips. I confess it did make me feel more light and airy, getting back to my old-time shape, with big rooms, but still my new mistress did not seem quite satisfied. She would wander around the outside and keep looking up at me as if something were wrong. Finally she asked an architect, a very young man, to come up and tell her what it was. He said at once, "Look at those green blinds and the big window panes. They're all wrong—not true Colonial. Furthermore, you ought to paint the house red."

So off came my blinds, in popped the

little window lights, twelve to a sash, and back I went to red, my first color, except, of course, weatherbeaten gray. Next they took the knobs off my doors and put on old latches. The young architect stayed up to see his improvements completed, and the job seemed to please him so much that he decided to stay right along. They had one child, a boy, and like his mother he wanted to be an artist; but instead of going to Paris to paint statues and battles, he liked to stay around home and paint woods and streams. So when he was married his mother and father decided to go to a place called the Riviera and leave him with me.

One evening this son and his wife were sitting by candlelight in the long room that once had been my kitchen but was now their main living room, when suddenly a strange, wild light came into young master's eyes. Leaping from his chair he seized a penknife and jabbed it straight into my walls. He scratched and dug for a moment, then turned to his wife. "Look!" he called, "just as I thought! Under that terrible burlap and all this other muck are those magnificent old-time rough boards!" His wife came with a bound and they then called in all their friends. Inside of an hour half a dozen of them were tearing and scraping away with putty knives, chisels, meat cleavers, sandpaper, and broken glass. First came the burlap, then plasterboard, then about eighty layers of green and pink paper, then linen cloth, and then the first boards. They even took off the original red wash that my first owner had given me, rubbed down the boards with hot linseed oil and polished them with wax. In the meantime carpenters had been called to tear off the false beams and uncover the early rough joists with the marks of the adze. They burned off the second red paint, the white paint, and then the first red paint from my outside clapboards and rubbed and soiled them until they were gray. Then they rested, took photographs of me and sent them to a magazine.

So now I stand, as simple and naked as when my first builder drove his last nail. It might seem that henceforth I might have a little peace, but I doubt it. For out on the lawn is playing a little youngster and sooner or later he will grow up and marry. Then I feel in my bones that he and his wife will begin to say to their friends, "Just look at these awful, barnlike spaces. Do you know, before some idiot took hold of it, this house was divided into the most delightful, quaint little rooms, with those priceless china doorknobs and those adorable curlicue parlor stoves."

And then, some morning—but, oh well, I've still got my roof and my cellar and if they can stand it, I guess I can.

Editor's Easy Chair

TERRESTRIAL TROUBLES, MEN, AND TABLOIDS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ON THE 20th of January the lady Araminta, going west in a taxicab through Central Park, came up with a crowd around a disabled motor car. She stopped to take notice, then got out to see about it. It seems that some negroes with a negro driver, hilariously zigzagging through the park after refreshments in Harlem, had jumped the sidewalk, crashed into three men who were putting up an electric light on a bridge, and crushed the legs of two of them against the bridge. A man with his leg torn off was lying on the ground. The other, both legs gone, had fallen back from the bridge into the ravine below.

Araminta found nothing but discussion proceeding except that camera men, in the interest of news, were photographing the scene and the mangled men. It was rumored that a policeman had put in a call for an ambulance, but this was a hurry case, for the men were bleeding to death. No one had had the gumption to improvise tourniquets for them. But now Somebody had Arrived! Araminta and her taxi man got to work, took the belt off the damaged man, and made a rough tourniquet for his leg. Nearest to him was a fine car that had stopped in passing. "Come," said Araminta, to its chauffeur; "take him to the hospital!" "Me? No! he'll get my car dirty!" "Out of the way, then, please!" Then the taxi man moved up his cab. He was game. "Come, some of you, and help me put this fellow in," he said to the crowd. Not a man budged, but Araminta being able-bodied, she and the taxi man picked up the man and put him in. "Any man here that will ride over with him?" No man offered. Araminta got in and held him and off they went to a hospital which happened, as she knew, to be only a few blocks away. They got him there in time to save him, whereas the man who had lost both legs and fallen into the ravine, was picked up by another car and, having lost too much blood, died. When last seen Araminta was waiting by her cab at the hospital, pale but perpendicular, while the driver, also blanched a little, was wiping the blood out of it.

That is an interesting example of how and by whom this world is conducted. The great mass of people are incapable of initiative. When something needs doing they wait for someone to tell them to do it. But a few people there are who have always in their ears the sound of the trumpet. When they find a situation they tackle it instinctively with both hands. As they stand on their feet they are not a mere weight but a force and, if they are intelligent and good, a force for order, for righteousness, for every kind of help.

It is on people of that sort that our world relies to get it out of holes and keep it going. Private concerns ordinarily occupy most of these people as being more profitable and important than

public concerns, but in emergencies they flash out into public service, as the dollar-a-year men did in the recent war.

WHO is going to get our world out of the various scrapes that it seems to be drifting into? Will it drift along into salvation by the more or less incoherent efforts of people who live for the day's work, or must it have more impassioned leadership to save it from catastrophe? It has improved in some particulars, but hardly anybody thinks it is out of the woods yet. All countries are still interested in weapons: airplanes, guns, and warships. No one looks forward with any enthusiasm to any more fighting, but no nation wants to be caught barehanded if fighting should come; and there is no assurance that it won't come. The most promising sign is the strong aversion to all attempts to cure by violence. When the Senate voted unanimously for arbitration in Mexico, that was impressive. At this writing the extremely cautious behavior of the British in China, where they have great commercial interests and many settlers, is also impressive. They wish to protect their interests, to protect Shanghai, but they are not at all willing to get into war in China. Neither is the United States. When it comes to fighting, the responsible nations insist on finding another way out.

That is good, but we cannot tell yet whether it is good enough. Certainly it is bad times for jingoes, and that is something. Nobody in these parts is yelling very loud for a strong hand in Mexico or Nicaragua. The prevalent feeling is that we simply cannot fight any more in Mexico, and that difficult questions there must be settled some other way. It is a good deal the same in Europe. Mussolini says that war may come any moment like a flash out of the sky, but even Mussolini, emergency man as he is, does not invite it and probably does not want it. He wants to spend Italian money on other things—architecture, agriculture, industrial development; yet of course he does want expansion.

CHINA is extremely interesting, so much so as to have attracted the attention of Mr. H. G. Wells, who at this writing is putting out discourse about her and the world in general in the newspapers. Mr. Wells thinks he has discovered a new kind of government, operating with very notable results in two very notable countries—Russia and China—and more or less in Italy. It is government not by brilliant and heroic individuals, but by small compact revolutionary organizations which have contrived to appropriate the power to govern. The Soviets in Russia are such an organization, and Mr. Wells finds another in the managers of the Cantonese in China. So in Italy the Fascists were such an organization when they grabbed the government. Whether they have now merged into the would-be Napoleonic figure of Mussolini is under discussion but not fully determined. Perhaps in due time, if these investigations continue to enlist the intelligence of the observing, it will be discovered who governs the United States.

Just now that is a question to which one does not readily get an answer. It might be suggested that our country is governed at present by the Republican Party. Apparently it is. The President is a Republican, and Republicans of a sort have a majority in Congress. The power of filling federal offices is Republican. The power of negotiating with foreign countries and of sending soldiers and warships on the various errands belongs to the Executive, and the Executive is Republican. But who actually thinks out and compels the policies of this country is another matter. Who says how much alcohol there may be in beer? Is that the Republican Party? Who fabricates and puts in motion our various moves on the Central American checkerboard? Somebody that works with Mr. Coolidge. But are those moves Republican? When the Senate voted for arbitration of difficult questions with Mexico, the vote was unanimous. In what degree are we

governed by the Methodist Board of Morals? In what degree by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union? In what degree are our foreign policies plotted out for us by subordinate officers of the State Department? The mass of people cannot rule; there are too many of them. Their authority must be delegated. That is a truism. Most of the concerns of life are home ruled. We get up in the morning and usually proceed all day with details of existence which we attain to without any visible assistance from the government. The police try to see that nobody interferes with us if we are orderly. Our government in Washington practices to save us from pirates and invaders, and our city governments clean the streets, light them at night, sell us water, and do a lot of other things for us; but still in most matters we take care of ourselves and lose no sleep about who is shipping marines out of the country and where they are going, and what they will do when they get there. As long as business is good we are interested in making our hay while the sun shines, and anyone can do government who happens to be on the job. But if our personal concerns do not work out to our taste, then we shall want to know who is in charge of us and what they have been doing.

TIMES being as described in the great world, the lookout is unusually keen for new men. We are not used yet to government by self-appointed boards of managers as described by Mr. Wells. By force of habit we still look for Aramintas who will come along in the nick of time when a crisis is on and movement lags, and operate as the pulse of the machine. To be sure we have not got so far yet as to visualize a woman as a great director of world affairs. In spite of Joan of Arc, we look for a man; but just now there is no superman visible either in England or the United States. Mr. Baldwin is a man of ability and a first-rate character. But nobody thinks of him as a superman. Then there is our Mr. Coolidge. We think of him as an excellent character, with a good deal of sense about important matters, a strong indisposition to circus features, and a conscientious objection to avoidable expenditures, but we do not think of Mr. Coolidge as a superman. If we have a superman loose anywhere it may be Mr. McAdoo, and the appetite for Mr. McAdoo as man in charge, at no time ravenous, has seemed to lose what edge it had since his Toledo speech, in which he came out so strong for government by police.

It is a curious thing that with the earth in the state that it is in and the sun-spot theorists predicting a couple of years of great excitability, the foremost political interest in the United States should be, not in foreign affairs, but in the domestic issue of Prohibition. Practically that condition makes strongly for the continuance of political power in the Republican Party, which is less distracted by the rum issue than the Democrats are. For all that one can foresee, the country is likely to go along in charge of its present managers or their successors from the same group for another six years at least, and those six years are likely to prove extremely important; and if our matters seem to be reasonably well managed in them, it may not be easy even then to turn the managers out. Apparently it will take a crisis to bring in a new political control in this country, or perhaps a lull, in which people may say, "Now it is safe to change, and this crowd has been in long enough."

IT is a long time since there has been a violent newspaper competition in New York. The last one that one recalls was in the early eighties when Joseph Pulitzer bought the *World* and came from St. Louis to publish it. Mr. Pulitzer made no secret that he had arrived in New York to bring a newspaper to life. He imparted life to the *World* with both hands and all the help he could get, mentioning his exploits

generously as he went along. Mr. Dana's *Sun* disapproved of him very heartily. So did most of the papers then existing in New York. They had attained to a position in which they could afford to have manners. Mr. Pulitzer's *World* had no manners at all. It bragged unconscionably; it bawled and yelled. It was willing to do anything with headlines that headlines could do. It had little or no respect for private life. It hunted for sensations, and put them on its front page in big type. Nobody was left ignorant that the *World* had fallen into new hands.

The remonstrances of the *Sun* did not avail much to abate the performance of the new monster, but presently there transpired William Randolph Hearst, fresh from college with lots of money and no hesitations. Mr. Pulitzer's early appeal was to the inconsiderate mass. Mr. Hearst, quite lively even then, saw him and went him one better. The competition was so keen that neither Mr. Pulitzer's *World* nor Mr. Hearst's *Morning Journal* was allowed in most of the clubs in New York. Nevertheless, both of them survived. By methods something like these Mr. Bennett had made the *Herald*, and Mr. Dana when he bought the *Sun* made a strong but nothing like so disorderly a bid for readers. But the next paper that took on new life was the *Times*, and in that remarkable case a great advance was accomplished without a whisper of disorder, but by a successful application of conservative ideas of newspaper management. When Mr. Munsey came along and bought an armful of papers and burked as many as he thought there was not room for, what were left were all journals of propriety with established positions. That was too good to last. Mr. Munsey's surgeries left vacancies, and then appeared the Tabloids shouting their wares to the mass of readers, crowding one another, yelling all the time, and producing a visible effect on the older papers. All news values seemed to have been a little demoralized by the demonstration made by the Tabloids of what millions of people found most interesting in newspapers. Their mainstay seemed to be the domestic relations, divorce cases, murder cases in which the marital complication was involved, and such matters. The Hall case, in which apparently a trial was brought on primarily because of the prospect that it would make good tabloid copy, was a very serious scandal and perversion of justice. The activity of these newspapers is both a symptom and a cause. It reflects a condition of the public mind which it stimulates in every way it can. One fruit of that condition is considered in the February Number of the *Ladies Home Journal*, in which it is set forth that if divorces continue to increase at the present rate, in another ten years (or, to be accurate, in 1938) there will be one marriage dissolved for every marriage made in the United States. Unless, says that periodical, the rising tide is checked by some moral, religious, or legal agency not yet discovered, the annual matings and unmatings will equalize each other.

This assertion is not lightly made and is supported by a good many figures, and indicates that a vast disturbance is penetrating the domestic life of the American people. Probably something will come along to check it. There seems to be an urgent call for new light on the problems of life. Religion is undergoing great changes. Moralities of all kinds are under revision, and immorality of every sort is active. One consequence of this condition is to make the clergy and serious-minded people generally more open minded about possibilities of help which they have not heretofore seriously considered. As long as the churches felt that they had everything that was coming to them and that nobody else had anything better, new light had hard work to get its messages across. But with things moral, religious, political going the gait they are, doors are opening that have been closed and minds that have stood pat begin to see.

Personal and Otherwise

WHAT shall we think about Sin? Shall we continue to emphasize it as do the traditional teachings of many churches? Shall we continue to believe that a Sense of Sin is essential or even valuable to a right conduct of life? ***Elton Mayo*** thinks not; and because he is one of the ablest psychologists in the country and bases his opinion on evidence from the psychological laboratory, we are giving him an opportunity to speak his mind frankly to the HARPER public. We ask readers who disagree with him to remember that he is no less intent upon the maintenance of fine standards of behavior than they. Professor Mayo is an Australian who came to this country a few years ago after having made an unusual reputation as a psychological investigator; he joined the staff of Wharton School of Commerce and Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, engaged in important research upon the psychological problems encountered in modern industry, and last spring was appointed associate professor of industrial research at Harvard. He has contributed several articles to HARPER'S, of which the most recent was "Should Marriage Be Monotonous?" (September, 1925).

Ford Madox Ford, the English novelist, is best known perhaps to the American public for his remarkable war trilogy, *Some Do Not*, *No More Parades*, and *A Man Could Stand Up*. He has been spending the winter in New York. Mr. Ford is not only an engaging teller of traveler's tales but an engaging proof reader. To a query on his galley proofs as to the geographical accuracy of his amazing account of a journey from Gloucester to Salem, he replied with the characteristic footnote printed on page 548, to the effect that he was trying to show how travelers' tales get themselves written and how memory exaggerates. Puzzled by Mr. Ford's use of the word ***constatations,*** our proof reader commented, "Not in Webster's or Century," whereupon Mr. Ford replied in pencil on the margin of his proof, "It ought to be." In the passage about the loquacious conductor, the proof reader three times in succession indicated his grim doubts as to Mr. Ford's use of the word *myself*. Each time the word appeared the proof reader encircled it with green pencil and wrote in the margin "O.K.?." Opposite the first query, Mr. Ford wrote, "I think so"; opposite the second, "I still think so"; opposite the third, "I cannot help continuing to think so." Accordingly the word *myself* stands, along with Mr. Ford's references to Salem, Gloucester, Kingston-on-Thames, and the amusing incidents on the way to Coney Island; if you question them, as did the worried proof reader, glance once more at Mr. Ford's footnote.

The leading story of the month is the work of a new contributor, ***Roark Bradford*** of the staff of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*.

H. G. Dwight, author of *Stamboul Nights*, *Persian Miniatures*, and *Constantinople, Settings and Traits*, is now living in Washington and contributing regularly to HARPER'S. Two months ago we published his article on "The Cut of the Jib."

"The Miracle of the Franc" comes to us from a first-rate authority on French affairs. ***Sisley Huddleston*** was formerly chief correspondent of the London *Times* in Paris, where he now represents the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *New Statesman*, and the *New Republic*. He is the author of several books on French and international politics, including a biography of Poincaré, and of a novel to be published this spring entitled *Mr. Paname: A Paris Fantasia*.

The last time ***R. Le Clerc Phillips*** contributed to HARPER'S, her article ("The Problem of the Educated Woman") led—if news reports may be believed—to the founding of

a new college. What Miss Phillips's remarks on "Keeping Ahead of the Joneses" will lead to we do not venture to predict. But that they will cause discussion is certain. Miss Phillips is English-born but now lives in New York.

Sandra Alexander (Mrs. Frank C. Lewis) of Washington, D. C., is a frequent contributor of fiction to HARPER'S and other magazines.

The headnote of the article by ***John Jesudason Cornelius*** gives certain facts about him which it is well to bear in mind in reading his interpretation of the anti-Christian movement in the East. Certain other facts may well be added here. The American institutions whose degrees he holds are Ohio Wesleyan, Boston University, Harvard, and Columbia. Doctor Cornelius was a delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Springfield, Massachusetts, in May, 1924, and to the nineteenth World Conference of the Y. M. C. A. at Helsingfors last summer. He was also a special lecturer at the Williamstown Institute of Politics in 1925, and a member of the Institute of International Politics at Geneva in 1926.

The observations of ***Anne W. Armstrong*** (Mrs. Robert F. Armstrong) on "Fear in Business Life" are based on exceptional experience. She has held important executive positions with the National City Company in New York and the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester. She was the first woman invited to speak before the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth and the Harvard Business School. HARPER readers will recall her paper on "The Seven Deadly Sins of Women in Business." Mrs. Armstrong is now living in Emmett, Tennessee, and dividing her time between writing and acting as business consultant on special problems.

Henry F. Pringle, of the New York *World*, a new contributor, sketches the man who put on such a good show as judge of the Federal Court in Chicago that he was made chief ringmaster of the big show of American baseball—a job which has recently kept his hands rather full.

The final story of the month comes to us from ***Margaret Emerson Bailey,*** of New York and New Canaan, Connecticut, whose first HARPER contribution, a story about a diver entitled "The Breathing Space," appeared last September.

One of the ablest newspaper men in the Southwest, ***Duncan Aikman,*** of the El Paso *Morning Times*, is well known to the HARPER audience as a frequent contributor to the Magazine. A collection of his essays was published last year under a title taken from one of his HARPER papers, *The Home-Town Mind.*

A little over two years ago ***Leland Hall,*** who had been teaching at the University of Wisconsin, Columbia, Harvard, and Smith since his graduation from Harvard, set out on a journey which brought him to Timbuctoo at the southern edge of the Sahara Desert. There he settled down to live a while and to make friends with the people of the city. A chapter of his observations, "Salt Comes to Timbuctoo," appeared in our February issue; now he follows it with a native portrait. At present Mr. Hall is teaching music at Smith College and putting the finishing touches on a book dealing with his African adventures.

With coal miners and mine operators once more discussing terms and trying to avoid another strike, there is a special timeliness in ***Carter Goodrich's*** study of the new conditions in the industry which form a background to the discussion. Doctor Goodrich, who was Amherst Memorial Fellow in Economics in 1921–22 and 1923–24, is now assistant professor of economics at the University of Michigan. He is the author of *The Frontier of Control* and *The Miner's Freedom.*

One evening last December a dinner was held in New York in honor of ***Lizette Woodworth Reese,*** a HARPER contributor of long standing, who once more appears in our columns this month. If we could reproduce here a fraction of the tribute rendered that evening by many of the outstanding American poets, every reader would realize afresh how real a force Miss Reese has been and is in American letters. The other poet of the month, ***Leonard Bacon,*** is the author of *Ulug Beg, Ph.D.'s,* and *Animula Vagula;* he has now, after many years' resi-

dence in California, returned to Peacedale, Rhode Island.

The Lion receives this month the offerings of *Hendrik Van Loon,* author of *The Story of Mankind, Tolerance,* etc., and *Philip Curtiss* (of Norfolk, Connecticut), who contributes to HARPER'S not only amusing essays but an occasional short story.

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The portrait of Schuyler Hollingsworth by *Lilian Westcott Hale,* reproduced as our frontispiece, belongs to Mrs. Amor Hollingsworth; we are indebted to her as well as to the Grand Central Galleries for permission to publish this reproduction. Mrs. Hale, whose husband, Philip L. Hale, is also a well-known artist, has won many awards in recent years, including a gold medal and a medal of honor at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915, the Potter Palmer gold medal at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1920, the Carol H. Beck gold medal at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1923, and the Shaw memorial prize of the National Academy in 1924. She lives in Dedham, Massachusetts.

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We wish to correct an error in the "Personal and Otherwise" for March. Of J. B. S. Haldane, who wrote "The Last Judgment," we stated that he was "formerly reader in biological chemistry at the University of Cambridge." Mr. Haldane is at present reader in biological chemistry at the University of Cambridge.

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Now that plans for Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York, are under way (following Miss Phillips's recent article on "The Problem of the Educated Woman"), we can hardly do less than give publicity to the following impassioned plea from California, in the hope that it will commend itself to some philanthropist as amenable to suggestion as Mr. Lawrence:

To the Editor of Harper's Magazine:

Your news that Mr. William Van D. Lawrence is going to found a college to educate girls for "their real career, marriage," is appalling. Why must he add cruelty to misery? Since your editorial choice is responsible for his decision, won't you do all you can to make him see what is really needed and divert his funds to meet the need?

There are plenty of women highly educated to be wives and mothers, and wanting nothing better; but they refuse to do the job alone. They positively require the co-operation of husbands and fathers. Of this commodity, the world has a short supply. Of course college women of superior intellect don't marry. In this day, such women are being offered every variety of sex function except the honor of motherhood. To marry what offers would be to accept indignity. What the world really needs is a flourishing crop of young men, educated to know what would be good for them.

And so, before Mr. Lawrence has the boudoirs decorated and the curriculum outlined, do try to persuade him to take an honest-to-goodness survey of the situation, change his color schemes, and make a pioneer attempt at *balancing* the education of the sexes for their inevitably *joint* social function.

Very truly yours,
ALICE ANDERSON.

A basketful of replies to HARPER articles is before us. Many of them take issue with Mrs. Carlson's "Wanted: A Substitute for Righteousness"; many more with Mr. Levy's remarks on legal ethics, Doctor Collins's observations on doctors, and Mrs. Banning's strictures upon the Lazy Thirties. With only limited space at our disposal, we may as well begin with a shout of applause uttered by one of our most esteemed contributors, Elmer Davis, which Doctor Collins was kind enough to show us:

Dear Dr. Collins:

I suppose you'd have been unfrocked long ago if your professional colleagues could have managed it, so probably they'll do nothing to you about your remarks in the current HARPER'S. But it gave intense joy to the profane reader, or at least to one of him who has also suffered from the medical habit of treating disease as an entity and the patient as a nullity.

Yes, to be sure—I've had some personal experience. I had an obscure malady some years ago which was diagnosed all the way from epilepsy to tonsil infection. Finally I consulted an eminent gentleman who, having had five operations on his own stomach, was sure that my stomach was at fault. Maybe it was, but the regimen he prescribed prohibited practically all human functions except breathing and all pleasure except contem-

plation of the eternal verities. He meant to cure me, of course, but for six weeks he was simultaneously starving me to death, scaring me to death, and boring me to death. Then frail human nature revolted, and I was saved by beer and black cigars, two commodities that had been prohibited, if possible, more stringently than anything else.

Looking back I suspect (if the lay opinion be of any value) that my disease was overwork and overworry. Hence my hope that diagnosticians will lay your argument to heart.

Cordially,

ELMER DAVIS.

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The Thirties, whom Mrs. Banning calls lazy, are clamoring to be heard. Some of them claim that she has utterly misrepresented them; that they and their friends should rather be called the Absorbed Thirties. We wish there were space to set forth their detailed evidence. Space being lacking, we shall merely quote a few paragraphs from an "associate member of that new criminal class, the Lazy Thirties," who defends her contemporaries as active rather than lazy and then turns and rends them as lacking in intellectual curiosity:

Concerning our lack of enthusiasm for the women's departmental club, there is more wrong with it than the thin quality of its programs, the pseudo-culture of its pabulum on art and literature. It lends itself generally to exploitation by professional culture-mongers, who are the modern medicine show. The club membership is the field where third-rate art classes, music clubs and voice schools are planted in our prosperous suburban communities. Actually the necessity for women's clubs passed with the church sewing society and the missionary barrel. The need existed only in the transition period between the quilting bee and the afternoon bridge club.

The appetite for social intercourse is satisfied to-day by the city clubs and country clubs, where men and women together enjoy such definite activities as tennis, golf, dancing, bridge, swimming, etc. Young women are more their husbands' companions than ever before, sharing not only these play activities, but working harmoniously with them for objects of civic betterment. Could this improved relationship between the sexes be a possible contributing cause for the apparent inertia of the maligned Thirties?

Most of the young mothers that I know well expend several thousand dollars' worth of executive ability planning and consulting with their offspring on matters pertaining to school, camp, clothes, clubs, doctors, dentists, dancing lessons, manners, morals and extraterritorial agenda. If this be inertia, show me energy. Can they be expected also to go in for good works?

Our correspondent goes on to argue that much charitable work had better be done by professionals than by volunteers, that "a large part of the so-called social welfare activity is so much lost motion," and that the Thirties are better off on their present hard bed of reality than on the cushions of sentiment. Then she delivers her wallop:

It is not the refusal of the Lazy Thirties to be drawn into the maelstrom of club programs and politics, nor their hesitation to penetrate the dense forest of social welfare committees, that irritates me. It is their apparent lack of intellectual curiosity that gives me pause. Sometimes it almost gives me claws! The Lazy Thirties and their intellectually dormant husbands seem to have checked their brains when they received their college diplomas. When I leave the more inspiring society of the fifties and sixties and go to play with my contemporaries, the contact frequently fails to raise a spark. What are their interests? If the conversation happens to wander (or is pushed) off the reservation of children and material possessions, everyone assumes an addled expression of slight pain that is associated with an unaccustomed effort at concentration. Does it really hurt our friends to think of matters other than homes, motors, vacations, and radios? There are certain adult circles where a simple question such as "How do you feel about the foreign debt cancellation?" would be greeted with all the cordiality usually shown a wood-pussy. It might then occur to you that you had affronted their hundred-per-cent Americanism, and you might try a home grown problem on them: "Do you think Al Smith is right about this water-power business?" No—the falling temperature goes below zero—and nothing but a return to babies, bridge, and blondes will resuscitate the evening. How have they achieved this shut-mindedness?